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DARWIN THE DESTROYER

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IN studying the influence of Darwin and Darwinism it is well to begin by realizing clearly the orthodox religious conceptions which prevailed with the mass of mankind through the Middle Ages and well into the nineteenth century, as they prevail still in some form among large portions of the population in Europe and America. According to these conceptions the universe was created by an omnipotent, thoroughly anthropomorphic Deity. In that universe the terrestrial globe occupied a most important, if not a central and pivotal position. The globe was peopled by living beings, each created by the Deity in its particular form and kind, and all, like the whole existing universe, subordinated to man, who alone was endowed with a reasoning intellect and a moral nature. Thus gifted, he was an object of peculiar solicitude to his Creator, who interfered in every aspect of human fate, and whose favor could be secured and his wrath deprecated by prayer and by the conformity of human conduct to the divine decrees. In other words, the earth was the primary object of the universe, and man was the primary object of the earth, and hence of the universe also.

The Copernican theory, with the later development of astronomy, showing that the earth was not the center of the universe at all, but merely an insignificant and utterly inconsequential speck in the vastness of stellar space, gave this orthodox view a shattering shock. If the earth was of no consequence, how could man's consequence be supreme? Theology, with its fortunate gift of agile adaptation, after first combating the new astronomy with all its zeal, finally worked out to a belated acceptance of what could not be resisted, and then ingeniously contrived, by huge effort of reasoning, to reconcile science with orthodox views and to restore man to his supremacy. But just when this had been happily and satisfactorily accomplished, along came Darwin, and shattered human distinction and superiority, and with them the ancient ideas of Deity, even more completely than Copernicus had done. It is no wonder that theology, exhausted

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by the earlier struggle, almost balked and gave up the contest.

What interests us first is Darwin's own attitude toward the far-reaching consequences of his theory. That from the start he was conscious of possible effects is evident. He had lived closely enough in contact with the orthodox attitude to appreciate the results of disturbing it, and the deeper results of disturbing the fundamental principles upon which it was based. Nevertheless, he does not appear to have felt, or at least to have been haunted by the dread of a solitary and God-abandoned universe that afflicts some of us. His general mental attitude was so healthy and so practical that he was not too much troubled by remote apprehensions and dim spiritual possibilities. Thus he was inclined to take an optimistic view of the workings of natural selection. He believed that, on the whole, the sum of happiness exceeded that of misery for sentient beings, and he felt that indefinite progress and advancement for man was perfectly compatible with the conclusions to which his scientific study had led him. With these undeniably optimistic leanings on Darwin's part in mind, it is amusing to read Lyell's remark, that "he had frequently been asked if Darwin was not one of the most unhappy of men, it being suggested that his outrage upon public opinion should have filled him with remorse."

At the same time Darwin was perfectly aware that his theories tended to shatter the orthodox view of man and his supremacy and even the orthodox God. Especially he knew well what fierce hostility he should evoke from those who had grown up in the orthodox belief, were wedded to it by all the force of habit and tradition, and were intellectually unqualified to adapt themselves to any other. Therefore, from the beginning, he proceeded with the greatest caution and moderation of statement. This arose partly from his sweetness of temper. He had no desire to wound or destroy, except as the truth might compel him to do so.

On the other hand, where his conclusions were clear and well established, he meant to speak out, and let the truth prevail, without regard to the feelings of anybody. He wanted to sustain no cause, to push no argument for itself; he wanted facts and nothing else. And when he feels that he has yielded too much to popular prejudice and to the desire to conciliate it, his regret is decided and he determines to do so no more, "I have long regretted that I truckled to public opinion, and used the Pentateuchal term of creation, by which I really meant 'appeared' by some wholly unknown process. It is mere rubbish, thinking at present of the origin of life; one might as well think of the origin of matter."

As regards this world, in matters of morals, of conduct, and generally of the bearing of evolution on sociology, Darwin's own sturdy moral habit and self-poised temperament made him perhaps unduly optimistic. Temptation had little hold upon him. Why should it have more upon others, even unsustained by celestial guidance and control? Yet the deadly, grinding, destroying implications of the struggle for existence do crop out everywhere, and the best intentioned efforts do not altogether disguise them, while Darwin's undue optimism as to possible consequences appears, it seems to me, in a note to the *Descent of Man*. He is commenting on an article of Miss Cobb, in which she says, referring to his ethical explanations, "I cannot but believe that in the hour of their triumph would be sounded the knell of the virtue of mankind." On which Darwin remarks comfortably, "It is to be hoped that the belief in the permanence of virtue on this earth is not held by many persons on so weak a tenure."

When it comes to the bearing of evolution on another world, Darwin's attitude is equally interesting, and equally inconclusive. To me one of the most

characteristic and suggestive sentences he ever wrote occurs in a letter to Wallace, of August, 1872 (italics mine): "Perhaps the mere reiteration of the statements given by Dr. Bastian and by other men, whose judgment I respect, and who have worked long on the lower organisms, would suffice to convince me. Here is a fine confession of intellectual weakness; *but what an inexplicable frame of mind is that of belief.*" The implications here are almost fathomless, but it is clear enough that to Darwin belief was not a spiritual necessity of his being, but merely came with the overwhelming obtrusion of fact.

In regard to a future life, Darwin recognized that a belief in it was needed to complete the process established here. Yet when the question of the future has been debated over and over, the result, as with other questions, is complete muddle and puzzle, and all that can be said of them is: "The conclusion that I always come to after thinking of such questions is that they are beyond the human intellect; and the less one thinks on them, the better." What at least stands out is that Darwin does not greatly concern himself with the enormous dislocation of life in this world which is likely to follow the loss of belief in another.

And again, there is evolution and God. Darwin frequently insists that he is no atheist, and that his system must not be charged with any atheistical conclusion. The belief in God is eminently useful. At every opportunity God is given fair play and a fighting chance: it rests with Him to make the most of it. At the same time, the conflicts and difficulties are mountainous and it would appear insuperable. And the result in any case, if God is left in His universe at all, is to remove Him very, very far away, and completely to demolish all sense of His intervention in the little daily actions and experiences of common life and all intimate communion and conference with Him in regard to those actions. When the *Descent of Man* is published, Mrs. Darwin writes to her daughter, quite simply, "I think it will be very interesting, but that I shall dislike it very much as again putting God further off." For others besides Mrs. Darwin it reduced Him quite to the vanishing point.

But if Darwin himself was content to let God alone, so far as possible, the more ardent and zealous of Darwin's followers were inclined to hustle the Creator out of the universe altogether. This was especially true of the aggressive Darwinians in Germany. They extended the deductions of evolution to all the practical workings of human life in a fashion which Darwin distinctly disapproved. To Darwin's energetic disciple, Weismann, the evolutionary theory seemed as solidly established as that of gravitation. And in Weismann's opinion, evolution would go on creating adequate moral ideals, as it has done in the past. Häckel substituted an exuberant, triumphant materialistic atheism for the crawling superstitions of an earlier day.

In England Huxley endeavored to emphasize the complete separation of religion and science, though no one really knew better than he how fatally they interlock at every step. Spencer, in providing evolution with a metaphysical apparatus, extended its bearing into all the regions of speculative thought. It is not probable that he is much read at present, but his *First Principles* spread a wide leaven of Agnosticism among the youth of a generation ago, and I do not know where you will find a much more desolating statement of the possible barrenness of evolutionary results than in the conclusion of his Autobiography: "Then behind these mysteries lies the all-embracing mystery—whence this universal transformation which has gone on unceasingly through a past eternity and will go on unceasingly through a future eternity? And along with this rises the paralyzing thought—what if, of all this that is thus incomprehensible to us, there exists no

comprehension anywhere? No wonder that men take refuge in authoritative dogma. . . . Lastly come the insoluble questions concerning our own fate: the evidence seeming so strong that the relations of mind and nervous structure are such that cessation of the one accompanies dissolution of the other, while simultaneously comes the thought, so strange and so difficult to realize, that with death there lapses both the consciousness of existence and the consciousness of having existed."

II

After considering Darwin's view of the practical working of his discovery, it is interesting to sum up, so far as is possible in such vague and indefinite matters, one's own impression of the effect of the popular acceptance of that discovery. And here I must emphasize that I am not dealing with philosophical or scientific theories, least of all with any such theories of my own, but am simply trying to suggest what seem to me the indirect and secondary workings of scientific theory in the popular mind. It is hardly necessary to say that Darwin's own teaching cannot be held directly responsible for those workings, and that many of them he would completely have rejected. Moreover, it must also be recognized that Darwin in large measure summarized and embodied the general scientific drift of the age. Nevertheless, the evolutionary theory may be regarded as typifying and formulating all these complicated tendencies more fully and effectively than any other. How these tendencies have worked is well suggested in the pregnant words of Professor Osborn, though he is careful to insist that it is the misunderstanding, not the understanding, of evolutionary doctrine, that has caused the evil: "It may be said without scientific or religious prejudice that the world-wide loss of the older religious and Biblical foundation of morals has been one of the chief causes of human decadence in conduct, in literature, and in art. This, however, is partly due to a complete misunderstanding of creative evolution, which is a process of ascent, not of descent."

Let us attempt to follow the workings of evolution in various phases of life and thought. Take, first, politics. The great democratic movement of the past hundred and fifty years naturally far antedates Darwinism. Its roots were laid in the eighteenth century, with the teachings of the French philosophers, chiefly Rousseau, and the practical action of the American and French Revolutions. But the views of evolutionary science fitted admirably with the intense individualism of democracy, its proclamation of the right of the individual man to assert himself against every and all others, high or low, rich or poor.

After democracy has made its way in the world, it is interesting to see the effort of theology to claim it and to urge that the value and importance of the individual is a gradual effect and an essential element of Christian doctrine. It is true that Christianity has always proclaimed the equality of all souls before God and their equal need of salvation. But it is equally true that the Church has always got along comfortably with every sort of tyranny and for centuries solemnly sponsored the divine right of kings, alleging at all times the unfailing text, "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's." And it is more deeply true that the natural Christian emphasis upon the importance of another world tends to create indifference to the political concerns of this, so that even in the middle of the nineteenth century revivalists like Moody could regard political movements and reforms as matters of minor consequence in face of the imminent cataclysm which would wipe out this world and its doings altogether. The most vigorous and energetic insistence on the rights of man as a mortal came from those who concerned themselves very little with his immortality.

And if indifference to the other world affected politics, it has had an even greater effect in the more general regions of sociology. So long as the poor and wretched were taught—by the rich—that their sojourn here was infinitesimally insignificant compared with the bliss that awaited them hereafter, they could endure with comparative patience. Lazarus could let the dogs lick his sores with fair content while he was comforted with the reflection that an equally bad day was coming for Dives, and a great deal more of it. But when he became convinced that this world was all, Lazarus bestirred himself, and invented Socialism and Anarchism and Bolshevism and many other isms with capital letters, which might enable him to attend to the matter of Dives right here and to see to it that, if he could not share all the blessings of the rich, at least the rich might be made as miserable as he.

Take again the influence of science in the realm of art. From the close of the eighteenth century external nature began to play a rôle in the arts that it had never played before, and the prominence of landscape in painting was as notable as natural description in literature. But during the first half of the nineteenth century this natural influence was romantic, imaginative, emotional. With the middle years the scientific tendency made itself felt, and art became more closely and intensely realistic. This is perhaps most generally obvious in the literary world, and the great novelists of France, from Balzac on, embody the scientific movement of which Darwin is so eminently representative. Most significant of all in this regard is the great epic of Zola, the history of the Rougon-Macquart family, in twenty solid volumes. I am not for a moment vouching for the solidity of Zola's science, which may be quite as fantastic in its way as the romance of Dumas. The point is that Zola believed himself to be typifying and illustrating scientific tendencies, and that the popularly accepted notion of the struggle for existence, with all its blind and bitter cruelty, its pitiful tragedy of the warfare and merciless destruction of the animal world, was transferred to humanity in the endless pages, as gloomy as they are powerful, of the great French imaginative drama.

Thus scientific conceptions, working in the popular mind, have fixed it upon the affairs of this world, and have reduced the various phases of the other, formerly so immensely important, to a shadowy inconsistency. Science, for example, has disposed of hell with ludicrous completeness. The old material hell, as Dante and the Middle Ages viewed it, a repository definitely under ground, with devils busily engaged over boiling caldrons, has surely vanished, never to return. In the scientifically arranged physical universe there is no place for it. Even my friend Moody, whose ideas of heaven were so specific, does not attempt any such physical location of hell. And it is true that the orthodox still take refuge in moral torments, prolonged if not eternal horrors, which the erring spirit in wilful perversity inflicts upon itself. But it is doubtful if even the orthodox continue to take even these very seriously. There cannot be many persons who still suffer from the brooding gloom with which the concrete vision of hell genuinely oppressed thousands of sensitive souls in ages past. And this may be set down as a gain, since the misery to the sensitive souls was very real, while how far the fear of hell acted as a deterrent to souls of another order may be seriously questioned. But, gain or loss, it will hardly be disputed that the boiling depths of hell have largely boiled away.

Unfortunately, hell, in departing, has shown a marked tendency to drag heaven with it. The same material difficulty of course obtains here also. Moody used to proclaim that heaven was tangible, mappable, a city like New York, only with more agreeable streets and doubtless better traffic arrangements. But it

is hard for the most devout believer today to take so concrete a view. And it is not only that the pearly gates and golden pavements have gone. Their disappearance has given a rude jar to the belief in any kind of future life whatever. I am merely speaking of the average American man in the street, and perhaps of even the woman also. The negative views in such matters announced shortly before his death by so good, so upright, so in the largest sense Christian a man as Luther Burbank, are beyond a doubt the views, more or less definitely formulated, of millions of men in America today. The best they can say is that it is their business to live the life here in the most energetic, straightforward, profitable way they can, to see that after their deaths their wives and children are provided for, and to leave any other lives to take care of themselves.

And then there is the question of God, and it seems that He has a tendency to vanish also, with the disappearance of His celestial habitation, so that I feel a touch of tenderness for departed grandeur in capitalizing the pronoun. The scientific sequence of cause and effect has permeated so thoroughly the minds of even those who do not think of it in formal terms that the old feeling of the intervention of Divine power in daily affairs and the old intimate relation with a personal Father have been greatly weakened, where they have not been altogether forgotten. As Mrs. Darwin suggests, God grows farther and farther away. It is sometimes urged that this remoteness is connected with a deeper and more serious reverence, but there is great danger of revering the Deity out of existence. In the Middle Ages men treated God as familiarly as if He were a friend round the corner, but they felt Him.

Worship, at any rate, Protestant worship, tends to lose its devotional character and the overpowering sense of the Divine presence, and to become a mere polite fraternizing for social purposes. You hear many people say that they worship God better alone in the fields than in the churches. As to some of the churches the feeling is natural enough, but I wonder how many think of Him on the golf links, except in the form of profanity, or in the hurry and swirl of traffic-crowded highways, or even in the fields, if anybody ever gets there any more. And prayer? It may be that more keep up the habit than we suppose. But with how many is it still a passionate intercession for divine help in their daily needs or a means of self-forgetful communion with the comforting, supporting, everlasting Arms? How many boys still pray to have fence-rails lifted off them or to win in their games of baseball and football? Can we possibly conceive such a state of things as is indicated in Finney's description of a revival a hundred years ago? "Indeed the town was full of prayer. Go where you would, you heard the voice of prayer. Pass along the street and if two or three Christians happened to be together, they were praying. Wherever they met, they prayed."

The most striking of all the dislocations effected by the intrusion of the scientific attitude is in the banishment of sin. Not only original sin has been swept away with the disappearance of the older theology and the establishment of evolutionary doctrines, but the uneasy, haunting torment of conscience appears to have been greatly diminished. No doubt it still, as always, chiefly harasses those who have least need of it. No doubt some persons still vex themselves to agony for imaginary sins. But the bulk, especially of the younger generation, are like the heroine of Lemaître's play, "a little woman who without any very definite idea of the meaning of positivism, Darwinism, struggle for life, etc., lives in a moral atmosphere entirely impregnated with all these things." And as a consequence, her moral attitude undergoes the great transformation of the modern world, by which an old-fashioned sin becomes simply a new-

fashioned mistake. In other words, expediency, the belief that it does not pay to do wrong, takes the place of the old divine sanction, divine command, divine reward and punishment.

There are many who take a very sanguine view of all this. To them it seems that the old, instinctive sense of sin was stupid and caused far more misery than it cured. Expediency, or enlightened self-interest, working with the larger interest of the community, is expected more and more effectively and satisfactorily to take the place of the older categorical imperative. But to others it seems that expediency is but a chill and slender reed to lean upon when the stress of passion and temptation come. The fire of hell was often a mild deterrent enough; but it is doubtful whether remote considerations of expediency will suffice to deter even so effectively as hell-fire.

To these old-fashioned and conservative persons it seems likely that the decay of a divine origin will weaken and break down the springs of moral action and that in an enlightened self-interest the enlightenment is hardly powerful enough to abolish the selfishness. Some of these persons have even been disposed to see in the world war something at least of the culmination of evolutionary doctrines about the struggle for life and survival of the fittest; and it is certainly in the protest against these doctrines that the Fundamentalists find their best justification for attempting to set back and repress the movement of human thought, if there were any justification whatever for the unwisdom of the effort to dam the Mississippi with a sheet of paper.

III

When we turn from the popular acceptance of evolution and its workings, we may, if we choose, find plenty of interpretations of the theorists yielding a different result.

Long before Darwin's day evolution, in the sense of a larger process of development and unfolding in the universe, had been foreshadowed and cherished by the philosophers. Not to speak of the Greeks, the successors of Kant in Germany had, each in his way, devised some dynamic explanation of the spiritual world.

Also, there are the philosophers who, obviously coming within the scope of evolution and Darwinism, transform and transfigure them with a certain divine radiance and spiritual change. There is William James. Forty years ago I happened to ride in a horse car opposite James, who was talking with all his splendid, eager enthusiasm to a pupil sitting beside him. James said that for a time he had been oppressed by the gloom of Schopenhauer's pessimism. Then he had pulled himself together and made up his mind that the true course for him was to get rid of all the evil within his own reach, so far as he personally could, and let the broader working of the universe take care of itself. Here we see the germ which later grew into the splendid fabric of Pragmatism, the belief that the Spirit, which made the world of evolving phenomena, was itself a thing of dynamic growth and force, able to create by its own native energy a future and a reality and a God that should embody its highest ideals. A parallel development appears in the "Creative Evolution" of Bergson, the theory of the creative spirit perpetually evolving in richer, more splendid, more satisfying forms, through the eternal depths of a luminous future. From the day when Darwin's views were first announced up to this very moment, up to the publication of such books as Professor Whitehead's *Science and Modern Thought* and Professor Lloyd Morgan's *Emergent Evolution*, thinkers have been busily at work devising interpretations and developments of the evolutionary doctrine, regardless of conflict and divergence, in the spirit of Professor Whitehead's admirable saying, "A clash of doctrines is not a disaster—it is an opportunity." The results are some-

what bewildering, and perhaps rarely satisfying to any but the thinkers themselves, but they are at least stimulating and suggestive.

Then there are the achievements of the clergy. As I have earlier pointed out, it took many generations of herculean effort to get the Bible and the Copernican theory into harmony, but by endless processes of the reasonable wriggling which so much amused Darwin in himself and in others the two were contentedly brought together. Then appeared this later disturber of the peace, and at first the theologians despaired. But when did a theologian ever really despair? Mankind must have God, must have Christ, must have the Bible, above all, must have a priesthood. If Darwinism did away with the first three, I ask you what would the priesthood do for a living? Therefore, the contending elements must be reconciled, and should be. Science in contradiction with religion? Fie! Never! Why, science only clarifies religion, and religion enriches and fructifies science. The marriage of the two is triumphantly proclaimed in the joyous cry of Doctor Cadman, which typifies a million others, and demonstrates that everything is for the best in the best of all possible clerical worlds: "So far from evolution being incompatible with religion, it is of all scientific theories the most easily accommodated to the demands of faith. In itself the evolutionary hypothesis supplies to all scientists and believers in religion one of the noblest conceptions of the creative mind to be found anywhere in literature. The idea of progressive development culminating in perfectibility contains the most radiant optimism extant to-day." It would be difficult to improve upon the splendor of that passage, but it offers vast food for meditation. Somehow I turn from it instinctively to the comment of Darwin upon one of his orthodox admirers, "But how funny men's minds are! he says he is chiefly converted because my books make the Birth of Christ, Redemption by Grace, etc., plain to him!" How funny men's minds are!

The optimism of the scientists is quite as persistent and perhaps a little more convincing than that of the theologians. From the advent of Darwin's theory there have been those, like Asa Gray, who persisted in regarding it as perfectly, luminously compatible with entire orthodoxy. Gray himself maintained this position with militant vigor, and Mivart, though far more critical of Darwin, contrived to reconcile the general principles of evolution with a long adherence to the Catholic Church. In our day Sir Oliver Lodge has reconciled a life of scientific research with spiritualistic beliefs, and even Darwin's co-discoverer, Wallace, ardently advocated spiritualism to the end.

Others who are not quite so extreme in their conclusions yet insist that there is no conflict whatever between a firm belief in Darwinism and a spiritual hope. Especially scientists of this type lay stress upon the benefits which enlightened scientific theory confers upon our life in this world. Evolution, according to them, teaches the splendid progress of man in the past and in the future, his enriching development, his enlarging solidarity in well-being and well-doing. When one reads these almost ecstatic interpretations of scientific possibility, one finds it really difficult to resist their rapture. Listen to the enthusiasm of Professor Conklin: "The past and present tendencies of evolution justify the highest hopes for the future and inspire faith in the final culmination of this great law in

> 'One far-off divine event
> Toward which the whole creation moves'."

The religion of the future is to be no worse than that of the past: who knows but it may be infinitely better? "In the past religion has dealt largely with the individual and his relation to God; its chief concern was the salvation of individual souls and their preparation for a

future life; it has been largely *egocentric.* The religion of the future must more and more deal with the salvation of society; it must be *ethnocentric.*" In the charming words of Meilhac and Halévy:

> "*C'est imprévu, mais c'est moral.*
> *Ainsi finit la comédie.*"
> "Unexpectedly moral at that,
> It closes the comedy pat."

To be sure, there are persons to whom all this ecstasy seems more gorgeous than substantial. I cannot help thinking of the bitter comment of Leopardi on the sciolists who were busily engaged in making a happy whole out of wretched component parts: "The lofty spirits of my day found out a new and almost divine scheme: not being able to make any one person happy, they forgot individuals and set themselves to making the community happy as a whole." And he concludes:

"I know not whether to pity or to smile."

I confess that I am myself perfectly, enormously egocentric, and these *ethno* considerations appeal to me very little. In so far as the good of the race is identified with my personal comfort and well-being, I am interested in it. But my ego cries out for God simply for itself, and if it is to be wiped out like a dew-drop in the sun, words cannot express my utter indifference to the well-being of the race, of the world, and of the universe.

Nevertheless, it is probable that humanity will achieve some adjustment in this matter. Mankind has always demanded spiritual ideals and the divine presence, and always will demand them. If they are lost, it will re-invent them. If they are destroyed, it will re-create them. No doubt the speculations of the philosophers, the merry doings of the clergy, and the persistent optimism of the scientists will suffice to keep religion and the human soul and even God upon Their feet and to enable Them to carry on decorously through the dreamy flight of centuries to come.

IV

Meantime, it is interesting to consider how many of the great spirits of the last generation, and especially of those most intellectually influential, were profoundly moved by Darwinism and felt more or less its haunting gloom of destruction and its far-reaching effect. In Ibsen the struggle for existence shows in the intense assertion of the individual and his passionate emphasis of the right to live and to develop himself, and the same tendency in Nietzsche grew into the cloudy and colossal phantom of the Superman. With Tolstoi the obsession of Darwinistic conflict and survival appears in the earlier novels, *Anna* and *War and Peace;* but in the end, like Zola or John Fiske, he found the pressure too great and too horrible, and endeavored to establish an antidote for human misery in human love. In Renan the subtle, delicate, enchanting irony serves only to make the fundamental, dissolving nihilism more deep and ruinous. Or our own American Henry Adams asks evolution to educate him, and asks in vain. All it can teach him is that *terebratula* can remain unchanged in its insignificance for centuries, while man evolves, yet in the end proves to be no whit more significant than *terebratula.* And Adams goes out, like a spent torch, uneducated, in the huge, unmeaning, whirling acceleration of theories and discoveries and plain sufferings and questions that must remain forever unanswered. Yet perhaps Adams was quite as adequate to the universe as Doctor Cadman.

There are, especially, two figures, not so important for the quality of their thought, but immensely important for the influence of it, who stand out as being overweighted and overcome by the evolutionary blight. Anatole France, following Renan, filled his books and his life with gentle, indulgent, kindly tolerance, with rare human insight and sympathy. Yet beneath it all, beneath the tender lenience of Sylvestre Bonnard,

and the kindly curiosity of Jérôme Coignard, and the patient comprehension of Monsieur Bergeret, always there was the sense of the nullity of human effort and the futility of human fate. All the motives and interests of men and women are reduced to the Darwinian residuum of self-preservation and propagation, or as France repeatedly puts it, more boldly and baldly, love and hunger are the two poles of our being. And when he makes intimate confession of the workings of the theory in his own person and life, this is the result: "It is said, 'man is the lord of creation.' Man is the lord of suffering, my friend. There is no clearer proof of the non-existence of God than life. . . . If you could read in my soul, you would be terrified. . . . There is not in all the universe a creature more unhappy than I. People think me happy. I have never been happy for one day, not for a single hour."

Or take the case of Mark Twain, far more important for Americans than France, because it may safely be said that few if any authors more influenced and to-day influence the youth of America than the creator of Huckleberry Finn. Mark, like France, was the kindest, the gentlest, the most humane of men and authors. His energetic sympathy and support were given to relieve suffering and oppression everywhere. But although he was not particularly expert in science or philosophy, the virus of utter nihilistic disbelief had infected his soul as completely as that of France, and far more militantly. The destructive effects of the evolutionary teaching cannot be more fully displayed than in the arguments which Mark, to save his own credit, puts into the mouth of Satan in *The Mysterious Stranger:* "A God . . . who mouths justice and invented hell—mouths mercy and invented hell—mouths Golden Rules, and forgiveness multiplied by seventy times seven, and invented hell; who mouths morals to other people and has none himself; who frowns upon crimes, yet commits them all; who created man without invitation, then tries to shuffle the responsibility for man's acts upon man, instead of honorably placing it where it belongs, upon himself; and finally, with altogether divine obtuseness, invites this poor, abused slave to worship him!"

In conclusion, perhaps one may introduce oneself, not in the least as connected with all these distinguished persons, but simply as a type of a great number of average human beings, who live and suffer and have to fight their way somehow through the blinding mist of years and tears. When I was sixteen or seventeen, I read the *Origin* and the *Descent*, and I think the impression they produced has never been obliterated. It is not, it has never been, the maintenance of any deliberate philosophical theory. I am too utterly without intellectual training or equipment even to form such a thing. It is not any aggressive or militant Agnosticism. It is simply a sense of utter insignificance in face of the unapprehended processes of nature, such as Leopardi expresses with bare intensity: "Nature in all her workings has other things to think of than our good or ill." It is a feeling of being aimlessly adrift in the vast universe of consciousness, among an infinity of other atoms, all struggling desperately to assert their own existence at the expense of all the others.

Apparently this sense of struggle among individuals, struggle everywhere, among theories and beliefs, as well as living creatures, does not affect everyone with the same oppression of distress. There are natures so healthily constituted that they have the mere joy of adventure in it, and can go on forever elbowing their way through the crowd of other nothings with the splendid affirmation of their individuality in the conflict. If it is a question of theories, they can say, with Professor Whitehead, "A clash of doctrines is not a disaster; it is an opportunity." If it is a case of more material strife, they can disguise it with the ameliorations of the social instinct,

or such substantial optimism as has sustained President Eliot through his ninety years in the view that the joy of life is in "contest without conflict."

More infirm, more frail, more doubting tempers may not take it so. There is the weary horror of endless multiplicity, sweeping from eternity to eternity. There is the embodiment of the universe in one individual, and yet the sense that that individual is more fragile than the universe itself, the sense that reduces all life and all one is to a mere shifting maze and complication of fleeting sensations, held together by the vaguest gauze of memory, and liable to be scattered and disseminated at any moment by the slightest shock. No doubt the corrective for such a dissolving terror is to live intensely in one's own personality, without thinking of it, to emphasize every moment *instinctively* the huge importance of one's ego, which, if it has its way, is at all times adequate to fill the endless spaces of the universe and to crowd out the major stars. But for some of us such emphasis is difficult to accomplish, and instead, when one is thoroughly penetrated by the evolutionary attitude, one is too apt to find oneself more insignificant than *terebratula*, because one is conscious of one's own insignificance and *terebratula* is not.

And it was Darwin, the gentle, the kindly, the human, who could not bear the sight of blood, who raged against the cruelty of vivisection and slavery, who detested suffering in men or animals, it was Darwin who at least typified the rigorous logic that wrecked the universe for me and for millions of others.

ON BEING CHOKED WITH CREAM

BY REBECCA WEST

IT IS said darkly, "There are more ways of killing a cat than by choking it with cream"—and such is the sinister suggestion of the phrase, so powerful is its evocation of the harsher methods more commonly used, that it completely obscures from the mind all realization that it would be perfectly possible to kill a cat by choking it with cream provided there were enough cream and it were sufficiently thick. Even so, the present plight of the artist has been concealed from the public consciousness. In the past, as he lay starved and unvisited in his garret, sweated by his publisher and forgotten by his patron, it was obvious that there are more ways of killing an artist than by choking the artist with cream, and that society was trying them over. And so long was this the case, and so direful, that when society changed its tactics, onlookers assumed that it must be mending its ways and treating the artist properly at last. But alas, it is choking him with cream.

In a certain sense the artist of to-day is too well off. I do not mean financially, for though it is certainly true that the mass of writers find it easier to make a comfortable living than if they had been born in any other age, there are still so many who do not, that to make a more sweeping statement would be to voice an ugly irony. The other day I was shocked to find that a writer whom I greatly admire and who produces work regularly and plentifully makes an income of not more than two thousand dollars a year. In any case a writer cannot be overpaid, for the very force which makes him a writer will make him correct this condition, sometimes even prematurely and vehemently. It is often the case that an artist is able to be an artist because some conflict is raging within him so fiercely that a certain field of life is brilliantly illuminated by its flames. One of the commonest ways by which human beings attempt to settle a conflict which has become formidable is by backing out of it and retrogressing into childhood and, as it is a characteristic condition of childhood not to possess money and to be supported by others, people who try to make this adaptation frequently fail to take advantage of their financial opportunities and live at the expense of others by debts and loans. Hence, as often as from the stinginess of society, the penniless artist.

If one examines the careers of the great writers one will find the key conflict of their natures working itself out in the sphere of finance just as tortuously and elaborately as it does in the sexual sphere. Charles Dickens, for instance, probably owed his genius for inventing character to a conflict which gave him a distaste for his own personality and a desire to escape imaginatively into other personalities, which he could gratify not only by the writing of fiction, but also, more showily and easily, by acting. By running into debt he could at once gratify the infantilism which made him want to be in a position of financial dependence, and make it not self-indulgence, but a duty to step down from the

austerer creative art of literature to the interpretative art of the stage and give public readings. He was, therefore, under a compulsion to frustrate by his extravagance every attempt society made to establish him financially. Sir Walter Scott was evidently inspired by the same sort of conflict, which in his case found relief by escape not only into other people but into other sorts of people in other ages, in short, into a romantic world; and by living extravagantly he gratified not only his infantile inclination to be in debt, but also a desire to live like one of a class which was superior to his parents' and which had its tradition rooted in the past that he had identified with romance. Finally, when in no other way he could frustrate society's intention to give him a prosperity which his sense of inferiority made him feel too impious a usurpation, he let his wealth be carried away from him by a bankrupt business. This is not, of course, an invariable adaptation on the part of an artist. Anthony Trollope's key conflict was concerned with his emotions towards his brilliant and imprudent mother, who was constantly passing through crises of impecuniousness from which she rescued herself only by sporadic efforts which ceased the moment she had coped with the present; he, therefore, practised the same art that she did, but with an exaggerated diligence and forethought for the future which made him die a rich man for his day and his profession. But in any case the artist can make some adaptation towards the fact of his financial condition, unless it actually leaves him without the necessities of life. Sexual and economic problems are the natural diet of the soul of man. They may at times be presented to it in a disagreeable and unpalatable form, but it can more or less deal with them, just as the human stomach can more or less deal with most of what it meets with in the way of food. Evolution has shaped both the soul and the stomach to profit by such opportunities as earth offers them.

II

So far as money goes then, the artist can look after himself. But there are other factors in the condition of the artist to-day to which he can hardly be expected to make an adaptation. After all, the stomach, though it can put up a good fight with many an unholy arrangement of starches and sugars and proteins, can do but little with a packet of tenpenny nails. It cannot even do anything with substances admittedly valuable, like diamonds and rubies. And though the artist's soul can triumph over the deprivations of poverty and the responsibilities of wealth, it may quite possibly find itself unable to contend with the prodigious amount of excited and encouraging interest which the public is now willing to shower upon him the moment his talent shows its head above the ground. Yesterday the tragedy of the artist was that the world ignored him. Chatterton killed himself in his garret, not because he could not earn any money by his work—since he could easily have gone out into the economically accommodating London of those days and continued to write as well—but because nobody cared a hoot whether he wrote poetry or not. To-day the tragedy of the artist is exactly the reverse. A Chatterton of our age would kill himself because the public cared so passionately for his writing of poetry that they would leave him no time to write it. He would have spent all his waking hours and his energy in reading and answering letters by which the public expressed their feelings about his work and his personality, and in submitting to the demand of the press that he should be written about by friends, acquaintances, or total strangers, with as little regard for his sensibilities as if he were not a man but a public building. Before he was able to put his pen to its real work, virtue would have gone out of him. The soul, particularly if it be of the contemplative type characteristic of the artist, has not developed any

mechanism by which it can assimilate experiences so irrelevant to itself. Of course, if he is allowed to remain a spectator, there is no experience too foreign for him to relate to what he already knows of the universe. But in this relation to the public, he is called on to be a participator, to show a constant capacity for pleasing response which comes naturally only to the interpretative artist and can be exhausted in him. Therefore, though the intentions of those who honor the artist not wisely but too well are benevolent, they must be classed with the unknown misdemeanants who in the far country of proverbs choke that cat with cream.

It is impossible to lay too heavy an emphasis on the necessity for relevance in an artist's experiences. That is far more important than any question of mere agreeableness. Joseph Conrad has told somewhere with unforgettable passion of the two ladies who "dropped in" on his country home, plop into the middle of his morning's work, dispelling forever some precious phase of Nostromo's existence, leaving an eternal gap (for moments repeat themselves in the cycle of art no more than they do in the cycle of time) in his consciousness of his theory of the universe and our knowledge of it. Had the intruders been the landlord and his lawyer come to tell him that he and his wife and children were to be ejected from the house immediately and driven out into the streets in the driving rain, had they been his wife and his best friend come to confess that because of a treacherous passion they were about to leave him, they would not have done so much harm to him as an artist. Such announcements would have stirred him to the depth of his being, made him realize what he felt about certain persons and principles, exposed as false certain parts of his theory of the universe which did not stand under this shock, and suggested to him more valid alternatives. It would have been a profound and pertinent criticism of the structure of his artistic being. But the other visit was simply a monkey-wrench thrown into the delicate machinery. The two ladies were not sufficiently relevant to him to set anything useful going. He could not even make soup of them in future artistic work, for he would not be able to regard them with the detached vision of the artist, since he had to lose his singleness of eye in watching the conversation for the ordained times of his responses.

Now, it is the essence of the life the writer lives to-day that his relations with the friendly public constantly bring to him highly irrelevant experiences. There are, of course, experiences that lift themselves by their own beauty on to the plane of relevance. A few months ago I received a letter from a middle-aged Jewess in the Bronx telling me what the love of her husband and three children meant to her—a beautiful letter, full of the rich, warm fragrance of family affection that curls up from Jewish hearthstones as good in the nostrils as the smell of good Jewish cooking, a blend of the most sensuous pleasure that flesh can find in the flesh of its kin and a noble resolution that human beings shall not wander alone like lost sheep, that the world shall not fall to pieces, that life shall not disintegrate. That letter is as relevant to me as most letters I have received concerning my own life, just as Shakespeare's plays or Shelley's poems are. In Omaha I spent a few hours with a woman journalist, one of those lean and rangy people of pioneer stock who are to English eyes so ineffably more aristocratic than anything the professedly aristocratic South has to show, with their eye rather quicker than their voice, which all the world over is the mark of the brave man moving among unknown dangers, whether he be colonizing Englishman or frontier-pushing American. She had that characteristically aristocratic expression which you will see in the faces of some of the Cecils and in the portraits of all great statesmen of any country, of suffering from all the perturbations about life that most beset

generous and intelligent persons but concealing them under the disguise of calm and wit lest the more timid in the community should eavesdrop and take fright. I either never knew her name or instantly forgot it. But when I lately learned that she had been Belle Dewey, and that Belle Dewey was dead, I felt that pang of selfish exultation which is the sincerest tribute one can pay to a departed soul, that victorious feeling that I had stolen a march on the darkness and looted the treasure while there was yet time. Because of the extreme fineness of her character I had received something from this stranger that ordinarily one receives only from intimates. One gets a great deal more of that sort of thing than one deserves. There were those two young people who came to interview me for two New York papers the night before I sailed to Europe a month or two ago. The girl came first. She was going to get married, and she told me all about that. Then the young man came and, although we none of us had ever seen one another before that evening, we had such a delightful time that at the end I felt a childish regret that it was not this young man that she was going to marry, since that would have made it easier to keep in touch with them.

Only, one has to take the rough with the smooth; with the essentially relevant which brings its own adaptation with it, the utterly irrelevant to which there is simply no adaptation to be made under heaven. I can think of three experiences I have had within the last three years or so which can be regarded as typical of what happens all the time to the modern writer; and I defy anyone to distil anything out of them save irritation.

———, Pa.
January 5, 1926.

Miss Rebecca West.
Madam,

I have been conducting an Anecdote Column in a number of newspapers for some time, and the enclosed Anecdote about yourself is now appearing in the ——— *Bulletin,* the ——— *Free Press,* the ——— *Record,* the ——— *Chronicle, Telegraph,* etc. . . . I hope it is authentic and that it will not displease you.

Your success makes your personality interesting to the public, and therefore if you could from time to time send me a personal anecdote for my column I would be very much obliged indeed.

Yours sincerely,

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Enclosure:

SELFISH MR. FERGUSON

Rebecca West, the novelist and critic, discussed fathers at a dinner in New York.

"Fathers look on fatherhood in a selfish way," she said. "They are all more or less like Mr. Ferguson. Mr. Ferguson was a tremendous smoker, but his wife detested the habit; so he promised to swear off, and only smoked after that when out of the house.

"Well, one evening on his return home, his tobacco fell on the floor as he was taking his handkerchief from his pocket; but he didn't notice the accident and went on upstairs for a wash. Then he came down to dinner.

"He had just taken his seat when Mrs. Ferguson stalked in with the tobacco. She held it under his nose and said:

"'What do you know about this?'

"With wonderful presence of mind Mr. Ferguson turned to his young son.

"'Holy mackinaw!' he snarled. 'Smoking at your age, hey? Come with me, you young whelp!'

"And he took the boy upstairs and gave him a sound thrashing. Then he threw the tobacco on the fence where he could easily find it in the morning.

"'Gosh,' he said afterwards at the club, 'What a good thing it is to be the father of an upstanding boy that you can rely on in these terrible emergencies!'"

Now it is quite easy to say that this is a trifling thing about which to feel annoyance; that the large-minded person would pass this over with a smile. But wouldn't a private person feel outraged if a total stranger were enabled, owing to some mysterious suspension of the ordinary safeguards of society to drag her out of her house and insist on her parading the main street of the town

where she lived wearing a ridiculous and disfiguring costume? And is my plight so much better than that when I am forced to parade through an avenue of provincial newspapers as responsible for this unpleasing combination of hideousness and pointlessness, which surely touches the low-water mark of human achievement in anecdote? But even if I could abandon all concern for my own dignity and were able to remain bland when made to look a fool in public, this paragraph would still trouble me. There is in all people a natural instinct to contradict any statement about themselves which is not correct. If John Smith hears someone saying, "I saw John Smith in Chicago last week," and he was actually in San Francisco, John Smith's natural impulse is to declare the truth, quite irrespective of its importance. This paragraph arouses that general instinct in me, reinforced by a particular anxiety. I have no right to speak at a banquet or anywhere else without permission of my lecture manager, who, if he sees this paragraph, will think I have broken this clause in my contract. But I do not know how to frame my protest to the lady who caused the mischief. I cannot insist on her contradicting the story in her columns, for that would probably get her into trouble. I cannot rebuke her for inventing it, for she could retort that the whole publicity system by which newspapers build up the reputations of authors would be paralyzed if it began to be insisted upon that all personal paragraphs have to be verified by their subjects. I cannot even reproach her for the horrid quality of the anecdote, for anybody who could bring himself to copy it could not possibly understand the injury he was doing to the person to whom he ascribed it. She probably was and is full of good-will towards me. I can imagine her singing like a lark as she tapped it out on the typewriter. Or, just as probably, she was so dead tired that she could not think of a better one. I cannot possibly hurt her feelings. But I shall not be able to settle the matter by forgetting it. It will come back to me again and again, in press-cuttings, in the puzzled inquiries of friends who will wonder why one told a story that was not up to one's usual form, in angry letters from gentlemen who say that they have just read that fool story I told while they were traveling from Cleveland to St. Louis, and they hope I will marry a man who beats me. The thing will go on and on. And it will be a total loss.

III

There was also that New York journalist who once caused me far more trouble than I had thought any man could cause any woman not united to him in the bonds of matrimony. He came into my life—the phrase is not too portentous—shortly after I had landed in the United States on my first visit. The morning after I had lectured in a New England town I made a seven hours' journey back to New York and stayed there a night before going on to Philadelphia. I wanted to do a great many things in New York before starting on a tour in the Middle West; so when I was asked by a young man who wrote a literary causerie in a daily newspaper if he might come to see me, I suggested that he should come to dine with me in my hotel room. When he arrived I found that he had expected to take me out to dine, and had, naturally enough, therefore, brought a lady with him. She was a very beautiful lady with chestnut hair. I never learned her name. They were evidently not on amorous but merely friendly terms. Dinner was served and began with clams. The beautiful lady ate three, rose, put her hands to her brow, and said, "I feel very ill, I think I am dying." The interviewer exclaimed, "Poor girl, poor girl," and supported her to the sofa, where she lay for the rest of the evening, moaning. He said to me in an undertone, "You see, her lungs are gone," and for the rest of the evening

rapidly alternated between the acts of questioning me on literary matters, patting the beautiful lady's shoulders, and feeding her whiskey straight. It was like having *The Bookman* read aloud to one throughout the death scene from "Camille." This went on for two hours which were not unpleasant.

Three weeks later the resultant article hit me full in the face, far out in the Middle West. There were anguished letters from home imploring me to be more tactful. There were indignant letters from representatives of the authors I had mentioned in the interview. There were clippings of a vitriolic nature from both sides of the Atlantic. There is no end to the ghastly second-cousins-to-a-slander that the young man had, by something as little malicious in intent as the angle that he held his pen, made me commit. He made me say of a dead author that I considered her grossly overrated and shockingly logrolled by her bereaved husband, which, as I was using her in my lectures as an example of something very near perfection, made me seem insincere, as well as a really exceptionally rugged, no-damn-nonsense-about-delicacy conversationalist. He made me say of a certain nature novelist who writes about a certain English county that she had never actually been there; and made me express myself in terms of brutal contempt about certain other novelists. And the awful thing was that I had actually said things that were something like this: that he, having a certain strong preconceived notion of my personality, had been able, without the slightest intention of dishonesty, to interpret in these terms. I had indeed said that I thought it injudicious for the dead author's husband to compare her work to those of certain giants of literature, since it led people to expect her work to be massive instead of delicate. I had indeed said, when describing the personal appearance of the nature novelist, that she was comically fragile and urbane for a writer of the soil; and that I sometimes suspected it might have been an error for her to have chosen a subject so alien from her type, and that possibly her great talent might have expressed itself more effectively if she had worked on something closer to her own environment. I had refused to discuss several books, either because I thought them unworthy of the general level of their authors' performance, or because I thought the authors unimportant.

Now about all this I could do nothing; nothing, that is, which either relieved my feelings or put me right with the people I had distressed. I could not have the matter out with the young man. Have you ever sung a note and said to a person without a musical ear, "Sing that note," and when he has sung some other note said, "No, that's not what I sang," and been crossly answered, "Yes, it is"? The argument has to stop just there. Had I written to him denying the accuracy of the interview, he would have stuck to his guns with complete faith in his own honesty and probably have been backed up, with equal sincerity, by the beautiful lady with chestnut hair. Since I could not repudiate the interview to him, I certainly could not have repudiated it behind his back. Therefore, though I sent off between twenty and thirty letters about it from the Middle West—which as I was traveling without a secretary I had to write with my own hand—I could never write anything sweeping enough to satisfy my correspondents, and many of them wrote to me again, not unreproachfully. The emotional climax of the affair came, so far as I was concerned, three months later, when I was again in New York. One night I was called to the telephone to speak to the young man. "I want," said he, "to straighten out something about that piece I wrote on you." "Come up and talk to me about it," said I, kindly. I thought that he had heard that the interview had caused trouble, as it so plangently had, and desired to express his regret, and I had a pretty picture of

myself spending a motherly hour instructing him how the unpleasantness might have been effected. But the exact words of his answer were, "No, I will not." He had called me up to ask what I meant by communicating with a London newspaper (as some mischief maker had told him that I had) to the effect that he had been drunk when he interviewed me. He had not paused to reflect that had I been imbecile enough to send out such a communication, no London newspaper would have published it, nor that he ought not to call me to account for this action till he had made sure I was guilty of it, not because he was discourteous but because he was genuinely hurt to find that I had been ungrateful for his friendly, expansive, and conscientious interview. And what could I do? I simply had to let a curtain of resentment fall between me and this young man whom I had really liked very much. And this, too, goes on and on. To this day I hear reverberations from it. It had one special and almost intolerable consequence in the pain it inflicted on one of the writers to whom I had been made to refer too brusquely. I thought but little of his work and had reviewed several of his books adversely, but I would not have given public expression to my views at that time, because he was then awaiting death from a lingering and agonizing disease. What I said would not affect his market, for it takes more than a flick of a sentence to do that; but, as I was frequently made aware during the next few months, it wounded his pride pitifully. I must write this thing down too as a total loss.

IV

Both these misadventures were brought upon me by kindly people working in all innocence; the sustained lacerations were, therefore, as nothing to those which came of contacts with hostile interviewers. These, of course, happen very rarely and, contrary to popular belief, far more commonly in England than in America. In the whole of my experience in the United States only two interviewers showed anything but the sunniest good will when they came to see me, but in London I grow weary of young men who, being Englishmen and, therefore, feeling it demeaning to have to interview a woman, call me up crossly on the telephone to ask my opinion on questions of the day or sit in my drawing-room silently but visibly wondering how on earth I hold the position I do. Fortunately, this failing of my country is corrected by the editorial policy which simply does not print casual current news that is obviously embarrassing to public persons. But even that does not wholly relieve the occasion of its offence, for the psychological horror of a hostile interview is beyond the comprehension of the private person. Consider, for instance, that lady in New York. She called me up and asked if she might come to see me, and then and there it began to go wrong, for I, having a low-pitched, smudgy voice, very difficult for the American ear, failed to make myself rightly heard. As a result I found her waiting in my hotel lobby just two days sooner than I had expected her. I explained to her that had it not been for this mistake I should not have been guilty of being ten minutes late, and took her up to my room. I then received my first intimation that all was not well, for when I offered her tea she smiled bitterly and shook her head with an air of not taking anything from *her*, thank you. It was plain that she was embarking on her task under the inspiration of a preconceived detestation of me and all my works. It became plainer still as she proceeded with her interview, and with an insincere smile on her face, like a horrid little girl who is getting secrets out of a new girl at school so that she can run away and tell them to the other children, put me question after question that was designed to trap me into giving a foolish and indiscreet answer which she could use to damage me.

I have said that the hostile interview is beyond the comprehension of the private person. I think I am right. I think that most people who read these lines will feel that they are envisaging something more fantastically disagreeable than they have ever experienced if they try to imagine what it is like to come back from a long day's work and find a hostile stranger installed at their fireside, who sits there for so long as she pleases, obviously thinking wounding and derisive thoughts about one which she is presently going to make public in as troublemaking a form as she can contrive. It is not a situation that any living human being ought to be called upon to endure, and least of all one whose serenity is part of her stock in trade. I could not step back from her and realize what she was and why she felt like that, and lose my emotions in the peace of understanding because I had to watch without cease my own speech and behavior to see that they gave no loophole for attack. I was the less able to deal with the situation because at that time I was vexed by a chronic illness which every now and then gave me acute pain, and such an attack on the previous night had prevented me from having only an hour of sleep. I was so tired that several times I had to struggle with a yawn, which I did with proper apologies.

She stayed for an hour and a half, and then I had to beg her to excuse me, since I had to fulfil an engagement to speak at a dinner and it was time I dressed. To this she replied that if I would leave my bedroom-door open she would continue to interview me through the opening. This seemed indicative of such a powerful element of adhesiveness in her character that I made no attempt to resist. I dressed and came out to speak to her again and then discovered that my frock needed mending and went back to take it off. Just as I had stepped out of it and was clad solely in silk stockings and an undergarment, this visitant, whom I shall not easily forget, announced her intention of leaving me. In the circumstances it was not unnatural that I used the words, "Would you mind letting yourself out?" I have not yet visited any hotel in which the sacrifice of decency to courtesy which would have been involved had I in that costume conducted the lady to the elevator, would not have led to ejection; and this was the primmest apartment hotel in New York.

The interview, when it appeared, was all I expected. It was so brilliantly written that only some hideous story of ill health or ill luck can possibly explain why the writer is not a very well-known woman. And it was extraordinarily, resourcefully malignant. The cause of my drowsiness I had explained to the lady, but my yawns were mentioned as if they were gratuitous insults on the part of a pampered and worthless foreign woman to the hard-working and righteous native journalist. "She yawned, she yawned again. Rebecca West was bored." My reluctance to answer questions that were framed to trap me into seeming a fool, and a vicious fool at that, was represented as discourteous indifference to the interviewer and the public. After having sketched me adroitly as being as disagreeable as the hero's first wife in a Middle Western novel and as the sensuousness of the popular idea of Pola Negri, she gave the final stroke by presenting my request, "Would you mind letting yourself out?" as a specimen of British insolence. But all that did not matter. What had mattered was the strain, which, without wanting to seem hypersensitive, I claim was enormous, of the two hours I spent in contact with this stranger's violent and irrelevant emotion. In point of fact, it gave me a bad headache at the moment and left me depleted of nervous energy for some days afterwards. It would be recognized as an outrage if a woman who was quietly going about her business in her kitchen were suddenly abducted by masked enemies and set down to wander in a desert all night, even though when

the darkness lifted she found herself not far from home. Just so, although the interview had no serious practical consequences, I maintain that it was an outrage that I should have been detached from the lines of thought and feeling I was following at the moment, which was relevant to my life and my work, and made to wander on the pathless desert of this unknown woman's hate.

V

There is no possible way of protecting the modern writer from these experiences. If he secludes himself from them he will seclude himself from encouragement and stimulation also. Moreover, he will imperil the economic foundations of his career, for publicity is now an indispensable part of the commercial process by which editors and publishers manage to sell literature on a scale which makes its production possible in this age. It is no more possible for an author to withdraw from publicity than it would be for one particular cigarette to develop a shrinking distaste for the bill-boards. There is as much use rebelling against the situation as there is in rebelling against the climate. It is not even a particularly tragic situation. Something will always be happening to that cat. It has had no cream at all. It is being choked with cream. God knows what will happen to it to-morrow. Anyway it has nine lives. I quite see that it is a matter of no very great importance that I have been tagged with an imbecile story and embroiled with a lot of people with whom I hoped to remain on cordial and distant terms, and hated by a total stranger as heartily as I ever have been by a relative. But if every writer of this age is exposed to such annoyances, then the resultant waste of nervous energy and, consequently, of artistic work must make very serious inroads on at least one of those nine lives.

Society would help immensely if it would realize what is going on and say to itself when it reads such matter in its newspapers, "Now, this is not a statement of fact. It is probably not true, in the sense that it is true that William the Conqueror became King of England in 1066, that Rebecca West said any of these things. This represents the guess of a lady in Pennsylvania at the kind of anecdote that would be told by Rebecca West, whom she has probably never seen, and of whose writings she has probably never read a line, but into whose personality she has gained some insight, probably from some person enjoying equal advantages. This represents a rough impression of an interview with Rebecca West by a journalist who was nursing a sick friend at the time. This represents the emotion roused by Rebecca West in the bosom of a lady who was born with a Rebecca West complex. In fact, these are works of art which have taken a living person as their subject. The responsibility for a work of art lies with the artist and not with the subject. I will therefore not write to Rebecca West blaming her for telling an imbecile story, or for abusing her contemporaries, or for being rude to a good hard-working woman, or register these things against her in my heart. She may have done these things, or she may not. I have no means of knowing. I will base any serious judgment of this (or any other author) on her published work." That might even restore the prestige of writing as an occupation for writers, as against being photographed, lecturing, and talking over the radio, and all those other activities which society urges upon them with an eagerness that would suggest they were preferable alternatives. It might relieve the writer from the necessity of living on the periphery of his own being a diffuse existence among irrelevant experiences, and allow him to return to the seclusion with his relevant experiences which, though it has not the air of good fellowship that is part of the publicity way, is, nevertheless, the way by which he can best be of service to his fellows.

FANTASY IN THE FIRST PERSON

A STORY

BY CYRIL HUME

I THINK this will be a sad little story, for it is of my boyhood and my first love. Writing of those two things is always a sad task if one dare be truthful, because both of them were very happy once, and now both are gone. Of course, it is easy to strain after realism and to say that, if we could remember rightly, boyhood held for us as much loneliness and sorrow and disillusion as does maturity, and our first love was more unhappy than any other love which since has troubled our man's heart. This may or may not be true. I think no one can remember so exactly and unimaginatively as to be able to say for certain. And I cannot see either what difference the question makes once a man has begun, rather impatiently, to combat a sedentary plumpness, when the thirties are at hand and the forties not far off. For it is always sad to look back on anything whatever that once was even partly happy and to have to say, "Well, that is gone now. It can never come again." And of boyhood and first love every man on earth must say this. Both are always lost.

Now that I have begun, I feel almost ashamed of setting down the actions and betraying the thoughts of the three children which are to be my characters, a little girl and a pair of little boys. Granted that the little boy I intend exposing most shamelessly was once myself, and so I have a kind of right over him. Yet the other boy long ago was my best friend, and the little girl once seemed to me to possess all beauty and all perfection—my first love. Or, if I come to that, what right have I even to reveal the inadvertent confidences of the boy I used to be? He was a shy, sensitive boy with a passion for reticence, and he would suffer damnably if he knew. If he knew he might ask me, "What right have you, with your dull sneering assumption of grown-up omniscience, to bare my heart so clumsily? Are you my superior by so much?" And I am afraid I should be too confused to answer him. But that boy is long since dead (as, I suppose, are those two other children) and he can speak for himself only in my morbid conscience now. So I excuse myself by saying that all writers are of necessity sneaks and spies upon humanity, and by promising the uncomfortably reproachful child to do my best by him.

I must ask forgiveness also of those two other children and of the man and the woman they have become. The boy is, I know, happily married now, and if he chances to read this story and looks back for a moment thoughtfully over the wall of years and adolescence, he will say, "The fellow is writing of another person, not of me." So he will forgive me. But what of that very lovely little girl who once held our two hearts' devotion? Well, of her I shall betray least, young Lilith, because naturally I know least about her. But in any case I think she too would forgive me, for surely by now she has forgotten her old self, just as her boy adorers have so nearly forgotten. Perhaps even, if

she sees this bit of writing and it causes her to recollect a little, she will smile, not without complacency, and show it to her husband.

The name of the other boy was Alonzo, although I believe his people were Scotch; and I think it is a tribute to his likeableness and strength of character that the rest of the boys in the school never called him anything but Steve. Steve was a few days older than I (we were eleven at the time) though several inches shorter, a dark spry little fellow with an impish face. I remember he had extraordinarily large and pointed eye teeth which looked as though they must puncture his under-lip whenever he grinned—which he did conspicuously and often. He was a fast runner and played a fine game at one of the wings on the Junior soccer team.

For the three years we knew each other Steve and I were closer, if not better friends than, I imagine, has been possible for either of us to become with other people since. The time we could devote to it! It seems to me we must have been together twenty-four hours of the day. We were in the same form to begin with and had desks next each other. We shared our bedroom with two other boys, but even here our cots were side by side. Not content with this, we arranged to have adjoining places in the study-hall and in the dining room, and our free time was passed entirely in each other's company. In the winter we walked to the ice pond or to the sliding hill together. In autumn our cleats made a double track across the black cold-steaming earth to the football field. And in the spring our metal spikes clattered in unison over the sun-yellow stony path to the baseball diamond. In order to accomplish this co-existence it was often necessary for one of us to wait in boring idleness while the other completed some school task, but I cannot recall that either of us ever failed to wait, or that afterward we thought the sacrifice worth mentioning.

Naturally, our thoughts and inclinations ran parallel much as our bodies did. We developed similar tastes and antipathies. The same things excited us. For a time we had a passion for circus acrobatics and used to strip down to our long underwear in lieu of tights and perform remarkably pointless stunts. Sometimes we talked vaguely of getting permission to equip our bedroom with trapeze and flying rings. And one unfortunate Saturday morning we practically wrecked the school drying-yard trying to walk tight rope on the clothes-lines. In winter we had a common igloo and a dually discovered cave on rocky little Mount Tom. We smoked flaring newspaper-and-oakleaf cigarettes in the autumn woods; and sometimes on precious spring holidays we risked dreadful punishment by going off together and swimming in the Sound.

Steve and I attended dancing class together and were identically smitten and disorganized by this phenomenon. . . . Mr. Warren's dancing school met every Friday afternoon in the assembly hall of the Parish House. This was a large gloomy room with many alcoves where shy or indolent dancers used to secrete themselves until an almost insanely exasperated Mr. Warren snatched them out again upon the polished publicity of the dance floor. Mr. Warren coincided exactly with my childish conception of the devil. He was a graying middle-aged gentleman who always seemed upon the point of peevishly regretting better days. He wore a sharp vandyke beard and black silk knee-breeches, and had no calves to his legs. And if Mr. Warren was the devil, then certainly that assembly hall was a convincing replica of hell—we children being the damned souls. Mr. Warren would draw us up in two lines, the girls facing the boys. Then he would strut briskly on his toes up and down the lane he had formed, clapping his hands and making unkind remarks, while a spinster in the corner tormented a hateful and unvarying tune out of a consumptive piano. When this degrading line work

was over with its slidings and pointings, things became rapidly worse. It was not enough that some of the boys had already been sufficiently humiliated by being forced into Eton suits. But now Mr. Warren leered evilly and called out, "Take partners!" This meant walking up to some pleated and ruffled and loathsomely willing little girl, putting your hand on your stomach, bowing, and saying, "May I have the pleasure of this dance, if you please?" Then the little girl smirked and bobbed and replied, "Delighted, I'm sure." Then you'd have to put your arm around her and take her cotton glove in your own cotton glove even though the feel of it put your teeth on edge. And you'd have to dance round and round as long as the music played, with Mr. Warren clapping and complaining, and all the mothers along the wall whispering sentimentally. Mr. Warren had no tail, but there were little curled horns of gray hair at his temples.

I think no one—we least of all—ever doubted that our hatred of dancing school was genuine. But when it was over, and Friday night's dinner and study-hall were ended, how wonderfully it was transmuted in our memories! Then dancing school became for us something glamorous and very beautiful, a fountain-head of romance, the single link between reality and the ethereal world of our imaginations. We would draw upon it for characters which we wove into that year-long epic we used to whisper at night when it was dark in our little dormitory.

The two other boys in the room told stories too. However, Steve and I were always a little impatient of any story but that one heart-shaking epic we had built together. We dragged our beds close and turned our backs upon the other boys, and whispered—whispered sometimes until a remote clock far off in the quiet house had struck eleven. We would enter our huge cruising triplane which could be transformed, merely by pulling a little lever, into an automobile or a submarine. We would soar and speed impatiently until we came again to that lovely country our fancy had invented. To reach that country we always had to fly up out of sight of earth beyond the clouds. Presently a sweet vertigo would come over us. Our plane would plunge down through the clouds again and we would wake to find ourselves spiraling lower and lower toward a certain dear lake. So you see, we never knew exactly how we had entered that country. It must have been our hearts that guided us so unerringly above the clouds. Our plane would light on the wide lake shore, and the Lady of the Lake, the Queen of that country, would come up to greet us with her nymphs and nereids. Friendly bears lurched down out of the woods, and docile antelope, and merry dogs. Great tame fish basked like carp in the clear lake water, and we boys swam among them with the nereids. The Lady of the Lake floated white beside us in the sunny ripples, laughing with us, loving us. Here and there in the woods around the lake vast ruined palaces of marble lay in the midst of wild parks. We used to loiter along their terrace and down their corridors, laden with fruits and flowers bright as metal, until suddenly into the classic repose of those palaces fear would well up suddenly from passages underground. Then we would cast our fruits and flowers away, and run back to our lake shore again, ready like otters to take to the safe water. As we fled through the woods, one of us had glimpsed a member of that gorilla band which hated us. Always below the sunlit beauty of our country this peril lurked, ready to spring upon us and slay us and steal away our nereids and our lovely Queen. But the warrior bears were friends, and all the shy antelope stood sentinel for us. We were alert besides, and agile and brave and cool-headed. So we always managed to take to the water in time, or to soar up above the savage gorilla faces in our plane as though on Pegasus. But sometimes we

would come back to our lake to discover that in our daytime absences the Gorilla Band had managed by foul stealth to carry our playmate friends away. Then we and the bears made stern war and delivered them back into their happy lake. . . . Sometimes we grew weary of frolicking in the shallows or diving into the deep cool where no weeds grew, and we would bring the Lady of the Lake with her attendants up with us in our aëroplane. But they might not stay with us. We must always take them back to their golden beach, and kiss them all good-by, and return to school alone.

But what have such dreams as these to do with dancing school, with Mr. Warren like Satan making existence a burden? This: Many a night when dancing school was over many a primly sleeping little maiden was snatched from her slumbers by the faun fantasies of two whispering schoolboys. Then the great plane was hung and trailed with garlands, crowded with grave children which the tale endowed with an unearthly beauty and a kind of innocent projection of maturity. Loud propellors beat the perfumed air. There came a run, a lift, a rush of wind. The clouds dropped close. A pearl mist shut us in, and through the mist followed a wake of petals.

Of course, our voyages were not made all of happiness and color. Child cruelty, child humor, and child burlesque had places there. For instance there was a little brown plump girl in dancing school whom Steve and I called "The Juicy Pear," because we loathed that unfortunate little girl out of all reason. Why then did we ravish her from her slumbers in her starchy nightdress and lure her with us on our voyages? Simple enough. Once or twice when we were long lost above the clouds, and ravenous, her tender succulence proved welcome to us. Very often when the engine became dry and hot so that we were imperilled or delayed upon our impatient journey, we fed her to the engine as to a mincing machine. And she proved excellent lubrication indeed.

All of us little boys went to dancing school for the first time that following year on the street car as usual, with our pumps in our pockets. Steve and I sat side by side, saying nothing because grown people were within earshot. But each of us was conscious that the other was speculating which of the little girls we knew would be back this year. Of course the first of the lot to board the car was the Juicy Pear, browner and jucier than ever. She greeted us so brightly that we mumbled and blushed, and all the mothers craned their grins at us. Our souls shuddered. We said nothing, but a wordless promise flashed between us that to-night our engines should not lack for lubrication. Then . . .

The wonder of our lives entered the car and sat down beside her mother across the way. And in that instant we loved her finally, completely. I think her mother suspected at once. A wise short lady, twinkling through her glasses at the small boys who tried not to look at her daughter but still looked, who tried to seem indifferent but still obviously adored. The little girl herself—Well, the fact is I cannot recall exactly what she looked like, except that she had brown eyes and very beautiful brown hair and a sweet mouth. If I were to see her now as I saw her then, I suppose I should say, "What a fine healthy-looking little girl to be sure!" But then her beauty hurt me and frightened me and made me weak.

I felt Steve trembling beside me, and I knew that he was thinking just as I was thinking, "Is she on her way to dancing school?" Obviously she was, as were all the rest of the children in the car. As a token of her intention she was carrying her slippers in a little silk bag with a drawstring. But even this was no reassurance for our anxiety, and we hardly dared breathe until at last we saw her sedately join the huddle of little girls at the far end of the Assembly

Hall. Steve and I grinned at each other with clenched teeth, and fumbled at our stomachs. Involuntarily I made a small noise in my throat. . . .

It irritates me now to remember such a fact, it irks my masculine pride to have to set it down, but Steve was the first to summon sufficient courage to speak to her. When at last Mr. Warren ogreishly called, "Take partners!" Steve hurried unhesitatingly to the new adorable little girl. I saw him pause and bow stiffly before her. I saw his seat—I record this detail with conscious malice—jut out sharply below his ridiculous Eton jacket. I saw the little girl bob with half mature grace. Then they danced off together. Later in an intermission Steve walked stiffly past me. His face was flushed, his eyes moist. He was grinning so broadly for exultant nervousness that his sharp eye teeth seemed at last actually to have punctured his under lip. When we were abreast he hissed without turning his head, "Name's Helen!" And he had passed me. As I say, I am conscious of a slight jealous humiliation as I record this fact. In retrospect I resent Steve's audacity. But at the time I had no such thought. Because of the circumstance of our age Steve and I were yet in that state of innocence (an innocence, quite frankly, more physiological than intellectual) which put anything like genuine sexual jealousy quite out of the question. Hence it seemed in no way incongruous to us then that we, while loving her, should still be friends, or even that each of us should make the other sole confidant and adviser in the matter. Of course, it would be untruthful to pretend that there was no emulation between us. When February the 14th came, with valentines for both of us addressed in her round cheerful-looking writing, we debated for hours over the slight difference in these favors, and hence the possibility of an implied preference. I maintained then, as I do now, that mine was the gaudier fabrication. Again, when Mr. Warren announced the coming of a cotillion with favors and formal partners, and Steve obtained Helen's promise for the occasion before I was even half-done communing with my emotions in an alcove, we argued that also. Steve's arguments in this case amounted simply to "*Now!* Do you *see?*" while I (always, I am afraid, a hesitant and a lurking lover) urged, with what I still consider sound logic, that he had been successful merely because of his agility and lack of common reticence. Similarly, when I emerged from my alcove, primed with emotion and nervous apprehension enough to beard the devil (my way again), when I had not ineloquently demanded Helen's photograph of her, and got it from her the very next week, then it became my turn to say, "*There* now!" while Steve insisted that if he had only thought of doing such a thing himself, the situation had been different. And it was characteristic of our mutual relationship and of our attitude toward Helen that during the cotillion she was as much my partner as Steve's, and that my picture of her stood upon our common chest of drawers as a common shrine for adoration. Finally, by previous amicable agreement, we went to Helen both at once, and having seated ourselves on either side of her, flatly demanded that she decide between us. It is not likely that any word of hers could have altered our attitude toward her or toward each other. However Helen obviated even this slight possibility of discord by implying with charming candor and gratifying enthusiasm that not she nor any woman could ever make so difficult a choice. She hastened to add also that there was no one else within a hundred million miles of us. Somehow this satisfied us.

Reviewing the above paragraph in the light of a somewhat maturer experience, I am convinced that Helen, uncoached, could never have attained to such heights of wily impartiality. Her mother impressed me even at the time as an appallingly wise little lady. Her

eyes, whenever they turned toward Steve and myself, giggled through her glasses at us and seemed to read the primer page of our psychology at a brief glance. But now, upon reflection, I am inclined to doubt, not the extent, but the profundity of her wisdom, which I think could not have been over-rich in understanding. There used always to be a very kindly mockery behind her glasses, a mockery that, as I now remember and interpret it, was compounded of affection and grown-up "amusement" which, analyzed, is plain contempt. And I would be willing to wager that to this day Helen's mother considers *Seventeen* or *Penrod* quite sound pediatry. . . . Could she have looked deeper into the hearts of those two small boys, I think she might have laughed as frequently, but with a more wistful and a less superior amusement. Her eyes behind her glasses might have twinkled every bit as bright, but not entirely with mirth.

But how look into those hearts now that they are changed beyond any recognition? In the loud confusion of the pulses which drum so tumultuously and so differently now, one can only remember a little and hope to keep a little of the truth. But I remember two very simple earnest spirits brimful of love, and of a love no less worthy and strong because there was in it none of that fierce hunger which breeds jealousy. Love without desire: Love without selfishness. And what greater love can any man have? . . . Still, to our elders it must have been laughable while it lasted, and it did not last so very long. All naïve earnestness is laughable to the grown sophisticates whom the years have taught to build up a wall of laughter and compromise against pain. And if that earnestness is driven by some generous power which shames the wise little subterfuges of maturity, the laughter rings all the louder for it. How short a time, too, the loves of childhood lasted. Yet was it the child's heart which was at fault, or nature who altered that heart with growth, and finally stole it and left a changeling in its place? Myself, I think that for a while those two small boys deserve to rank as lovers with Tristram and with Launcelot. And, for the worship she commanded of them, Helen was Helen indeed.

Well, now I must laugh a little too, considering how we must have appeared to the grown-ups around us. Either we were full of silly portentous earnestness, or else all giggles. To the British Latin-master who sometimes threw blackboard erasers at us, we represented merely exasperating vacuity. Our hair stood on end. Our clothes jutted away from our slim necks and everywhere else hung limp. Sometimes our ears were shadow-ringed. Our hands were grubby with chalk, pencil-lead, and other more miscellaneous grime. I remember how untidily Steve's nose used to run in cold weather. For myself I must have been an unbearable little prig with my look of conscious virtue and my small but constantly paraded store of erudition upon the subject of natural history. We were never beautiful. Sometimes positively hateful. Doubtless, we were always bothersome. And like all urchins we must always, by our very presence, have suggested vaguely the existence of natural processes only imperfectly controlled. . . . Still, though I despise Wordsworth, there was a glory in us.

I remember sitting drowsily in class of a spring afternoon. A slow sunny wind poured in at the windows, warm with sounds of an idle world. Presently my drowsiness entered deeper into me. It became spiritual. Then everything around me faded out of focus, and there remained only a background of sweet uncooling wind and bee-humming. I breathed slowly. I was aware of a pulse everywhere under my skin. I was thinking of Helen again; musing, praying, until I was abstracted almost out of consciousness; moving away onward, onward in a colored translucency, scarcely more sentient than the juices of spring moving through a sun-soaked leaf—

until I was awakened rudely by the whack and puff of a hurled board-eraser or by the nausea of longing under my diaphragm. I glanced at Steve. Steve too! He rolled his eyes at me. We exchanged a weak smile. Ah, Helen!

We never brought much reality to our loving. Instead we ran to symbols. For instance there was Helen's cypher which we invented and cut into all available material such as hockey pucks, fence-rails, baseball bats, and our own fore-arms. This cypher, an N superimposed upon an E, contained all the letters of Helen's name and was meaningless to most people, so we delighted in using it. We employed other symbols also of speech and gesture and inscription, but I forget them now. . . . Outside of dancing school we saw Helen only by the merest chance, but even there we said little to her about our state of mind. I wonder what she could have thought of us, because we would rather have died than use the word "love" even in private. Actually we "did" nothing at all about the whole thing.

Of course Helen entered immediately and overwhelmingly into our treasured epic. But even here we were surprisingly ineffectual in our handling of the situation. With her coming the pagan spirit vapored out of our poem. Our voyages came to be like Sunday-school outings. One of us drove the plane while the other sat with Helen and rather embarrassedly pointed out the sights. Our lake held little magic now. The bears had hidden in the woods. The antelopes and dogs had all trooped away. Even the gorillas had migrated to haunt some paradise of richer enchantment. The Lady of the Lake and her nymphs, gone too. And on the whole that rather relieved us. So we simply rode around through the clear sunshine in our plane, wearing our Sunday clothes. . . . But we regretted nothing. We had discovered a greater magic. Our hearts were heavy as rain-drenched lilacs with love for her.

During the school term all our time was laid out for us so that there was no opportunity for Steve and me to seek Helen out. But my home was in the same town as hers, and one would naturally think I should have gone to see her during vacation time. Still I never did. I suppose, as I supposed then, that if I had expressed any desire to do so things would have "been made easy for me." Without a doubt there would have been amused telephone calls with Helen's mother. There might have ensued a party or some such horror from which I shrank. Or, if I had simply gone to her house, my return home would have been greeted with questions, and my anguished embarrassment would have been interpreted as guilt. An investigation of the mystery would have followed (I should have kept silence until the end) and at last relieved laughter for a crowd of grown-ups. So there was nothing for me to do even if I had really wanted to do anything, which I think I did not. I can remember seeing her only twice during vacations. Once in winter we encountered on the street car. We said "Hello." She was wearing a small fur hat which I think must have been mink. A dark tail hung down beside her cheek. I would have given my life then for the courage to join her. Instead, I left the trolley before I had intended to. Once in the summer I pedaled madly past her house on my bicycle. (An impressive sight, I thought, with my behind off the saddle, lurching as I pumped.) Helen was standing at her gate with a couple of other children, and she waved to me. I had hoped for this. I had intended stopping and speaking magnificently to her. But I pretended not to see, and dashed on. . . . And I loved her all day long, every day for three years.

I went to camp that summer, and while I was there my family moved away to a distant town. When I heard the news I thought regretfully of Helen, but the adventure of returning to a new home was a compensation. Helen and

I began writing to each other occasionally after that, funny, banal little letters, signed "love." Her letters were a joy and a torment to me. I valued them too much to have the heart to destroy them, but when I was through reading them I was always faced with the problem of hiding them where no one would discover them and be moved to laughter. Having no more explicit privacy than most children, I was forced to the expedient of secreting them in the attic. Whenever any one went up to the attic after that I had miserably to go up too, and I would suffer horribly until whoever had been busy there came down again. Then I would rush to find a new cache for my little packet. I destroyed Helen's letters long ago in the ardor of a subsequent heart-spasm. But I have her picture still. I know exactly where it is, in what box in which trunk, but I am afraid to look at it any more. I should hate to find Helen plain or to catch myself snickering at her hair-ribbon.

That winter Helen wrote asking me to be her partner at the dancing-school cotillion. The necessity of divulging this sacred and shameful news to grown people agonized me for days, and I think I should have let her letter go unanswered rather than face the ordeal but for the fear that her mother might communicate with my family and so discover my discourtesy. But when I had actually pricked myself to the point it was far pleasanter than I had dared to dream. No one even guffawed, and an older brother was even glad to bring me because he had friends to visit in the old town. I remember little about the cotillion, except that I had become noticeably taller than Helen and was very proud of the fact. Also, I was puzzled throughout the whole affair by an air of aloofness and mystery about her. It was as though some secret had been whispered in her ear since our last meeting, and for her the riddle of childhood had been solved. I felt myself left alone, wondering, wishful, and afraid.

The music, the sticky refreshments, the colored confetti, and lights of the children's party were over. We sat in the dark of a slowly rolling limousine which was first to take Helen to her house, and then deliver myself and my older brother back to New York. My brother sat in one corner, moody and abstracted. I suppose he had failed to catch the friends he had come to see, or else he was simply bored. Helen sat between us. None of us spoke. I peered at her. She seemed to be staring straight before her with her lips parted in a slight smile. I felt that she was expecting something of me, and I had a great longing to discover whatever thing it was that made her smile so in wise expectancy. I was puzzled and shaken. My mind groped for that magic gesture I must perform to cause the night to flower with flame and music. "I shall know then," I thought. "I shall know then what she knows." And I felt like crying. I thought, "I will kiss her cheek." But I had never dared. Besides my brother would see. Then the car stopped at her gate and we said good-by. She entered her house sedately, still smiling. . . . I never kissed her and I never saw her again. Still I wonder sometimes what magic must enter a man who has kissed his first love. Or is the greater magic never to have kissed her?

One further picture: It is autumn a year later. Now I too have learned that secret which in an instant illumines childhood and robs us of it forever. The earth is more terrible to me now, a thousand times more lovely. I have discovered the horror of reality and the drunken joy of true enchantment. I move alone through the world, sullen and shy with adolescence. Those in authority over me wonder whatever in the world has come over the boy. Nightmares, my good folk, nightmares and disastrous visions! Do not touch him now! He is a little mad and, therefore, holy.

A hot autumn night with rain on the garden leaves. I am alone in the

house. My family is out somewhere for the evening. It is my study time. I find myself walking along the upper hallway past the stair-well. I have just lost my hold upon a vision. I am afraid to go up to my room on the third floor. I pause at the stair's foot and listen to the rain on the roof. Downstairs again. The house is silent. In the kitchen the clock beats. I can hear rain on the leaves in the garden. I go to my father's study and sit at his desk. I take a pencil and draw a foolish caricature. I toss it aside and try to draw the beautiful face of a girl, but the effort is grotesque, horrible. I cover it with a new sheet and begin to draw a monstrous obscenity. Before I am half finished I glance over my shoulder and quickly tear the three drawings into very small pieces, stirring them into the waste-paper basket. Then I am writing as I have never written: "Oh Helen, Helen! Help me! I love you. I know that secret now. Help me to bear it!" I cannot recall the letter that I wrote to her, but not those words surely. Yet my heart cried those words, and something of that cry must have sounded in the words I wrote. I ran out into the dark rain with my letter and posted it at the street corner before I should have time to be ashamed. . . . She answered me very promptly, a gentle affectionate letter. No, she had not forgotten me. She still thought of me very often.

But in five days I had traveled too far beyond my writing mood ever to recapture it. Before me lay the hollow land of adolescence where all things move and all things change. I never answered her kind letter.

All that is left now of my heart's green sickness is a photograph which I am afraid to look at any more, and a persistent magic which stirs me still at the name of Helen.

THE DRIFT OF HUMAN AFFAIRS

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Author of "The Mind in the Making"

THE chief part of man's life is remembering. He is ever busy day and night recalling his past joys and woes. His memory enables him to quarrel with his record and plan its improvement. All his explaining and aspirations depend upon his power of recollection. All learning consists of accumulated memories, whatever one's lot in life. The physician, lawyer, and man of business; the electrical engineer, the musical composer, the philologist—each has his special stock of reminiscences upon which he bases his procedure. So we are all perforce historians, constantly recalling the past, or else we land in the insane asylum.

The professional historian differs from the rest of mankind in his attempts to extend his memory far beyond the ordinary range. He is not content to remember what has been going on in and around him during his lifetime, but must needs get hold of ancient records, unearth ruins, and exhume the dead and buried. *What we call history is an enlargement of our current recollections.* It far outruns our personal experiences and the tales told us by our contemporaries, which constitute the bulk of most memories. Now, since all insight and understanding evidently depend on memory and the use we make of it, the rather invidious question arises, does this exceptional enlargement of the historian's memory tend to make him an uncommonly wise person specially equipped for finding his way about in the maze of life and qualified to advise his fellows?

Two of our most distinguished recent presidents were historians, but it is doubtful whether it was a popular recognition of this fact that led to their elevation to office. It must, however, have had some part in giving them a world renown which others operating upon a narrower margin of memories have failed to achieve. Our whole civilization is a historical product, and it is the business of the historians to impress this on our minds and make it a commonplace of thought and practical calculation. So far they have not met their obligations very satisfactorily. The reasons for this are not far to seek.

A few months ago an American historical student, Professor Clarence Alvord, contributed his "Musings of an Inebriated Historian" to that sprightly magazine, *The American Mercury*, in which one is supposed to speak his mind, regardless of common prudence. Mr. Alvord has devoted a great part of his life to editing documents relating to French settlements in the Mississippi valley and has written two volumes on British colonial policy in that region. He tells us that as a professor he performed the acts that were expected of him "and in great quantities," but as he looked back on his labors they seem to him vanity, as well as similar labors on the part of others. The *Zeitgeist* proffered him a cocktail "mixed with ingredients of powerful efficacy" which brought him both the conviction that historical study was futile and the courage to express this view with no reservation.

"The gin was distilled in the hellish fires of the World War, the French vermouth was the essence of propaganda, the sweet Italian vermouth was the aroma of pragmatic philosophy, and the orange juice was squeezed from the cynical soul of Henry Adams." Alvord rightly claims that the World War was a test which our historians failed to meet. They were the victims of every delusion shared by the most simple-minded. A few, it is true, made some pertinent if feeble reflections, but in general they employed their enlarged memories to attest the prevailing misapprehensions; to reënforce national feeling, and fortify the indiscriminate denunciations of the enemy. Some of us, it is true, now like to imagine that we put on the war paint as late and as sparingly as we durst.

All this only means that history teachers are much like other people. They are indisposed to permit the results of their special studies to alienate them from the notions which pass for virtue and common sense in their communities. They have, as Mr. John Hobson has recently pointed out, quite "genuine class sympathies and interests," like everybody else. The tendency of teachers to conform is the result not of coercion, but comes no doubt, as Mr. Hobson conjectures, from their prevailingly timid and conservative disposition and their anxiety to stand well with the doers—professional and business men for whom they have a secret admiration. "They are not so much the intellectual mercenaries of the vested interests as their volunteers." In any case when they teach and when they write they are apt to be dominated by academic notions of dignity and respectability rather than a desire to use their historical knowledge to set their students and readers to thinking about and criticizing established habits and ideas.

Yet I am inclined to guess that no inconsiderable number of college history teachers to-day, after a cocktail with components less virulent than those of Alvord's, would express full concurrence in his conclusions. They might suspect, however, that the trouble lay a good deal in the kind of history Alvord had in mind.

In the previous issue of this magazine I explained that, as the years went on, history had come to seem to me a more and more vital matter; that it should not be regarded primarily as an accumulation of information about the past, but as a means for cultivating intellectual freedom and sagacity. This precious historical-mindedness, so essential to estimating man's plight, has hitherto been rare even among historians. It is a realization of how things come about that counts. It opens our eyes wider upon matters as they now stand and at the same time suggests more ingenious ways of forwarding their improvement than we are likely to discover without its aid. The past loses its sacredness and we are no longer its slave. We become free to reconsider and even to neglect its dictates when we realize their often quite stupid origin and their thoughtless transmission to us.

But taking history in the usual sense—that is as a record of the past doings, conditions, institutions, feelings, and faiths of mankind—are there not certain instructive trends to be observed in human affairs? Does not the recollection of man's former conduct yield important hints of the habitual ways in which he acts? Are there not valuable conclusions to be drawn from the ways things have gone which make clearer the ways they are now going and are likely to continue to go? This is not a new question by any means, but we have reached a stage of thought and knowledge which makes it wise to reopen it with the hope of finding better answers.

II

In the eighteenth century, to go back no farther, the German poet, Herder, turned aside to establish certain "laws" of history, which should form a sort of human parallel to those laws of nature that were beginning to impress even

poets. As time went on came Hegel with his *Philosophy of History* which claimed that each distinguished civilization of the past represented a stage in the development of the World Spirit, which was evidently becoming more and more noble-minded and sophisticated through the ages and was utilizing the genius of the German peoples to exemplify its highest achievements up to date. More recently Benedetto Croce has again traced the story of the "Spirit."

The "philosophy" of history, as represented by these and many less notable writers, is held in abhorrence by those who engage in, or at least revere at a distance, historical research. They are convinced that those who have philosophized most confidently about history had no more than superficial and antiquated information about the past, and that they were inevitably rearing their majestic structures on misapprehensions. Toil and patience are necessary to collect and present such facts as may be discovered about the policy of an ancient king, or even the origin and effects of a single one of his edicts. I have on my desk the history of a mathematical manual used for centuries in medieval schools, the *Introduction to Arithmetic* by Nichomachus of Gerasa (who lived in the first or second century). The account of the life and philosophy of the author, his authorities, the complicated story of the manuscripts of the work, and the explanations of the many commentators who have, through the ages, sought to interpret it fill about two hundred large pages, with hundreds of foot notes giving references to the sources. This is an instance of how much trouble it is to find out about one popular old text book. The late Professor Thomas Francis Carter, dead ere his prime, spent years collecting information on the invention of paper and printing in China and its spread westward. Our present civilization is based on paper and printing, and hitherto we have had very sketchy and erroneous ideas as to how its foundation was laid in the early Christian era in a remote and often ignorantly despised country.

It is no great trick for one so minded to stake out a claim in historical hinterlands and to work so hard and find so much that those seeking the soul of history in a handful of out-of-date manuals and books of reference appear to him wholly negligible if not absurd.

Yet making full allowance for what is still undiscovered and not likely ever to be known, and for all that is tucked away in nooks and corners where it escapes even assiduous students of the past, is there not after all an astonishing amount of historical information available which will in all probability never be seriously revised? It seems to me that there is. For some decades the standards of historical criticism have been high and are not likely to be raised. Gibbon with all his patience and insight seems to a historical student of our day to have played somewhat fast and loose with his sources. And yet, compared with his predecessors and contemporaries, he was astonishingly exacting.

In the interpretation of what is known and is being learned two great changes are in progress, but scarcely as yet beyond their beginnings. One is the growth of historical-mindedness which will enable future writers to give history far more importance than hitherto in the useful enlargement of our memories by showing not so much how things were as how they came about. The second is the appreciation of the current discoveries in regard to man's nature contributed by biologists and psychologists and reënforced by anthropologists.

To offer a single example—the rulers, heroes, sages, saints, and conspicuous rogues of the past are now being reckoned with as human beings rather than as historical celebrities. They had mental and bodily disorders and dislocations even as we have. These must be taken account of in our historical explanations. Gibbon relates with evident pleasure various anecdotes which had for him the gamey relish of indecency. To the

historian who possesses some little acquaintance with abnormal psychology, the pornographic becomes scientific. We are now in a much better position to estimate Nero or Theodosia than was Gibbon; even godly men like Luther and Calvin bear looking into.

An Australian physician has recently shown that Joan of Arc was a tomboy before she was a saint, that the black pox which afflicted Henry VIII played a great part in English history during his reign and down to the present; that the hardened arteries of Charles V had their importance in European history; that the manifold disorders of James I, and the distaste of Frederick the Great for bathing are by no means negligible in estimating their careers.

These considerations lead me to dissent heartily from Alvord's conclusion that history is necessarily vain. It has hardly had a show so far. Mr. Wells in his *Outline of History* has set a new standard for historical writing. He reaches a very large number of readers and can hardly fail to influence their opinions in a beneficent way. It is easy for the professional historian to quarrel here and there with his statements, perspective, and allotment of space, but who among them can equal him in his insight and felicity of expression! The mood of his work seems to me a harbinger of great things to come.

III

A few years ago Professor Cheyney of the University of Pennsylvania discussed before the American Historical Association the very question we are here asking: In our present imperfect state of historical knowledge do certain tendencies in man's ways emerge which may enable us to understand his habits better and to attain to a more intelligent method of improving his ideas and practices?

Professor Cheyney cannot come under the suspicion of being a catch-penny philosopher; he is a real historian who would pass muster among the strictest sect of the historical Pharisees. His two volumes on the later years of Queen Elizabeth's reign sufficiently prove his capacity for research and understanding. Most tentatively and modestly, in the address above referred to, he suggests six "laws" which seem to him to be illustrated by the course of human affairs.

The first of these is what is known as the continuity of history. It is generally recognized by all who deal with the past. It means that in the great majority of cases one generation goes on doing and believing what the previous one did and believed. It is not true that there is nothing new under the sun. This carries the law too far. But the new prevails gradually and partially and, compared with the traditional, bulks much less even to-day than is usually believed. As examples, the Protestants in Luther's time agreed with the adherents of the older Catholic faith in most respects, and still do from the standpoint of an outside observer, such as a Japanese Buddhist. The radicals of the French reign of terror were in the main unconsciously conservative, as are the Bolsheviki. We still adhere to a division of the day into twelve hours, as established by the Babylonians, and of the circle into three hundred and sixty parts. The efforts to reform the calendar or get rid of primitive inches, feet, furlongs, grains, pennyweights, and the rest meet an opposition in this country which no recommendation of the convenient French revolutionary metric system can at present overcome. Our mile is based on the thousand paces of a Roman legionary.

We are far less sensitive to inconvenience than to the unusual, which is, of course, an inconvenience in its beginnings. Some hated to face the prospect of "getting up an hour earlier" every morning when the daylight-saving plan was introduced against the protests of the defenders of God's time. Custom is the god all of us revere except a few who have come to see the casual way in which habits get formed and the pertinacity with which they are transmitted from generation to generation.

Professor Cheyney's second "law"—and it should be said he has many reservations about the use of that term, and I have many more—is the impermanence of nations and states. Kingdoms, empires, city-states come and go, and now and then reappear on the map, as in the case of Poland, Serbia, and Bulgaria. One does not have to go back to the political changes of the Nile valley, Mesopotamia, India, or China to find illustrations. A comparison of the map of Europe in Louis XIV's time and that of to-day will give adequate modern instances.

Then, third, there is the general unity and interaction of humanity. As historical and anthropological investigations go on this fact becomes more and more securely established. Each people in any age owes a great part of what it has and thinks to older and often very remote peoples. The "diffusionists" among the anthropologists such as Elliot Smith and the late Doctor Rivers point out many astonishing instances of the migration of inventions and customs. They feel that it is so hard for anything new to be found out and get adopted that it is safest to assume that innovations are imported rather than that they arise independently. This sense of indebtedness might, as Mr. Wells urges, become an important moral sentiment in forwarding a real brotherhood of man. It is a special aspect of the continuity of history which our blustering patriots and nationalists are too ignorant to realize.

The fourth "law," at least in modern times, is the steady prevailing of democracy. Politically this has exhibited itself in the right extended to all men and women to participate nominally in the selection of their governmental representatives. There are some impressive indications that the notions of free government held by nineteenth-century liberals may be superseded before the end of the twentieth. But the right to vote is but a by product of a far reaching tendency toward social equalization and uniformity. There is socialism, "equal opportunity for all," "social justice," mass production and its agent, advertising. Business men talk in terms of "service" and social duty. Underlying these manifestations of democracy are the public school, the ability to read, and the whirling printing presses.

Professor Cheyney's fifth point, the steady enlargement of liberty, is associated with the previous one. It will cause some complicated reflections in many minds. It is true that the grosser forms of slavery and serfdom have gone, and their disappearance is impressive. Moreover, since the French Declaration of the Rights of Man in 1789, most national constitutions have proclaimed various kinds of freedom; and we like to think of the United States as begotten in Liberty. Just now, however, there seems to be a sort of revulsion against personal freedom, not only in Russia and Italy, but in the United States. In this land of liberty we have many "defense" leagues; conscription and the Lusk laws are still fresh in our minds. The Ku Klux and the Fundamentalists are busy securing to everyone the imprescriptible right to believe what one's ignorant neighbors believe. Aldous Huxley has wisely said that liberty is something not *given* but *taken*. This is likely to remain true. Genuine tolerance demands a degree of intelligence which outruns that which even exceptionally sophisticated persons possess to-day. There are, nevertheless, various modern circumstances which tend to promote liberty and self-determination.

I should be inclined to substitute for Professor Cheyney's "Freedom" quite another word, namely "Possibility." Our age, owing to all sorts of novel devices for disintegrating routine and tempting invitations to escape from it, offers us more choices than ever before. Mrs. Grundy finds it impossible to be ubiquitous in a large city. Even in smaller communities she cannot listen in on every telephone conversation in a public booth or chase every runabout or

flivver. It is not her fault; circumstances have got too much for her. Like Chaucer's widow, she is "somdel stope in age" and not spry enough to keep up with newer and more ingenious ways of eluding her virtuous attempts to make everything right and proper. And then the psychoanalyst says things about her motives which quite upset her. She is no longer so sure of herself.

Modern conditions and possibilities and the multiplication of options are producing an emancipation far more fundamental than the mere legal freeing of slaves and serfs. A full half of the race, the women, are tempted into occupations and varied activities which were closed to their grandmothers or did not exist a generation or so ago. Formerly, according to both earthly and heavenly law, husbands were encouraged to think that they owned their wives and their children. "The Family" and "Marriage" have been a good many different kinds of things in the past and they promise to undergo new changes as time goes on. This will not be due to the prevailing of wickedness, as the clergy would have us believe, but to an altered situation.

The children too are involved. Modern psychologists think of a child as far older at six than was formerly believed. Bertrand Russell in his new book on *Education and the Good Life* holds that "character" is pretty completely developed at that age. The effect of modern social and economic conditions on the views and relations of boys and girls is explained, on the basis of long and intimate experience with the actual facts in a large city, by Judge Lindsey, in his *Revolt of Modern Youth*.

The sixth and last "law" which Professor Cheyney mentions is the decrease of gratuitous cruelty and the widening of human sympathy and kindliness. With this I agree, but with many reservations. We do not publicly impale or eviscerate or burn or decapitate or break on the wheel the enemies of God, the king, and society, as formerly. And only when a holy war comes on do we blow them to pieces. On our breakfast table we find piled up appeals to help relieve the sufferings of the sick, destitute, and erring. Being prone to explain changes in human practices and moods by taking into account altering conditions, I suspect that the fact that we are so squeezed together nowadays makes it impossible for us to be so indifferent to our neighbor as once we were. This accounts for some new decencies and seeming understandings. Disease is now known to be transmissible and to come from an infected fellow creature rather than from either God or the devil. Black and white, Jew and Gentile, oriental and occidental have to snatch the same seats and hang to the same straps in the New York subways. This foments a sort of enforced brotherhood of unavoidable competition and interlocking misfortunes. This does not mean that I underrate the unmistakable increase in benevolence; I am only explaining that it now rests on a more solid foundation than that of mere exhortation to love our neighbor as ourselves. If "love" should be interpreted "understand" it would become a scientific ambition with most revolutionary consequences.

But there is certainly a very sour and ugly strain in men, women, and children which, given the right stimulus, will under many pious disguises, express itself in cruelty of word and deed. Even gentle souls will suddenly become acrid, and exhibit a ferocity which is a correlative of their successful repressions. Fear and jealousy and envy are in their hearts as in those of the more openly inhumane. Many of the most successful films have their scenes of torture, their voluptuousness of cruelty. "Sadism" is a rather new word for a class of very common and inveterate reactions of human beings. Every day brings illustrations of it in the newspapers. We are, however, making progress through a fuller understanding of this horrid element in human nature.

IV

So far I have followed, in general, Professor Cheyney's lead, although he is not to be held responsible for my elaboration of his six points. To the six it seems to me one might add a good many more—so many more that I can only hint at them.

One of the most important of these is the trend toward secularization, or the reduction of human affairs to earthly standards. There are no longer many kings by the grace of God. The treaty of Vienna in the early part of the nineteenth century was concluded in the name of the Holy Trinity; that of Versailles, a hundred years later, invokes no celestial benediction upon its stupidities. Education has to a great extent escaped from the control of the churches; ecclesiastical courts, which before the French Revolution settled a wide range of cases, have largely disappeared. Legislative assemblies may still be opened with prayer, but rarer and rarer are the appeals made to the Bible by lawgivers.

The belief in supernatural beings still prevails, and openly to question the existence of God is still unusual and shocking. But Satan and his hosts are becoming mere shadows of their former selves. Their malignant rôle as tempters, storm raisers, and disease producers is pretty much played out in our western world.

The so-called free thinkers of the eighteenth century held that a belief in a future life of rewards or punishments for the deeds done in the flesh was essential to maintain the morality of the multitude; otherwise men and women would cast off all restraint and obey the impulses of the moment. Whether confidence in the survival of our personalities beyond the grave is declining I do not know. It has been reënforced in recent years by what is known as "psychic" phenomena. At any rate much less is said about the terrible alternative between heaven and hell, and morality is gradually being shifted on to a new and, what seems to me, a firmer basis, namely that *it pays*, in this world as well as in the next, if such there be. But morality itself is assuming a different guise from that familiar to the moralists of past days.

Whether the growing knowledge of man's nature and origin and of the resources of the world in which he lives will ultimately destroy the old and spontaneous belief in supernatural beings it is impossible to say. The increasing possibilities of our earthly existence and the disturbance of long-established routine in thought and action conspire to give this mortal life an ever enlarging and absorbing interest. Nor is this interest necessarily "materialistic," as is sometimes hastily inferred by the "spiritual." It may bring with it quite as noble aspirations as any preached in the past.

The bringing together of all the peoples of the earth is a very new thing under the sun. The daily news is, with trivial exceptions, common to the whole globe. President Wilson could talk to the world at large with as much ease and more assurance than he could address the Senate. All this suggests a unification of mankind impossible in the past which may take the form of unprecedented coöperation or of rivalries and struggles which will make earlier wars look like feeble forecasts of what is to come.

Were there space here I think that I could make out a fair case for the guess that the World War which began in 1914 may prove to be the last of its species. We are at least gradually coming to see that "war" has become an old name for a new thing, as amply exemplified in the last great instance. The extension of conscription coerced the most gentle and unwarlike into the lines; noncombatants, however far from the scene of battle, were, as never before subject to sudden death and mutilation; the nations' whole economic systems suffered unprecedented derangement and imminent bankruptcy. And more impressive still is the assurance that all is ready to intensify these horrors should another general conflict occur. Consequently

war never before appeared to so many as not only a crime, but what is much more important, a most atrocious farce.

To judge from the way in which witchcraft, slavery, and active religious persecution disappeared—all ancient and sanctified and seemingly *permanent* human institutions—the doom of war may possibly be near at hand. At any rate the forces making against war are far more potent than ever before. It may be that we shall need one more lesson. Perhaps if New York, London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome could be shattered by means now in hand and their peaceful inhabitants suffocated, it might bring the rest of mankind into a chastened frame of mind suitable to an honest reconsideration of the implications of war as now practised.

Man was originally an utterly improvident animal. He had no inclination to store up provisions like a squirrel. He was no more frugal than a horse. An empty maw was his chief incentive to activity. He spent a great part of his life wandering about in search of something to eat. His leisure was the lethargy following a good gorge. His only form of "investment" was bringing down a sufficiently large animal to outrun the appetites of himself and his hungry companions. What the socialists call the exploiter and capitalist is the modern representative and successor of a long line of inventors who have taught men frugality in some degree and made possible active leisure as over against savage apathy. Were the ingenuities of these inventors done away with, human life would be reduced once more to that of the racoon—saving his honor. Viewed in the light of man's history, our present system of industrial organization based upon an ever-enlarging mechanism of credit is one of the most astounding inventions. With all its defects it holds great promise for the further liberation of mankind from the hazards of the past. As yet it is an experiment the results of which cannot be foreseen. It has produced socialism and may very well before long discredit it both in theory and practice. The lot of the overwhelming mass of mankind has always been miserable; our present industrial and financial system did not create poverty and over-work; it has somewhat alleviated them already, and is likely to be utilized, with various modifications and changes of attitude, in their further reduction.

V

These historical memories must suffice, for there is not space for more. They seem to me to suggest an attitude toward general and individual betterment very different from what most of us have been brought up on. The fundamental fact is that almost all leaders of humanity still feel that the new should not only rest, as it inevitably must, on the old, but that it must be in unquestioned subjection to sanctified tradition. The International Eucharistic Congress is a recent instance of this. Modern methods of transportation and publicity were utilized to republish, amid gorgeous ancient pageantry and popular acclaim, one of the fundamental doctrines of the Medieval Church.

The world is, however, assuredly turning out to be a very different place from what it was conceived to be in the Middle Ages; human possibilities have expanded beyond belief, and man himself as well as his heaven and earth has little resemblance to the pictures of him which have been furnished by his moral guides. *Is not the moral overrating of the past our besetting danger?* As yet our emotions have not caught up with our present situation and information. We have the great task before us of gradually replacing archaic aspirations, abhorrences, tastes, and scruples by others which shall conform more closely to the actual facts as now understood and the actual conditions in which we live. Otherwise, our struggles toward the good life must perforce be feeble, hesitant, and ineffective, as indeed we find them to be.

I PREPARE TO FACE FIFTY

BY EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

"AND your age?" asked the doctor. I told him, adding, "And oh, how I hate it."

"You needn't when you look it so little."

"It isn't the looking it I hate," I replied. "It is the being it. Now don't quote that senseless old maxim 'A woman's as old as she looks.' The years are gone. That's the rub. They won't come back. That's what hurts. And don't talk about the compensations of age. It is not youth I want. It is time. And there's too little left."

This conversation took place ten years ago. In the interim I have turned the corner. I look my age. I am middle-aged. Fifty is upon me. And fifty years from seventy years leaves twenty. Twenty years only that I may count upon in the allotted threescore years and ten. And if fate prove niggardly, not even that. Perhaps only fifteen negotiable ones. I mean by that years which by a voluntary act of will I may exchange for experience.

If suddenly one faced a banker who said, "You will have only so many dollars for fifteen years, and not another cent can possibly be yours under any circumstances whatever," what would one do?

Probably nine persons out of ten would immediately set down a list of their necessities for that time, compute what they would cost, discover what would remain when they were paid for, what they most wanted in the order of their desires, and check off those that they chose to satisfy. Nor would any one of them budget this amount according to theories set forth in a book as to the percentages one should spend under the various items. Guided by a stern intention to get all possible out of that limited amount, they would budget it according to their utmost needs and strongest desires.

My situation is similar. At fifty I am faced by a grim reaper who says to me, "Twenty years at most are yours for the enjoyment of this thing we call mortal life." What shall I do about it? Shall I go on as I have come? Shall I continue in that blind assurance of the young that time is without end as it seems without beginning? Shall I act as if what cannot be done to-day may be accomplished to-morrow? Shall I waste these years on people who bore me, squander them on employments that satisfy no desires, sacrifice them to the ideas of others?

My life to date has not been exactly aimless. I have never been a drone nor a fritterer. Back of me are the attainments of an average woman who has been wife and mother and housekeeper and citizen. The years have brought the pleasures and the pains of any every-day life which sees one's common needs supplied, some tastes gratified, some luxuries acquired, some emotions exercised. But looking back I realize that I started out on my journey up the years as if it were an endless one, as if I could afford to waste hours upon hours on nothing but waiting, days upon days on routine that led nowhere, and—if the minutes were added together—weeks on nonsense and so-called diversion. I gambled recklessly with my cards, ex-

pecting, if I lost, to get another hand. And all the time I leaned upon a quite irrational faith that sometime my life would prove worth while. Although I never put it into words or faced it as I am facing fifty, I had an idea that somehow I should reach the crown of a hill and beyond it would lie a promised land. Enough merely to be climbing up.

Now I suddenly know what that crown is. It is the age of fifty. And I know also that if there is a promised land it has got to be in front of me. If I don't find it now I never shall. So I had better face this fifty, acknowledge it is gone—whether squandered or treasured—forever, and plan what to do with this promised land, how to spend this last precious twenty, fifteen years left to me.

II

To begin with, I realize fully that I must face it alone. Age is not popular, not even middle-age. It is recognized no more in conversation than in fashions, and never acknowledged. "Age," said a friend to me the other day, "is a state of mind. One grows old only when one recognizes it. Feel young and act young and you *are* young." I looked at those present. Though the youngest in years, I was the only one who had reached middle-age. From slim ankles to bobbed or simulated bobbed hair they were all resolutely young. The slight sagging of the chin could not prevail against the glow of youth in their cheeks, the golden glint in their hair, the smoothness of the temples, the straightness of hips and legs.

And no wonder. Each week sees them, as it sees hundreds of thousands of other women, spend three hours or more in preserving the appearance of youth. Nor are these hours offered on the altar of vanity. By no means. They are offered in all conscientiousness on the altar of self-respect. "A woman owes it to herself and her family to look her best." And to most people her best means her youngest. Such is the cult of youth to-day.

Thus the daily hours of massage, the nightly patting in of cold cream and the weekly strapping with which the middle-aged practice the cult. I write this in no sense of criticism. I, too, have my favorite system, my regular appointment. If any guilt is attached I am as guilty as any.

But now, suddenly from the brow of that fifty hill, I begin to compute. Three hours a week become in a month twelve hours—a longer day than I can now work with comfort. In twenty years it is two hundred and sixty days, or three thousand one hundred and twenty hours. Do I wish to spend so much of my twenty years on this cult of youth? Of course my answer must depend either upon what I desire to do with the seven thousand three hundred days remaining to me or whether I can find something more profitable to do with them. Other women would perhaps answer these questions differently. Perhaps I am a miser with my years. But I must confess that I cannot see value received from this pursuit of youthful looks. Fifty's youthful looks will cause no one to look at me a second time. They will bring me no admiring glances to feed my vanity. They will bring me no higher price for my work. They will make my husband no fonder; for affection after fifty rests on something other than complexion. They will make my children no more proud and devoted; they will not add to my emotional satisfaction. And certainly they will not add to the pleasures of the mind. No, I shall not waste three per cent of my twenty years on the pursuit of smooth pink cheeks.

A similar question is the one of weight. Wherever two or three of the elderly are gathered together sooner or later the conversation reaches calories: how to remain slender or how to reduce. "I should scorn myself," said a friend so lovely that no amount of flesh could make her unlovely, "if I let myself gain a pound. I weigh daily. If I gain a few ounces I cut down on my food ac-

cordingly. I simply will not allow myself to become any fatter."

Is it worth the time and worry involved? A daily weighing, a looking in the book for the tables of calories, an ordering of the proper food to convey the proper amount of calories, the interruption of work and thought by the whisperings of hunger, the stoppage of work and thought to conjure up will power to deny the requests of this hunger, the ensuing clash between "I want" and "I must not," "I will" and "I won't," luncheons refused or turned into contests of will, dinners ignored with inroads on contentment: shall I squander my precious twenty years on such psychologic-gastronomic engagements? "Only a few moments a day!" says my friend. Yes, but I figure what those few moments a day will add up to in twenty years, and it does not seem worth while.

"I don't feel a bit older than I did twenty years ago," said a woman of sixty the other day.

"One should not," said another. And I suppose some women do not, those who think about the same things—clothes and parties, an occasional trip and book—and do exactly the same things—cook, sew, and entertain, play cards and golf—as they did twenty years ago. Nor do they do those things any better than they did twenty years ago. The strange thing to me is that they do them with the same gusto. They are just as eager over clothes and the styles, as thrilled over receipts and fresh peas, as serious over bids and doubles, as indefatigable over scores and tournaments.

Now, to me this is very unnatural. I cannot understand how people can do the same thing for twenty years in the same way and get the same keen enjoyment out of it that they did when they were learning how to do it, when there entered into their feeling a sense of mastery and of novelty. Benefit? Yes, but not enjoyment. I do not think they do. But they keep on with the pretense of enjoyment, a pretense to themselves as much as to others, because to drop it would make them face the fact of leaving youth behind. Though they do not realize it, they are doing these things just as they go to beauty parlors and count calories: To practice the cult of youth. They cannot or will not face the alternative: to prepare to face fifty.

Now I, frankly, do not feel the same as I did twenty years ago. Moreover, I do not want to feel the same. For even if I felt the same, I should not, I am convinced, get the same pleasure from those feelings. And what I want is to get the same *amount* of enjoyment rather than a diminishing amount of the same *kind* of enjoyment out of my activities. I use the word enjoyment in a broad sense, to include all experience, whether that of attainment, acquisition, emotion, or exercise. But I do not expect to get that enjoyment from the same pleasures or the same feelings. It can't be done. Repetition is not discovery, and no amount of affirmation can give to the former the thrill gained from the latter. So, if I am to get out of these twenty years any enjoyment commensurate with that of youth, I must get it either from new experiences acting on old feelings or from new sensations that appeal to different feelings.

Perhaps some people do feel the same at fifty as at twenty. Perhaps they have the same sense of wonder, the same joy in winning a game or beating a competitor. And so perhaps they can enjoy repeating these experiences in some new field.

With such people the facing of fifty is comparatively easy. They can continue as in the past the pursuit of things *per se*, they can but increase their ambitions to meet their increased appetites. They can die pursuing. And far be it from me to criticize them. It remains to be seen which of us has the most successful middle-age.

But with some of us facing fifty is different. We are not satisfied that this remaining twenty years shall be a mere repetition of those that have gone

before, even though the things sought and acquired be on a larger scale. We want something different. Isn't there something else before us than a mere repetition? We might wish to repeat our youths if we could. But merely imitate them? No. Spend this twenty years in an effort to produce an illusion to ourselves? No.

With some people new experiences will produce the desired pleasure. Perhaps the stay-at-home will become a traveler and new sights will produce the desired thrill. We all know the middle-aged maid or widow or widower who has turned globe-trotter. Perhaps a new environment will do it, California instead of Maine: The Western Coast swarms with the middle-aged newcomer, lonely but curious. Perhaps a new interest will do it, biography instead of editing, as with Edward Bok, or "Peace on Earth" instead of women's fashions. And wise indeed are these people. They, too, are facing fifty resolved to plan those twenty years, not merely let them happen.

I might be inclined to try some of these new experiences myself as I face fifty if they were within my reach. But fifty does not mean isolation. It does not mean freedom from family demands or the ties the years have formed, nor does one wish that it should. My children have not left the home. My husband has his business. And I am tied to them both by duty and by desire. There are also financial limitations. Fifty brings no alchemy that enables one to plan one's life as one might try an uncharted sea. I can only alter my course according to limitations imposed by the wheel in my hand, the craft under me, the shoals and currents around me. But what I may do is to decide in what direction I wish to steer and how to get the maximum of enjoyment in the steering. There would be none if I forgot either the limitations of my craft and the course, or my companions.

Now for me the pursuit of such new experiences as globe-trotting or change of residence is doubtful. They may come. Fifty does not close doors. Doubtless I shall go to Europe several times if I desire, and do other delightful things I do not now foresee. But in the meantime I do not mean to sit down and wait for them any more than I mean to repeat the experiences of youth, for now for the first time I must be economical of time. Each day must count. I must plan for satisfaction possible here, now.

III

How shall I get it? The answer lies in my confession: "I do not feel the same as I did twenty years ago." These new feelings—may they not be an asset instead of a liability? May not the satisfaction of them, the exercise of them yield new joys, different but as worth while as those of youth? May not that old line we quoted in the nineties, "The best is yet to be," have something of truth in it?

Let me be specific. The dominating idea of my youth, as I look back on it, was preparation. Not only in the matter of education and manners, but back of reading and activities, entertaining, home, was the idea of learning, of improving, of developing, all in preparation for something to follow, not in Heaven but on this earth. Even when we gave parties we struggled to make them better than the last, to improve menus and food and service. Certainly in house furnishings we strove to learn, to improve our taste. Always before us was that will o' the wisp, perfection, because there was always the hope of time to reach it. If we admired the gracious charm of a stranger we felt we could cultivate it. If we envied a blue-stocking her erudition, by study we could acquire it. If we coveted the grooming, the house, the taste, the efficiency of some friend, by effort we could achieve them. That it was always to be to-morrow did not affect our attitude of mind—that of preparing, improving, developing. But gradually it has been made plain to me

that this to-morrow will never come, that as I am to-day so shall I be twenty years from now. Understand, I do not mean that I may not improve or grow in the next twenty years. I certainly expect to. But I know that I shall grow and improve along the line already laid out—that I shall not change my style, my type, my talk. In the difference between acceptance of this fact and the belief that "all things are possible" lies the difference between thirty and fifty, between youth and middle-age. To those of my contemporaries who still look for the Prince to ride up and disclose a crown beneath his fedora, who still expect pumpkins to turn to coaches, this seems a tragic difference. But as I face fifty, I wonder if it is. May the acceptance of this truth not bring its own joys?

Again to be specific: Now that I know that I am as I am, that my brain tissue is no longer impressionable, I can substitute for Struggle, Selection. Only those who have struggled realize what a joy this substitution is. Instead of striving valiantly for a color sense, one can choose the colors that one loves; instead of endeavoring to understand a classic, one can select the book one likes. And since struggling for improvement leads very naturally and almost inevitably to assuming a success one has not yet won, I need no longer pretend an excellence I do not have. I may say frankly that I do not like the play, the book, the old walnut, the short skirt, instead of fabricating an appreciation, a lip admiration, of the high-brow play, the subtle book, or the latest fashion. All this will sound indefensible to the young. They will confound this freedom with the stupidity, the narrowness, the complacency, the provincialism of their contemporaries who do not seek to improve themselves. But indeed it is far otherwise; it is wisdom, cosmopolitanism, breadth, vision for the middle-aged to accept themselves. For it is this acceptance of themselves that leads to their enjoyment of themselves. This acceptance, this relaxation from struggle, is not to be confused with idleness or abnegation. Instead of development, what they wish is attainment. And to realize this they will seek to squeeze the utmost out of what they are and have.

Again to be specific: As I prepare to meet fifty I shall inventory carefully the tastes I have and seek to satisfy them; the abilities I have and seek to utilize them so as to bring me the largest returns; the needs I have and seek to satisfy them. Take, for instance, this matter of my physical surroundings. For thirty years I have had aspirations to own a house that should express the very best in taste, produce the very most in comfort, and reach a certain scale of elegance and luxury. Again and again I have postponed what I might have today in favor of what I would have some day. "Some day—some day—" To-day I realize that if I am to get any pleasure out of a home it must be now. So I shall proceed at once to plan the nicest house I can afford. Twenty years ago I should have bought a large house and been content to wait for furnishings. I should have planned to complete a room a year. I should have bought service plates this year and expected to get Venetian goblets the next. I should have put all my furnishings budget into one handsome couch, counting on next year's going into a desk. Not so, as I prepare for fifty. I shall consider all my assets and pitch the scale of the house and furnishings so low that I may furnish it complete. And this not entirely because I do wish to enjoy it for the whole twenty years. For some people even at middle-age would have more pleasure in anticipation than in a realization that might mean satiety. But I know myself—call it a limitation or not as one pleases: I adore completeness. I want things whole. A vacancy, a lack, an incongruity is iron to my soul. So I shall no longer punish myself. I shall strive for a small complete home because the completeness means more to me than

a larger handsome one left unfinished. Twenty years ago I did not know this of myself nor why I tried constantly to secure earrings to match pins and curtains to match rugs. Even ten years ago I would not have acknowledged it. Now I frankly confess it and organize my plans to satisfy it.

I shall gratify my tastes in lesser matters. Once I might have asked advice as to the best taste in colors and designs with a feeling that I ought to like them if I did not and that association with them might perhaps improve my taste. But not now; as I face fifty I shall choose the colors that please me, that do something to my brain, if not indeed to my soul. I shall have a house that is not Priscilla's or Chippendale's or Recamier's or even Victoria's, but my own.

Nor will the home be only an expression of my passion for completeness. It will be in a sense my creation, my work, my place of memories. In each of us, I am convinced, is a desire more or less animate, to make something, to create something, to leave something behind us.

The pioneer to a new country spends his energy winning his place in the community and acquiring his share in the spoils. His life is given to grab, fight, competition. He makes the town or firm profitable; he gets all he can from it. But after him comes another generation that wishes not to exploit but to build, not to despoil but to beautify. Our youth is like the pioneer. Middle-age should be like the second generation.

Whether we like it or not, what we do in our youth is for a purpose. Our homes are nurseries, dormitories, eating houses. They are equipment for our battle to succeed, are strongholds whence we sally to our contest. But in middle-age they are our reward. Instead of acquiring, we can expend. Instead of competing, we can create.

The houses themselves show this. Look upon the cottages of the newly-wed. Pretty and charming as they are, in some mystical way they indicate their transient character, the fact that they are a means, a way-station. And then look at the houses being built everywhere by the middle-aged. Even when tiny and simple they aim to become "places," they are designed for permanence, as an end in themselves in beauty.

Does this seem an extravagant claim? I ask you to go with me to a little town where I was once a newly-wed. The charming little cottages that my contemporaries and I built are wearing out, they are running down at heel, they are being cast aside; but those houses built at the same time by the middle-aged stand out to-day as places. They are being altered, it is true, but they are being used and loved and "pointed to with pride" by their new owners. And the erstwhile occupants of those cottages afore-mentioned, when they are not taking over these houses built by the middle-aged of yesterday, are building themselves houses of the middle-aged of to-day, places of beauty and completeness and permanence that shall not be a means but an end, are doing it not in competition for a reward but as a reward in itself.

This, I take it, is the great satisfaction of middle-age, that one need no longer struggle *for* rewards but may reward oneself by doing what one desires.

If one has joy in his or her undertaking the mere act of doing is reward enough. The young and would-be young tell us that the joy is in the struggle to excel and commiserate us on the middle-aged weariness that refuses longer to struggle. But if the removal of this struggle to excel leaves us joy in accomplishment—have we not gained rather than lost?

IV

Having planned my surroundings to help me satisfy my tastes and to leave behind me a creation, I shall proceed to enjoy the pleasures of my mind—not the pleasures of Plato's mind—nor Mencken's—nor any other mind. If I have a mind I should by this time have

discovered what pleases it. Music does not. It serves as a nice anodyne by means of which I can wander away on wings of thought. As such I shall use it, but I shall no longer try to understand music or assume an appreciation that is not mine. Painting pleases it only a little, but color much. I shall concentrate on color, and when I see some combination or shade that gives me joy I shall not scruple to buy it or to fling it across my room. The greatest pleasure of *my* mind is analysis, either peering into the minds of others or giving my mind to theirs, looking through their eyes, following their ideas. In other words, books. And so, as I face fifty, I plan to give the major part of those years to the enjoyment of books. I shall build my house so that I may live among them. I shall order my life so that I may devote myself to their study.

But I do not mean by this that I shall retire from an active life to one of reading and meditation. Achievement of some kind would be necessary for me. Once again let me reiterate—I am not retiring. I am attaining. I am realizing on what I am and have to-day, and mean to utilize what I have so as to bring in the largest returns. Inventorying my abilities, I find that I have two that are negotiable. One is ability to organize and the other is the ability to write. To sell my organizing ability means politics of one kind or another, and politics take me too much away from books as well as home. This decides me. I will write about the books I read. I will make a business of reading.

Like everyone else who can scribble, I have long aspired to write something worth while, some phrase, some page that shall live. When I was thirty I knew I should become a great novelist. Facing fifty, I know I never shall. Does that discourage me? By no means. I have merely exchanged hope for knowledge. Although I know I shall never be a great writer, when I inventory what ability I have I see that if I settle down and give ten of these twenty years to the business of writing, I can probably afford to spend the last five—if God is good to me, perhaps ten—writing the kind of books that I want to write.

Why not write the books now, you may ask? For one thing I can't afford yet to speculate, and any book I do now would be a speculation. Besides, my idea of perfect bliss is to write one book that shall say exactly what you want to say and leave its future to Fate. That is a luxury I cannot yet afford. Perhaps others are more fortunate and can do that at fifty. For me it must remain a joy of old age.

Think not that my twenty years will be wholly devoted to reading. I shall make room for other joys. I love a game of bridge. I've never had time to enjoy it. I shall now plan for it. I love the country and silence and space. I have never had time to enjoy them. Now I shall make a place for them—proportioned to the joy gained—and thus shall I provide the "exercise" necessary to keep myself fit by means of something I enjoy. If I loved golf, I should count it in, but I have never liked physical contests of skill—because I have no skill. How I suffered in my youth because I was not a good dancer, a good sportswoman! Facing fifty, I have no time for doing things because "they are the thing to do."

V

Even in this matter of looks, middle-age is not without its pride. One can look middle-aged and attractive, even handsome. There are women who first know beauty after fifty and rosebuds that grow into more beautiful blossoms. But they do not do it by remaining dried up or even preserved buds. There is a beauty of the bud and a beauty of the bloom and a beauty, too, all its own of seed or berry. But such beauty is the beauty of character, of fruition. We have all seen the "pretty" forty-fivish women with the well-preserved cosmetic complexion and carefully dyed hair

fade into insignificance and inanity beside the handsome middle-aged matron with the withered complexion, the plain parted hair. To discover that one's beauty is not merely color and firm skin must have its own advantage.

And the tolerance of middle-age! Surely it brings its satisfaction, a tolerance that springs not only out of the cooler blood of maturity but from the understanding of one's self. It must be hard to be severe with others in the face of one's own defeats and failures. This tolerance is supported by that delicious sense of irresponsibility that comes when the meridian is passed. We have done our best or our worst by fifty or are on our way to it. And if we were not, the young are so close upon our heels, they push us so hard for leadership, that it is somehow easy to slip it on to their shoulders and rest from our labors.

Perhaps this sense of detachment is the greatest joy of all: being able to sit back and watch the mistakes of others with no sense of responsibility. For my part I'm willing to try it.

Nor does all this mean a separation from youth, a monastic life, or confinement to companionship of the aged. I trust I have not made the program seem one of abnegation—of Retirement—for if I have done so, I have missed my point and written of old-age—not middle-age. What middle-age means to me is first the period of selection—second, the period of attainment or realization, using the word in the sense of "realizing on one's capital." Selection, because one no longer tries to take everything as it comes, but selects what one wants. Attainment because one ought to begin to "cash in."

Do not forget that this is the way *I* face fifty, not you, or another. Other tastes, other selections; for other temperaments, other attainments. I write this in the first person not to present either my selection or plans as models for others but as examples of selection and attainment at work. Most women, I think, can make fifty a dividing line between continued drifting and selection, striving and realization, though not all. It so happens I can. But some women and many men will push right past fifty without a pause. Their goal, perhaps, was fixed when they were thirty or they may see it in sight or they cannot yet "cash in." But because fifty is a dividing line to me I do not mean to imply it is the end—the high peak of my life, my zenith. Do not forget the book.

Remember, I could have chosen otherwise without spoiling my thesis. I could have said, "I prefer politics. I mean to stop writing and give my time to a political program; run for Congress and choose for my reward a seat in the Senate." It happened I did not. But I do not forget that many a man and one woman at least, turned their backs on politics only to be turned round again. It was in 1912, was it not, that Carrie Chapman Catt planned to get out of active suffrage work? Selection—that's the point! selection and realization.

Perhaps I seem to have chosen selfishly. But what my selection is does not affect my thesis. Certainly fifty, no more than thirty, is without hope that its work may be of value to others—fifty no less than thirty has demands that give opportunity for sacrifice. But who, indeed, prates of them except Pharisees and Pepyses?

VI

Because it turns away from the pursuit of youth, do not confuse my idea of middle-age with abnegation. In fact, the most interesting and sensible middle-aged woman I ever knew never became old and never retired. People, especially younger people, always remarked how young she was. But she was not young. They thought she was young because they enjoyed being with her. But they enjoyed being with her not because she looked young or acted young but because they felt her interested and sympathetic as their competing contemporaries could never be, because they

looked up to her, because she always interested them in what she had to say of her interests, books, studies, travels. Because she was so different in point of view and activity from them, there was possible a relationship of give and take between them. They thought she was young because she liked to be with them, but she liked to be with them not because she felt and acted like them but because she felt superior to them, richer, riper; it pleased her to be able to give to them; it stimulated her to feel the difference. It is true she did not want to live in her past. But neither did she want to live in the youth of her young friends. She wanted to live in her present middle-age. A busy, full, interesting middle-age of reading the books she had always wanted to read, of studying the things she'd always wanted to study, of playing the cards she loved, of seeing the places she liked, of giving to others of her erudition and experience, of serving those she loved, of being—in short—an elder; a peaceful middle-age because it was not agitated by struggle, and a full one because she used it to express herself as she was. She was content to look her age, to dress her age, to live her age. She was content for others to recognize her age, to yield her the respect she felt due to it, to give weight to her words, to value her experience. In return she carried it with dignity, poise, and appreciation of all it had brought her.

She died at seventy-two without having any mental symptoms of old age. People called her young because she read the new books and played the new conventions and wore the new fashions and studied. But she did these things not to pretend youth or with the gusto of the young but with the tolerant amusement of the middle-aged, doing in Rome as the Romans did. She would have scorned to have exchanged her knowledge of life for the enthusiasm of youth. Except for her I might not be able to face fifty so cheerfully. But she has made it seem to me, as she has to many, a promised land.

LA BELLA GINA

A STORY

ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY

ONE met the lady, as it were, by installments: first the dog Bijou, emerging from the *ascenseur* like a jack from its box, wheezing; next the harassed little lady-secretary—or was she a duenna?—in leashed pursuit; next the maid Annette, very French and voluble, personally conducting the footsteps of greatness; last, but by no means nor in any respect least, La Bella Gina herself, leaning upon the arm of her devoted but practically invisible little cavalier, the Marchese. It was always an effective entrance; a gay wave of the hand for the gentleman at the desk, a coquettish smile for the staring lobby at large, and for us, who had come so far to be the guests of her Italy, a charming, courteous inclination of hospitality.

Then the Signor Direttore would hurry out of his office with a daily bouquet provided by the management; the concierge, so haughty with others, would abase himself backward before her; and the cortége would pass out into the street, there to be greeted by a small cheer from whatever public happened to be gathered about; flower-sellers, beggars, cameo-vendors, quarreling groups of *vetturini*, and the like. The latter would leap each to the box of his carriage, lifting a hopeful whip; but Madame Gina, wagging a forefinger sidewise in sign of friendly negation, as at a too insistent gallery, would turn her teetering footsteps in the direction of the Pincio, leaning partly upon the willing Marchese, and partly, à la Tosca, upon a cane.

The secretary and Bijou would fall into line behind; or possibly, according to the whim of Bijou, they would lead the procession, at the run; and only Annette was left, gazing after them commiseratingly and shaking a well-coiffed head.

"Has it not of pathos?" she murmured to me on one occasion, observing that I too watched this daily little parade with interest.

"Pathos?" I repeated. I supposed her reference was to the diva's lameness, which had appeared to my skeptical American eye rather histrionic than pathetic; due perhaps more to the tightness of the lady's high-heeled satin boots than to any more serious infirmity.

The maid sighed. "Eh, that it should be La Gina, La Bella Gina herself, thus marching on two feet like anybody, like you or me!—trotting along the *pavé* with no more *réclame* than the *sale bête Bijou*" (evidently Annette shared my lack of enthusiasm for the poodle of the profession). "She who in a manner of speaking has not set heel to ground since the day of her debut at San Carlo; whose carriage princes have been proud to draw, yes, and millionaires!—I who speak have seen it thus. But now, upon those exquisite feet which sculptors beg to model, she makes along rough streets the promenade, like any *Anglaise*. Daily, as you see!— It is the imbecile doctors who have done this thing."

"In order to overcome her little lameness, perhaps?" I suggested.

Annette snapped her fingers. "The lameness, what of that? A habitude, a gesture! At her age, Madame finds the cane *un peu distingué*. No, it is for the—how shall I say?" Expressive hands fluttered about her person, indicatively. "The conformation, hein? the embonpoint. When last season an ankle sprained itself, as you remember" (it did not occur to Annette that anyone, even tourists from the Antipodes, could be ignorant of this event), "Madame was for some time confined to the sitting and reclining postures. So, the catastrophe commenced. Diet made nothing. My God, what misfortune! The smallest *gâteau*, the merest *soupçon* of whip-cream on the morning chocolate, and sprang! off pops another hook from the brassière. Madame increased, literally, before the eye. How it was tragic!"

"But," I said consolingly, "she carries her weight extremely well, and she is no fatter than many other opera singers."

"That is true. And it is not as if she were a coloratura, what? To the deeper voice must be allowed the wider latitudes. However, it is not with the appearance one concerns oneself; assuredly, with such beauty, appearance need not be considered—other than to add a dash of rouge here, a drop of belladonna there. It is the voice, *voyez-vous*, the voice itself! What if La Gina were to become short of breath in the upper register? Picture to yourself if she were compelled to wheeze, like the *sale bête* Bijou?"

I admitted that this would be indeed a misfortune.

"Therefore," shrugged Annette, "she makes daily the promenade. Also, she starves—it would bring tears to the eyes to see. What fortitude! Never a bon-bon, not so much as a pot of chocolate for the *déjeuner*. Only *café noir*—picture to yourself, on an empty digestion!" (She made a face of abhorrence.) "And to what avail? Ah, Mees, I ask of you as one woman to another, to what avail?"

I gazed critically after the retreating figure of the diva, hobbling heroically on toward the Pincian Gardens, three weary blocks away. She had indeed developed, beyond repair, a sitting-figure; or as it is known to my compatriots, the middle-aged spread. And quite seasonably. While it was difficult to detect other symptoms beneath the thick liquid-white of her face, the thin geranium-red of her lips, and the varied glories of her hair, I could not but recall that her debut at San Carlo must have taken place at least thirty-odd years earlier.

My eyes and Annette's met in mutual regret, and we shook our heads together. A bond of sympathy was established between us: sympathy for a fellow-woman in distress.

It led to other conversations in passing, Annette being one of those to whom breath seems given entirely for purposes of conversation. La Bella Gina (I wondered whether the song had been named for her, or she for it) was making a pilgrimage, "as usual at this time of year." They merely paused at Rome, en route from Naples. . . . I should not have thought the singer so devout. One did not like to ask at what shrine she intended to pay her devotions. Or was it perhaps at the tomb of some lost loved one? Annette's manner, in speaking of the pilgrimage, seemed appropriately grave and subdued.

Monsieur le Marchese, also as usual, was accompanying them on the pilgrimage, although stopping at another hotel; which I thought extremely delicate of the little gentleman. He had made many journeys in the train of Madame, it appeared; had followed her triumphs even to the Americas, and to Mexico. It was on the latter occasion that he had taken with him his two young sons, in order that they might have the advantage, the inestimable privilege of intimate association with such an artist, such a woman of the world. But yes, Annette assured me, the young noblemen had indeed appreciated the privilege, Madame being excessively fond of

children, particularly of boys. She had fed them sweets all day long. There had been afterwards a letter from Madame la Marchesa herself, thanking Madame Gina for her kindness to the little noblemen.

"What! from their mother?"

But it appeared Madame la Marchesa was their grandmother.

It seemed to me an interesting and unusual relationship. I said so.

Ah, yes, agreed Annette; such fidelity through so many years deserved its reward, *n'est-ce-pas?*—a better reward than La Gina had felt herself able to bestow, she being wedded to her art.

"And of a discretion *incroyable.* Picture to yourself!—never so much as an hour alone tête-à-tête with monsieur; always a third person in attendance!—myself, or Signora the secretary, or the little noblemen—"

"Or the dog Bijou?" I murmured.

"Or the dog Bijou," she assented seriously, "who has, if nothing else, a nature of the most jealous. . . . 'While I value your attachment, my Boncelli, above pearls and rubies' (I who speak have heard her say this to monsieur, although pearls and rubies are her favorite gems) 'still, a man may not serve two masters; particularly if a woman. The competition deranges. My heart'—she said to him, just like that—'is in my larynx, *cher* Boncelli, in my diaphragm. These are your successful rivals.'—The poor Marchese!"

"You think," I asked, "that there is no hope for him whatever?"

She shrugged. "Hope, yes—but what a sad little hope! If ever the voice fails, then only will the Marchese receive his reward. He is content to wait. What patience! Each year now we make the pilgrimage; and some day, when the test is unfavorable . . ." She gave a deep sigh. "Even La Bella Gina grows obviously no younger. Ah, yes, for him there is hope—*hélas!*"

The good creature seemed torn between sentiment for this model lover and for the exigent voice.

When next I passed the little gentleman, I looked at him with a new regard. He had seemed before rather a negligible quantity, in his dapper yellow gloves and high-heeled patent leathers; rather like an alert elderly crow hopping along under the wing, as it were, of a resplendent pouter-pigeon. But such faithfulness, such undiscouraged devotion to an ideal which he might well have found somewhat faded, lent him dignity; argued powers of endurance which commanded respect. He engaged sympathy, too; and it was to his matrimonial aspirations, rather than to the famous larynx, the too-exacting diaphragm, that one wished success in the forthcoming test, whatever that might be.

I was surprised to find the party at Pisa some days later, when we came to the grave old scholars' city; stopping at the Hotel of Neptune, whose unpretentious, restful atmosphere seemed a trifle primitive to appeal to the highly cultivated taste in hotels of a Madame Gina. But there they were, in full possession, Bijou, the harassed lady-secretary, and all, with the Marchese still in discreet long-distance attendance. He was the guest, so Annette informed me with some pride, of Monsieur the Archbishop of the diocese, his cousin.

There was an air of tension, of peculiar gravity about the party by this time. I fancied that the pilgrimage was wearing toward its close. Yet I could think of no particular shrine to be visited in the vicinity, nor of any famous singing master nearer than Florence to whom La Gina might be bringing the sacred voice for its test. There were no waters to be taken: on the contrary. As a resort of either health or fashion, Pisa was nil; and I could not believe the diva a mere tourist in her native land, searching for atmosphere, leaning towers, and the like.

Very early the morning after we arrived, one heard them stirring; they were always easy to hear. Apparently the promenade was about to take place.

But at such an hour? Only natives were abroad, market-women rattling barrows of melons and ripe purple figs over the cobblestones; goats, the milk wagons of Italy, being made vociferously to yield of their wares; watchful-waiters already manning the walls of the sleeping Arno, with bamboo poles, in hope that the early worm would catch the fish at last (there can hardly be more than one fish left in that ancient and enfeebled stream). The real Pisa, that of the tourists, would slumber on for at least another hour; or endeavor to do so.

Yet Madame Gina, who never appeared in public until after the midday siesta, was unmistakably up and doing; one recognized her deep chest-tones addressing Bijou, evidently about to be left behind: "Na, na, *piccolo mio!* mother's jewel cannot accompany us to the mass, it is not for such as thee. He must remain in his little bassinet and masticate his little ball, like a good dog of my heart, while his Gina who adores him goes forth alone to the ordeal!" —here the deep chest-tones faltered and broke.

"Ah, ah, you tear at my heart strings!" sobbed the voice of the lady-secretary. "See, *carissima*, you are *not* alone! Are not *we* with you?"

"Courage, but courage," came the firm, efficient murmur of Annette. "Myself I have not a doubt but that things will go quite well, even better than last year; when, as you remember, Madame was slightly *enrhumée*."

"*Cara mia*, how you console me!—Signora, pray do not sniffle again; it is a noise I detest! Quick, my cane! Am I to wait here forever?"

I hurried to the window. Outside stood an open *carrozza*, half filled with flowers; beside it the Marchese, tugging at his mustache with nervous yellow gloves. His doglike eyes, turned upon the door, had an expression of mingled hope and apprehension. Certainly this was no mere promenade.

Suddenly I understood. The moment of the test had come!

I hurried into some clothes and followed—not a difficult thing to do since everybody in the street had been seized with the same idea. Market-barrows, milch goats, and fishermen, all of us hastened along together in the direction of the Duomo. At its doors I recognized the flower-filled carriage, empty, surrounded by interested spectators.

"Have we then a wedding?" they asked one another. "A first communion?"

"No, no!" replied somebody. "Did you not recognize her? La Gina, La Gina again, in person!"

The great doors of the Cathedral were not yet open, but I managed an entrance by means of a tip and a lesser door, of green baize; in some such manner, perhaps, as sinners may enter Paradise. My cavalcade was there, having a mass all its own, near that ancient swinging lamp whose constant motion gave Galileo the idea of the pendulum. Level rays of a new-risen sun, through prismatic glass, touched to pure glory the rich interior: the black-and-white striped marble of the walls, the mellowed sculptures, the old, dim saints and madonnas who are forever young, the burnished silver splendor of the altar. They knelt in a row at its rail: Gina and the other two women with black veils over their hair, the Marchese beside them, yellow gloves and a large plaid handkerchief neatly disposed in the high top hat at his feet, and beside him the driver of their carriage, in a black Fascist blouse; all of them receiving the Communion together at the hands of a sleepy priest. I lingered a moment, to register the picture in my memory.

Suddenly they rose and filed out past me, in the direction of the Baptistry. Annette and the secretary walked with bent heads, as if in prayer; but behind them Gina moved rather splendidly, with lifted face and a fine, exalted smile on her lips, a victim going forth to some self-appointed sacrifice. She had forgotten her cane, I saw it leaning against the altar-rail; nor did she avail

herself of the arm of the Marchese, who followed at her elbow.

I waited outside, for at last I knew what was occurring: La Bella Gina, like many another singer before her, had come to try out an aging voice by the test of the Baptistry's famous echo.

"Good luck!—Oh, good luck!" I whispered under my breath; not this time to the Marchese, waiting like a neat little crow for its pickings, but to the gallant old artist, facing perhaps the end of her career.

What sounds came out to us there in the young dewy morning! what trills and birdlike scales, invocations, fragments of arias—sometimes a trifle off the key, but how impassioned! Great, golden, contralto organ tones, soft whisperings of pure attenuated melody, all multiplied, repeated, continued on and on by the imcomparable echo. It seemed to me, and to those who listened with me, a glorious exhibition of what the human voice could do. We smiled at one another happily.

"It goes well, eh?" asked my neighbors of one another and of me. Everybody seemed to realize what was happening. At times they could not resist applause.

"*Ancora, madonna mia!*" they shouted. "*Brava la Gina! La Gina bella, bellissima!*" In their humble persons, all Tuscany was at her feet.

Suddenly there fell a silence. Nobody moved or whispered. The door of the Baptistry was opening.

The singer came out alone, still with that calm, uplifted smile; but in her eyes as she gazed at us, those too expressive eyes of her race, was the look of a dying Mimi, of a terrified Carmen at bay. Behind her the others wept, even the Marchese, who blew his nose with candor.

Seeing the unexpected audience, she bowed quite charmingly; she had at all times and everywhere a most gracious stage-presence. Then her tragic gaze encountered mine.

"So, my dear! thou?" she remarked familiarly, although we had never before exchanged a syllable; perhaps it was my sympathy she recognized. "Well, it is over! The years have conquered. I am done! The voice of Gina"—she made us a little cheery gesture of despair —"is no more."

"Ah, ah! you break my heart!" sobbed the lady-secretary.

The priest, the verger, others about her were quick with disclaiming protest. The coachman vociferated praise. Annette called upon her God with tears to witness that never in life had she, she who spoke, heard a high F attacked with greater purity.

"And what," shrilled Gina, turning upon them with sudden viciousness, "what do you know about it? Hein? I ask you! Always you lie to me, you flatter, you deceive! *Sapristi!* I trust none of you! Only the echoes do not lie, flatter, deceive, they being straight from Heaven. In the upper register I sharped—do you hear? I sharped! What have you to say to that? And the *sostenuto*—my God, there *was* no *sostenuto!* Add to these that in the middle register one had a huskiness—ah, bah! It is I who hear! Myself who am the judge, myself whom I trust! Not you—and you—and you!"

She snapped her fingers furiously under the nose of each of her attendants in turn, including the priest.

But the storm passed as suddenly as it had arisen. She turned upon the Marchese a rainbow smile; rather a wry attempt, but arch, and kind, and singularly sweet. I recalled how she had fed his young sons with sugarplums.

"For you, my friend," she murmured (and the smile took us all into their confidence) "this is perhaps not altogether an occasion of tragedy; eh?"

He tried visibly to utter a suitable disclaimer, to find some tactful protestation of regret, but it was useless; sudden happiness shone out from the man like a radiance. He could only bow over the hand held out to him and salute it reverently. The audience cheered.

Then, tucking her arm beneath his, he led his capture proudly away toward the flower-filled *carrozza*. It was a noble exit.

That evening we were aware of unusual activities afoot in the hotel of Neptune. Waiters scurried about, under a good deal of personal direction; through a half-closed door into the grand salon, which is used as a rule only for wedding parties or masked balls, we caught glimpses of a table laid as for a banquet. I presently encountered Annette, also scurrying, but able as always to pause for a brief exchange of courtesies.

"My God, was it not pathetic?" she demanded of me, referring to the morning's experience. "And to-night, she celebrates defeat with a fête. What a gesture!"

I agreed with Annette. It was a gesture. "But she will have at least the pleased support of the Marchese," I commented smilingly.

The maid smiled back at me, as one woman to another. "Ah, yes, that! And also of Monsieur the Archbishop, who comes to the *festa* in person, since he is of the family Boncelli.—Ah, Mees, if I could but show to you what a necklace Madame has received! Of pearls and rubies, *par exemple*, as big as my two eyes!" She made them very big indeed, to do justice to the princely offering. "And even I"—she touched complacently a brooch at her throat—"have not been neglected. It is the reward, one sees, of a sympathetic nature."

"How charming of him!" I exclaimed, delighted with such sentimental forethought on the part of the Marchese. He must have had the gift about him in readiness, since simple old Pisa would hardly be able to provide at such short notice a necklace of pearls and rubies as large as Annette's eyes.

"He has been carrying it *en poche*," she assured me, "for twenty years! Touching, *n'est-ce-pas?* And it is now quite *démodé*. But we shall have the gems reset."

"So the engagement is to be announced already?" I asked. "The nuptials will soon follow?"

Annette looked puzzled. "Pardon?"

"Their marriage," I explained. "I thought possibly the Archbishop cousin might— Surely," I interrupted myself, puzzled in turn by her expression, "you told me that when her voice failed your mistress had promised to marry the Marchese?"

"Ah?" Annette gave a nod of comprehension. "That, no; it is a misunderstanding. What, in such case, would monsieur do with the wife he already has, the mother of the young nobleman? And Madame Gina, too—can you conceive that one of her rich nature should content herself all these years with combing the tresses of Saint Catherine?" She laughed a little, pleasantly. "Eh, no, it was not of marriage that I spoke," she said with a tender sigh, "but of love. Assuredly the poor Marchese deserves at last his happiness. . . . Yet at what cost to the world, what cost! The voice of Gina, that voice of velvet edged with little silver bells, never to be heard again, never again! Unless," she added pensively as she hurried away, "upon the concert stage of America, perhaps—who knows?"

THE NEW DECADENTS

BABBITT STARTS TO REFORM

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

RECENTLY there came to me from a city which I have long known and admired for its fervent American normalcy, tidings of such unusual import as to suggest to a naturally timorous mind the impending dissolution of an era.

A friend brought them to me when, as occasionally happens, he stopped over between trains to invigorate the lonely leisure of an editorial office with the gossip of a world of busy men. In his own community my visitor is famous as "the most regular fellow in town." He has a reputation not only for being ready and willing to join anything for anybody but also for being able to get almost anybody to join anything for him. On account of these rare gifts he has assisted at the births, sickbeds, and triumphs of more civic, service, and commercial organizations than any living contemporary.

Under these circumstances I quite naturally asked him first what movement for bigger and better impossibilities he was organizing now.

"Nothing," he said with an unexpected jauntiness. "The organizing game is going to pot."

He knew, he went on, because a few weeks before he had been chosen for the solemn duty of telephoning to twenty-five leaders of his community and securing their attendance at two successive dinners for the discussion of a certain civic project.

The auguries were propitious. The gentlemen were congenial and of the same level of prominence. The project required nothing of them in uplift enthusiasm, sustained moral effort, or financial support. It was delicately conveyed that the party would be wet.

Nevertheless, it foozled. "They were afraid," my friend explained, "that if they came the organization lightning would strike them and it would turn into some new kind of a luncheon club." Only eight of the twenty-five showed up at the first dinner, and the second was never held.

Still more scandalous, by my friend's account, was the conversation of those who took the risk. They discussed with admiring gusto rumors that one of the absentees was resigning from the Kiwanis Club and the Chamber of Commerce, because as my friend put it, he has "been converted by the *American Mercury*" and desired more time to attend to his business. They talked of Mr. Mencken's *Prejudices* and Mr. Sinclair Lewis' novels. They concluded amiably and with no dissent that in pillorying the back-slapping and forced ballyhooing orgies of business gentlemen in comradeship, Messrs. Mencken, Lewis, and their tribe "were doing the service clubs a lot of good."

"But what about the red peril?" I asked not without malice. "I thought you organized, constructive-minded people were the last thin white line against the apocalyptic beast."

"The only red peril nowadays," he aired his new sophistication, "is more luncheon clubs."

A few days later there came to my

desk the marked copy of one of those numerous national periodicals which, ostensibly devoted to the dissemination of better business methods, actually cultivate their field by flattering the business man's pet complacencies. The article suggested for my attention reminded its readers that, far from being a source of shame, it should be a cause for pride and glory to the regular he-man to be a booster and a Babbitt.

Critics might sneer, it went on unctuously, but the Babbitts' constructive genius alone had built American civilization and made it superior to all other civilizations. Did not these scorned men of worth comprise the only class in the republic which paid its bills and lived with one wife? Did they not, single-handed and with mighty toil, produce the wealth which made it possible for these narrow-chested critics to educate themselves into finished knockers of the good, the true, the efficient, the patriotic? Were they not actually providing these degenerate parasites, who criticized only because they could not be successful go-getters themselves, with a market for their works of bolshevism and destruction?

Finally, the way to stop this vicious and dangerous flippancy was for a little group of would-be sophisticates and approval-seekers among business men—worse than the critics, because they were renegades to their class and their intelligent self-interest—to stop giving the professional yelpers a market.

I clipped this wisdom and mailed it to my friend with a marginal query. Had he joined the new decadents?

II

Whether or not the taunt was justified, the sociological horizon is crowded with signs that the new decadence is increasing. Its growth, indeed, is historically foreshadowed. This will not be the first time the American business man has proved that no builder of a nation's destinies was ever so sensitive to criticism, so easily changed in mannerisms, ideas, and *mores* by harsh words and unkind ridicule.

For example, in the republic's romantic youth, when its aristocracy aped the social traditions of feudal Europe, the business man labored under the reproach which had afflicted the bourgeoisie almost from the hour when social traditions were invented. He was "in trade," and trade was, for inexplicable reasons, a low station. Hence, the colonially descended first families in the northeast and the flamboyant plantation peerage of the south patronized him as a good but humble creature in their literature and failed to invite him to their more exclusive parties. Mr. Babbitt's great-grandfather thereupon proceeded to remove the slur by becoming a social leader himself.

Perhaps this ancestral victim of the inferiority complex had no natural inclination for the bland joys of ballroom dictatorship, but the attainment was worth the incidental pangs. If the pangs and the difficulties were too great at home, somewhere he must go where he could be "as good" as his scorners.

Thus Texas and the wilder frontiers of the old South claimed him and, there, assisted by the chaos of pioneering and the later crash of insecure social values in the Civil War, he proved that storekeeping was as genteel and elevated as planting. Or scourged out of the North Atlantic states by his sense of humble origin, he descended upon the new towns of the Middle West, won wealth and preempted a new social leadership, all his own and uncontested.

Pushed on by his wife and daughters, he mastered the arts of dining out, of polite entertaining, of round dancing and dignified euchre-playing in mixed company. Often he cultivated connoisseurship in wines, horses, and locally amusing flirtations.

From the Alleghenies to the Pacific growing little cities swarmed with these resourceful Mel Harringtons, these self-made arbiters of elegance whose social

lives were devoted to disproving an ancient reproach. Here a wholesale grocer audited invitation lists with an almost fanatical eye to gradations of prominence and tones of breeding. There a Nordic clothing merchant censored rowdy manners. Furniture dealers set the pace for fashionable gayety in the consulship of Chester A. Arthur. In their old age, patricianship sat so securely upon them that as a matter of course they became first presidents of the new and swagger country clubs. Perhaps they had forgotten that in the republic of equal opportunities but by no means of equal social positions the reproach of "trade" had ever existed. Certainly their sons and grandsons never heard of it until confronted by the desolating blasts of modern sophisticated literature.

Thus on the first apt occasion, the go-getter's courtly ancestor proved his ability to give his critics what they wanted. Another occasion was for a long while lacking, but it came.

The era of the business man's demi-deification culminated in the campaign of 1896. There had been rumbles of heresy before, in the abortive labor movements of the '70s and '80s, in the two Cleveland victories, in the Populist uprising, and the free silver cult. But now that prosperity had returned and the country could afford it, the disillusionment spread to all society. There was a sudden turning against the old folk heroes by the humble employes and the climbing "little fellows" who before had yearningly admired the lordly ways of the Crœsi, local and national; had worshipped their very corruptions as the symbol of "smartness," their hideous mansions and formal manners as symbols of aristocratic worth. Journalistic typewriters found tongue and, with the august Roosevelt for master of the hounds, the full frowzy outcry of the muck-raking pack burst upon the ears of a delighted republic.

Amid the bedlam, however, the accusations could be plainly distinguished. The business man was a narrow, brutal, soulless monster of rapacity, lusting after the sweat of his employes, the impoverishment of his customers, the ruin of his competitors, undermining the virtue of politicians, the integrity of government, accomplishing the rack and ruin of all that was earnest and forward-looking in the face of human nature.

The grandson of the self-made old-school gentleman who had so exquisitely responded to a subtle social slight was no personage to miss the implications of this direct frontal attack. He would again show the world that America was a country where these social critics got what they wanted.

Was he harsh with his employes? Behold the business gentleman, stung to the quick by the accusation, putting on welfare programs, getting behind the Y. M. C. A. and the local recreation efforts, and thereby removing the cause of his stinging.

Was he grasping toward his customers? At the height of the muck-rake age there was formed the Rotary Club of Chicago, with the motto, "Service above self." Though no one yet knew it, this foreshadowed countless imitations and the most glorified orgy of self-advertising service seen on earth since the early days of the mendicant orders.

Was he merciless to rivals? He would prove his Christian love for them by journeying from the ends of the continent to meet them in national conventions where, in more or less deep potations, he would resolve that he and they had common interests, and in roaring ditties of boon companionship would exalt their mutual affections with the sentiment that "Old George Smith, he ain't what he used to be."

Was he the boss of governors and the debaucher of legislators? He would remove the curse by following the zealously reforming Roosevelt, by banding himself with his kind in local young business men's leagues to see that only the earnest and the "clean cut" should serve the people. He would form

Chambers of Commerce to show municipal government where it should go and how much of the responsible taxpayer's money it should spend. Was he the foe of the national virtues? Watch him attach himself to the efficiency cults, the prohibition movements which proposed, by law, to extend compulsorily the blessings of his new virtues to the reactionary and reluctant.

In a word, that apostle of the twentieth-century mannerisms and conformities, George Follansbee Babbitt, was born in the year of the first Rotary club —the child of the muck-rakers by the guilty and repentance-seeking conscience of the muck-raked. He was the darling pledge of American business that it can give its critics what they want.

Alas, I fear his days are numbered, because a new generation of critics now wants something else.

III

Such an alarming prophecy rests, fortunately, upon more than a thinly attended dinner at which the conversation was mildly unorthodox. From the constant defensive and propitiatory tactics of charter members and from the introspective clamor of the official organs, it is clear that the soul of what has been perhaps too ritualistically called Babbittry is in a ferment. It seethes hardly less with a desire to blunt the edge of satirical criticism than with a yearning for what experts in its efficiency jargons might call a new direction of development.

Indeed, one's sensations on consulting the recent files of the *Rotarian* and four or five of its leading imitators are those of a sudden descent into a mild Bedlam of printed self-consciousness. One encounters eagerness to prove that the American business men, in luncheon clubs assembled, stand for all the demonstrably solid virtues, that criticism is intolerably unjust and can only proceed from a desire to tear down each and all of our fundamental institutions. Yet often on the next page one is touched with pleas that the misunderstanding should be explained away to the critics by public announcements that the service clubs, far from being the parents of standardization, are the nurturers and the brightest hope of individualism in the contemporary republic. A little farther on one reads a savagely self-analytical review of the spirit of these organizations leading up to the confession that the ostentatious and too loudly speaking exponents of "the service spirit" justify the criticism and that something ought to be done about this.

Some of the gentlemen—especially the letter contributors—write in high temper, and few if any write with personal detachment. Some debate with one another openly, others clash with the chance gusto of wandering planets. Between the clashes the mind of the mere investigator tends at first to a genuine bewilderment.

But, with fuller study, the struggle begins to take on definite proportions and directions. Out of the welter of opinions and remedies the central fact emerges that the creature so universally called Babbitt is as conversant with the current castigation of his codes and social activities as he was of the muck-raking onslaughts of twenty years ago.

If the testimony of his printed oracles is to be accepted, the *American Mercury* and the fiction of the Sinclair Lewis school bulk almost as large on his intellectual landscape as his business. Indeed, if the number and vehemence of the references be taken into account, such gadflies bulk even larger than his alleged-to-be-beloved *Saturday Evening Post*. And always, whether he react to the gadfly's torments with wrath or with candid self-examination, his concern as to what his critics are saying about him, and as to their justice in saying it, is profound.

Furthermore, his desire for the critic's approval appears to be winning. Although the great house-organs of the service clubs are open forums for the

discussion of organization problems, and as such necessarily admit much contentious and protesting matter, it is plain that, with both official and editorial blessing, tactics are being modified in the direction of conciliation.

Has it been part of the criticism that the stricken Mr. Babbitt was an isolated provincial and proud of it? If so, Mr. Babbitt, via his Rotary club, will show them. To achieve this, all of Rotary from San Diego to Bangor bustles this year—a trifle self-consciously, but nevertheless bustles—to attain its famous and hitherto admittedly neglected Sixth Object. This is nothing less than its effort to bring about better international understandings, not only through club contacts and correspondence, but through actual study of political and social problems abroad. Hence, the luckless members no longer practice their voices for merry noon songfests and denunciations of the local communists, but actually bone up on the political principles of fascism and the Mexican agrarian question to the point of being able to discuss these matters with almost as much sophistication as they brought to the late tax-bill debate.

Again is it alleged that Babbitt is an intolerant apostle of standardization, yearning to pattern himself on some fair go-getting archtype and to cram the rest of society into the same mold? Then watch Rotary's editorial inspirers—followed by hasty flurries of imitation among the journalists of similar organizations—lead out their campaign for a bigger and more ardent individualism. Why the very plan of membership, it is proclaimed, this representation of all the known forms of commerce and the professions on the muster roll, is a symbol that the service clubs are the patrons of variety in human tastes and temperaments.

If standardization has crept in here and there, it is a perversion of the principles of a fundamentally individualistic order. If the service clubs are to achieve their beneficent purposes in society—they still admit they have them—they will do so, the *Rotarian* has recently discovered, never through the pressure of the mass, but through the distinctive actions of each member acting for himself.

There are rifts, to be sure, in this program of intensive self-development, as when the last international convention of Rotary solemnly recommended by resolution that the American brotherhood obey the Volstead act and quit making humorous remarks about it. Nevertheless, it has become a dangerous time for a member to write in suggesting that the clubs take a firm and public stand even for such hitherto respectable objects as the home town's moral and social improvement. The last gentleman to try this was painfully bombarded with letters informing him that it was not the purpose of Rotary to reform society.

Finally, is the villain of the intellectual's epic accused of self-righteousness, of a disposition to gloat ostentatiously over his virtuous achievements and to flaunt his glorious fellowship and peculiar folk ways a little too publicly and noisily? If so, editorial and official persuasion now leads him as rapidly as possible toward quashing these indictments by penance and personal amendment.

Again and again, he is warned by his mentors not to "tell the world how to do it." In his international relations he is cautioned not to entertain the hope of re-molding foreign civilizations in the one hundred per cent American image.

Of late he has read a graphic warning of the dangers latent in his former assumption that because President Bob's administration provided Hometown with a bigger and better swimming pool, President Jim's administration must carry on the precedent by providing it with a bigger and better brass band. He is being openly discouraged from seeking space in the newspapers for his accounts of his public benefactions and righteous resolutions. Hence, his local

news space quota declines with the highest official blessings, and the reporters who formerly served the clubs as official press agents now have one more free luncheon hour a week—to many a caustic city editor's relief.

Above all, Babbitt is being lectured on being more businesslike and restrained in his rituals of fellowship, less obvious and sophomoric. Thus the official organs tend more and more to boast that the last international convention was as quiet and serious as a bank directors' meeting, that fellow hotel guests hardly knew a convention was on. In fact, so gloomy and restrained was the last world-gathering of Rotary that one delegate protested by open letter that he missed his old-fashioned good time. He was promptly jumped on by members who accused him of lacking the "new spirit," and evidently thought of him as lacking in decent maturity besides.

IV

Nevertheless, symptoms of the new yeasting are not predominantly journalistic. With a growing volubility, the vaguely thoughtful soldiers of the late army of standardization are beginning to talk the language of individualism as well as read it. In fact, it seems more probable that conversational disapproval of the standardization-urge produced the editorial abandonment of it, than that the literary leaders of Babbittry courageously and of their own accord instituted a crusade for a bigger and better non-conformity on which the gods of social transition now begin to smile.

Into this obscure evolutionary change diverse factors appear to have entered. There were always in most communities a few business and professional person ages of some local eminence who stood apart from the open revels, the giddy publicity, and the violent conformity pressures of the organized boon-bearers and discreetly but persistently satirized them. It was frequently noticeable that major local magnates remained suavely aloof; and the ways of major magnates are everywhere worthy of prayerful observation. Of late years this body of patronizing dissent has tended rather rapidly to augment itself. Youths entering the business and professional world since the war, and brought up on the literature of protest rather than that of flattering approval, are openly cynical. Here and there a dribbling of disillusioned and resigned service club members spread the heresies—alas, not infrequently, by means of small but choice burlesque organizations.

Precisely while all this was going on, the worth of standardization judged by its sacred token, Results, began to be cast into doubt. Standardization had conferred, for example, the blessing of prohibition upon a de-individualized republic. But prohibition either didn't work and thus set up a backfire of lawless individualism horrifying to standardizers, or it did work and proved to the standardizers how drab and depressing their regime could be.

Also, it was suddenly discovered that standardization could be something more than a convenient device for defining what a workman should not drink for his efficiency's sake, and what good men and true should think about the flag and the labor problem. The Ku Klux Klan, the anti-evolution world-savers, the labor unions, the farm bloc, half a hundred manifestly silly or oppressive reform movements suddenly began adapting the standardization technic to their own peculiar, and frequently annoying, uses. It suddenly grew clear to the more far-seeing Babbitts that standardization not only worked one way, did not even stop with working both ways, but could be made, with the help of zealots, legislators, and policemen to work almost any idiotic way. The danger of even the mildest and most beneficent form of fascism was seen to be that somebody might come along some fine morning with a symbolical whip in his hand and successfully "fascize" you.

Finally, along with the original glamorous confidence in the sure "Results" of standardization, there petered out also the more obvious motives for its soul-of-the-nation-saving activities. After the war and its emotional hang-over were done with, it was difficult to represent ecstatic conformity as necessary to military victory. After the Coolidge landslide had checked the late Senator La Follette's timid advance toward black anarchy, it was not plausible to say that every righteous citizen must think, dress, and behave like the president of his Chamber of Commerce, or the republic would become prey to red revolution. The fundamentally sane apostles of standardization began to realize that the mere fact of their ever having cherished such assumptions made them slightly ridiculous.

So quietly at first, but with hints of a gathering crescendo, began the conversational propaganda of de-standardization. One began to meet gentlemen, not critical outsiders but personages high in their various service orders, who gravely granted that the process of remaking the world in Mr. Babbitt's fair image was "going too far." One encountered scorn and ridicule for the cruder practitioners of the conformity codes—the fine confidential superciliousness of the aristocratic Rotarians toward the imitative organizations; the dismay and indignation of all the service clubs over the wanton eagerness of impetuous fundamentalists to enact religious standardization legally. Through such confessions as one receives on these and kindred topics runs a note of half-humorous, half-shamed deprecation—like that of the wives of a city's first magnates who observe the ladies of the lower mystic orders imitating their fashions of dress and mannerisms a bit extremely and several months too late.

If any sense of guilt underlay the new attitude, it must be relieved by the quick adoption of a scapegoat, and the scapegoat was found. During the war the four-minute patriotic orator became the epic hero of our rising fascism. For at least half a dozen years after his discharge from the military service he traded for prominence in the bolshevist menace, less subtly but hardly less magnificently than the estimable Mr. Coolidge himself.

Now suddenly on the lips and publications of the men of service he becomes a by-word, almost a villain, the false prophet who has led the people astray into worship of the gilded calf of mere rhetoric.

The periodicals devoted to a broadening of the Babbitt vision berate him as the "loud speaker"—1926 American for the "false alarm" of 1912. The flippant burlesque him in open meeting. The serious-minded inform you in confidence that he does not accurately represent his organization's genuine spirit. He hangs on to his glory only in the smaller metropolises of the backwoods. Elsewhere he has been demoted from office and its speech-making perquisites.

He is tolerated only as college juniors tolerate the classmate who can not rise above the fatuous enthusiasms of his early youth to his new and proper dignity. Hence, in any city within mental shooting range of the centers of sophistication, it is a fairly safe wager that President Al of Kiwanis cultivates the restraining suavity of a Harvard professor and that President Hal of the Rotary subscribes to *The Nation*.

Moreover, the followers know this and are proud of it. Indeed, one of the symptoms of the new decadence is their eagerness to conciliate the critics by bragging about it.

For example, an old friend, a loyal "organization man" from the corn belt, descended upon me recently, bursting with an account of how a district official of his order had recently won election to that high station. There had been threats of a contest, and one of the declining breed of standardizers had hastened to the candidate to secure his pledge that, if elected, he would set a

good example by pledging himself to observe and verbally respect the 18th amendment.

"I'll set a good example, your grandmother," the candidate had replied tartly and in the hearing of an able group of gossip-spreaders. "Everybody knows Jim Jennings takes a drink when he wants it and isn't going to fall in love with the Volstead Act as long as there's a good bootlegger left. In other words, Jim Jennings is himself, and if you elect him, you're going to get himself on the job and not a phony imitation of a W. C. T. U. Chairman."

The news of this rebellion spread, the opposition collapsed. The ribald Mr. Jennings was unanimously elected, as my friend gleefully expressed it, "on the one hundred per cent Be Yourself ticket."

This, however, is but a sporadic item on the list of conciliatory efforts. One needs to have only the slightest local standing as a mocker, and the "organization men" of one's acquaintance make haste since the first of last January to admit that much mockery is just. True, they blame it all on the new sociological villain, "the loud speaker." He it was, they imprecate his all too recent memory, who made the novel *Babbitt* a short four years ago only too true. But he's gone now, thank goodness, and grounds no longer exist why broad-minded citizens like the really up-and-coming service club men and their critics should not get together and agree that this is rapidly becoming the best of all possible worlds.

As they talk on, this happy consciousness of their new liberalism swells almost to gloating. They flaunt their fine scorn of the go-getting systems which lately so intrigued them, declaring that their salesmanship is not a matter of mechanical technic but of making good with the customer in the most individualistic way you know how.

They tell in an almost epic manner how a Rotary convention got the unfortunate Mr. Sinclair Lewis on its platform, and gave it back to him as hot as they took, and in the same spirit. They prove their yearning for bigger and better sophistication by expatiating on the deep regret of the Chicago club, the mother of Rotary, that Mr. Mencken could not accept an invitation to address them. Mr. Mencken, I gather, declined on conscientious grounds, and so far as I know the transaction was private. Nevertheless, each Rotarian I have met during the past forty days repeats the edifying incident as though it were the choicest bit in his current folk poetry.

Midway in all this, the magazines formerly devoted to the standardization cult, tuned in, and already their passion for the new individualism approaches the fervor of a crusade. Midway, too, a certain expression, not slang precisely, but carrying all the cheerful undertone of a genuine popular slogan, began its progress toward ultimate universality. I suspect that it arose out of the flapper's demonic possession, which includes, as every student of destructive forces recognizes, the dire capacity for burlesquing even herself.

However that may be, "Be yourself" is the charmed phrase which threatens to make the new decadence irresistible. When, as seems imminently probable, it becomes as common to the cigar vendor and the international butter and eggs convention as "don't take any rubber nickels," I fear that the conformity compulsions of Mr. Babbitt will be as dead as the tradesman's humility of his great-grandsire.

When, however, the new decadence reaches this exotic stage, the incurable optimist must believe that another school of social criticism will rise to face it. Time and the knocking instinct may be trusted to wither lunatic individualism into a new conformity with the same caustic breath with which criticism now threatens to wither madcap conformity into individualism. But in a land where the critic gets what he wants, with a bonus, social criticism must remain classed near the top of the hazardous occupations.

THE BREATHING SPACE

A STORY

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

THOSE elevator boys—if they would only let him be. But they wouldn't, you could bet your life they wouldn't. Not now since they knew how to get beneath his skin; not since they'd learned the way by which they could torment him. They waited for their chance until the entrance hall was empty. Then, if there came a time when they were not on call, and when he wasn't holding back a door, or fetching bags and bundles in or out, or chirruping for taxis, why they were always at him. But low at first—between themselves—so that he scarcely noticed.

"'Tain't so."

"Ain't it, you boob? Ask Mr. Lyndstrom here."

And though his back was turned, he felt his neck burn red. If he could only stop his ears against the shame of what he knew was coming.

"Ask Mr. Lyndstrom here." A whisper wheezed from leather lungs. It set the bare vault echoing. "Ask Mr. Lyndstrom here. He's been a deep-sea diver, he has. He's the guy can tell you anything. He'd otta. He's seen God."

Why had he ever told them anything at all?

Well, you had to talk to someone, didn't you? And what kind of talk was that: "Yes, madame." "No, madame." "Yes, sir. Very good, sir." Having a civil tongue in your head—that was what the superintendent called it. Not putting yourself forward. Knowing where to stop. Not volunteering anything. All right, if that was what these people wanted, he could serve it to them. Only being at their beck and call was one thing, and not thinking was another. As you stood there at the door just looking out, what about yourself? What about the thoughts that came alive inside of you, knocking at your brain and wanting to get out?

And those kids—it had been such fun at first to have them come up close, to have them want to listen with their eyes excited, shining.

A deep-sea diver, gee! That took some nerve if anybody was to ask them.

Nerve! He'd set the record, he had. When they wanted someone to go down and get the goods, he was the man they'd always sent for.

Suddenly, before their youth, he had felt the old excitement shooting up through him, rushing over him and swamping him. They mattered still, the risks he'd taken and the things he'd done. They mattered more than anything. Getting tips and giving satisfaction—it had thickened in his throat. He could have spat out on the marble floor his deep contempt for them. No, by God, they weren't his job.

But those kids—they didn't give a hang for him, except to ask him why he'd quit, and quit to be a hallman.

And just for a moment he had had to plunge about, for even there they'd almost had him. Still, as man to man, they knew already just what women were. Women. They liked places that they knew, walls that shut you in, and

rooms all filled with little things they could see with their eyes shut. His wife, she hadn't wanted him, she'd said, slopping round in all that mess and muck below the sea. She hadn't wanted him down there and seeing sights not fit for any Christian. She was always tugging at him till she'd got him up and landed him just where she wanted him. Hallman in a Park Avenue apartment house. Done for, that was what he called it. Safe, she called it, on dry land.

The kids weren't interested in her. Before he'd even finished they'd piped up:

Say, what did he wear?

For the first time he'd forgotten that he couldn't bear to look about; that he couldn't bear to see flashed back at him from every side a shrimp in a blue uniform, a uniform that, spot or tear, it would be taken from his wages, that was covered with gold braid and dinky buttons there for nothing. He'd told them of a uniform made so it served a purpose. The slightest thing about it wrong, and you got more than a call down. A slim chance you stood of ever coming up.

His helmet—how did it fit on? they'd asked. How was the air pumped into it? Screwed into it, was he? But suppose some guy, just for a joke . . . ? What would happen then? Would he have to die inside of it? And when he went down, did he plunk down like an elevator with the weights off? How far had he been down? Naw, not in fathoms. Take those buildings opposite.

He had only had to close his eyes, to turn his thoughts inside, and drop down slowly after them. There it was, all safe. And not a murky dusk that oozed in through the windows, but a dusk that reached out cool, and clean, and glimmery. No boundaries and no horizons. Space enough to breathe in. Bigness. Peace.

What was the scariest thing he'd ever seen?

The scariest thing he'd ever seen? He knew now what they'd wanted. Movie stuff. Cuttle-fish that spilled out streams of ink, an octopus that twined long arms about your air tubes. Well, he'd seen them, too. And just as well as not he could have told about them. But cuttle-fish and octopus, they didn't seem to count. Not beside that force that could blow the banners of the seaweed all one way in the draught of a great current; that could build up cliffs like spires and crumble them; that could take a million years to cut and dredge a channel, and still have time to make the funny, flattened fish that scampered off when you got close to them, or to bring its weight to bear on making without crushing a single little barnacle that scarred a rock. It pressed upon you from all sides, no end to it and no beginning. It let you feel the bulk of it. It came pushing something open wide, filling, flooding some place deep inside of you. When you thought about the bottom of the sea, you couldn't leave it out. It wouldn't have itself left out.

What was the scariest thing he'd ever seen?

So big you couldn't catch it with a name, and yet he'd answered, "God."

Full in the face he'd got the snicker of those kids.

Gosh, that was a good one. God sunk in the sea bottom. Any feller knew, of course, that God was jus' like Santa Claus. But if He was anywheres at all, it stood to reason that He wasn' sunk in the sea bottom. Off his nut, they'd said he was; just off his nut.

Maybe. Up here—no more than he could get a grip upon the marble floor—he couldn't seem to get his balance. But at any rate that force which went so certainly upon its way below the sea—he couldn't find it on Park Avenue. With everything cramped close, divided into little bits, there wasn't any room for it. It needed to reach out. It needed space.

Not that up here there wasn't force at work. Only—take it now—standing,

looking out between the times when he had to touch his cap and put his body flat against the door and show somebody past him, it was men's force that you saw working. Working at top speed, jostling, crowding, driving, as though there wasn't any time behind or any time ahead of it. It was split up in a million little parts and exploding at a million different points.

And not that it couldn't build up spires like cliffs and tear them down again. You only had to step outside and look up at the hacked and jagged skyline. But when cliffs were still alive, growing, dying, they didn't have hard edges. They weren't all ugly lines and angles as though you'd turned a ruler this way, that way. They bulged in bowlders that showed fight, resisting. They wavered into ledges. They gave way in caverns washed out in scoops and curves. No, those cliffs below the sea might crumble, but they wouldn't topple. They reached down, reached deep; they still belonged to that which they were part of. These great towers were built of stones, chipped out in blocks and separate. Send a gush of ocean in about their base, you'd see how long they'd stand. Dead rock, they were. Dead rock.

And that gut between the towers that took the flow of traffic now huddling crosswise and now up and down—how long would it stay set and straight as the floor of a deep channel? Scoured here to its bed rock and heaped up there with sand, with just one tide there'd be a swing and curve to it. What's more, that drifting flotsam would be driven all one way, washed out of sight.

All the same, beyond the plate-glass doors there was something that was scary too. You couldn't say there wasn't. Only, if you stopped to think, you knew that it was something worse than fear you were afraid of. Think how you didn't like to cross a street, what with the chance of something darting, whizzing at you. Below the sea you'd had close squeaks, close shaves, and still you'd faced and fought whatever'd come to you, without crouching, without jumping from your skin, and peering back. But there whatever'd come had been somehow a part of that which you were part of. If it got you, it was only bigger than yourself and stronger. Here, you'd be crushed out by something bigger maybe, stronger, but not even natural. There'd be a meanness and a kind of shame about it. His wife—no matter what she felt, she hadn't any right to make him risk it. A man, if he had any right at all, had the right to choose his risk of death.

"Heh, Mr. Lyndstrom, lookit."

So all the while those imps were sitting quiet on their marble bench they had been thinking up some devilment. But what had he to do with sleazy, pink editions of the evening paper? He knew the kind of thing that they were full of: rich women getting a divorce, hostesses whose jewels had been stolen, millionaires let in for dirty blackmail, side lights on baby vamps.

"Lookit, lookit."

Grubby fingers—they were pointing to a scrap down in the lower corner. He'd be damned if he would read it.

Stuck before his eyes how could he help it?

"S–29 rammed and sunk off Montauk. Crew of thirty-four . . . "

Even so, what of it? A man's death that. To such a death a man went proudly.

But "Navy calls on divers. Ain't you going, Mr. Lyndstrom?"

"Navy calls on divers." How that message turned the thousand years that he had been away into a second. A call to him in those words; and clear and strong, without a doubt, his mind was flashing back the answer. Beneath his weighted feet he could already feel the movement of the water stirring. Far away and distant were the voices jeering at him. They could reach him but they couldn't hurt him.

"Quittin', ain't he, when he gets a chance. Afraid he is of seein' God."

Wasted hours and, save for looking up a train, how endless. "Yes, sir. Very good, sir"—as though next night they'd find him there to run the silly errands they thought of such importance. If they'd ever had to keep an eye upon the calm before a spell of dirty weather, they would have known a storm was brewing in his mind. But at last he'd rid himself of them—and of the imps. He'd rid himself of the blue uniform that buttoned in the man he hated. He'd folded the blue uniform and put it back; it held as much as they had ever owned of him. Without a word, not to his wife, and not to anyone, he'd made a getaway. He had escaped.

But between then and now there'd been a train that crawled out of the night into the morning, that jerked and ground its brakes at every shed tucked in beside a farmhouse. Milk-train they called it. Only this time it should have known that it was running on a different errand; that it had more to do than stop its jog to take on milk cans. He had tried to drive it forward with his will. He had tried to prod it forward with his body. And all the time the thought that it might get him there too late. . . .

Beyond the sand cliffs was the sea at last—bluish in the dawn without a stripe of wind upon it. On such a day you went down like a plummet. A fair, proper day for diving. The waves were stretching to a thin and single curve before they broke upon the beach. There, too, were the salvage boats. There were the barges settled low beneath their weight of derricks. Stationed, so you'd think, at either end to mark a grave—only he knew better. They were already in position. They were sweeping cables underneath to make a giant cradle.

But without him they didn't dare to start their hoisting. His job to swing off the ladder down the shot rope. His job to reach those cables and to see they were well placed.

To hire a skiff to row him out, to scurry up the ladder, and now he was aboard, to waste no time, to find a suit and get himself put into it. But he couldn't understand—he wished to God these men would stop their kidding. Show his pass? Hell, did they take him for a cub reporter, big with watching? He was a diver, that's what he was. Attached to the Navy?—well, no, not any longer. Who had sent him?—how explain, how ever tell them that he had replied to a command more urgent than an office order? What name?—Lyndstrom, Otto Lyndstrom. What did they mean by nothing doing, by telling him his name was not on any list?

And, as though he weren't there at all, things were going on without him. It was only that they couldn't stop to put him off that he was left there, standing close beside the heaving air pumps. The strain of faces tight and hard with listening for those far-off, muffled messages. And when they came, the anger of sharp voices. "Thirty fathoms deep. . . ." Suppose she was. Before she dragged and settled with another turn of tide, they'd got to feel below her ribs and get her harnessed. "God damn it all, the men below—they said they couldn't make it." He could. He could—only not a soul would listen to him. They'd got to bring the divers up. The pressure was too great for them. But not for him, no, not for him, if he could make somebody hear him. "Get ready a fresh diver—just a chance." Through deafened ears he heard himself shout out and claim it. "Aw, get to hell." As though he'd been a fly that buzzed and bothered, they had brushed him by.

Then to hear a voice he knew, the voice of one of his old crew.

"Sure, I know him. Sure, he's got a right here. If I get crocked, you send him after me. Hello, Lyndstrom. Homesick, eh, and watching from the bleachers? Come along, and lend a hand."

To lend a hand—to dress the man who'd got his job, that wasn't what he'd come for. He'd come to go himself, to stand a moment at the edge, shut in

from men, alone and reckless, and then—just by a plunge—to chuck the world with its thick human crowds and little purposes, to take all risks until he felt again the giant force that moved below the surface, until he felt the thrill that was part terror and part joy.

Yet he was tagging like a dog, that figure tightening, swelling with its own importance. He could stave off the worst if he could only find that body soft, if he could feel a scorn for it. But stripped, its muscles ran and flexed and came back neatly into place again. Its surface had the polished hardness of his own when he had taken pride in it, when he had kept it as the tool he had to work with. He must think about that body as his own if he was ever going to stand this: rigging it with woolies, hauling sweaters on it, kneeling down to tug on weighted boots, and then—before he set the helmet on—jumping up to fix the shoulder pads.

But if that body really were his own, those pads, he'd have them thicker surely. A voice was nudging at his mind. "Suppose some guy, just for a joke . . ." Funny how those devils' words came back, and how they started secret, quiet calculations. Ten fathoms, yes; and twenty possibly. But thirty fathoms never. He knew. He knew as certainly as though he'd felt the helmet ettle on his shoulder blades, bite through hem too, close down upon them like a ise and clamp them with a force you ouldn't brace against. He knew as ertainly as though he felt the grinding rackle and the snap. But, instead, the elmet was now heavy in his hands. It as another man who'd feel the weight f it. "Suppose some guy, just for a joke." But it wouldn't be for any joke. "If I get crocked, you send him after me." Those imps had given him his chance.

Yet that clogged voice that still could rip and break through all his plans . . . If it had been another's voice he would have throttled it.

"Hold on a jiff. These pads . . . There's something wrong."

The smile, the silly unbelieving smile that came across a wadded shoulder. The silly words that stung, and maddened him, and silenced him.

"Me or you, who's wearing them? Look here, who's going, me or you?"

So this was what it had been like for those who'd leaned and watched above the sheer while he had made his way below the water. There they'd hung and stared at lines now taut, now slack that coiled away below the waves and slid beyond where you could follow them. There they'd stayed and stared at yellow bubbles, fizzing up and flattening out upon the surface—at yellow bubbles breathed up from how far below?

And all the time they'd stared, he had been seeing—what? So many things came back. Not the Big Thing, but the little things. A clumsy turtle blundering God knows where, with its great ferry boat to move, and nothing but its tiny claws to paddle it. A wisp of sea moss sailing past, its stem erect, its branches red and furry. Ribbons of brown kelp, the whole bolt of them unrolled and plunging, shaking. A shark with blunted snout and with its fins laid back. A scallop with palms clapping. A school of fish that grazed a pasture overhead, their tails all turned one way, their silver bellies gleaming. A sea horse standing on its tiny tail, with its neck arched, upreared—the nerve of it, the plucky little nerve of it. Himself—at least the part which he had lost, was there with them. This that watched above—what was it but the beached and emptied shell?

But the bubbles—they were coming up so faintly now. Why he could even count them. Three, four, five, and six, before they spluttered out and stopped. And men were tugging, hauling at the lines. He could tell them what they'd find: a helmet cold inside, yet slippery with sweat, a face with lips puffed out, eyes staring. But other men were shouting in his ears as though they'd never make him hear them. They were crowd-

ing round and jostling him. Would he go down and try his luck? Did he think that he could make it? No time to lose, if they were going to get her up with men alive inside of her. How about it? Would he take a chance?

The feel of wool that made his flesh crawl. Hands were at him. They had stripped him, they were dressing him. No second given him to test his body out. His head was butting through an opening. "Those pads—you've got to double them." And wide awake he was, it seemed, and not just talking in his sleep, for hands were answering his commands, were fumbling at his shoulders. The helmet—it was being lowered. Cut off, he felt the outside turn and twist and screw of it. The air line tucked beneath his arm. The lead slung on his breast, his back. The heavy dragging weight of him as he sagged down the ladder. The faint signal tap upon his helmet. Then the step off and the plunge.

He could watch the sunlight rise and fade away. The outlines of the hulls were now spread blurs upon the surface. All about him was a strange half-light, a glimmery, green dusk. At a single gulp the sea had taken him and had included him. How dim it was, how cool, and through its league-long curves, how deep and distant. The moving shapes that came and went, they came and went so soundlessly. No walls to shut them off, no doors to open, no exits and no entrances. They all belonged. Down here a million, million things made One. And it wasn't just the lead upon his feet, upon his breast, that drew him down and down so that the rocks swung quickly up to meet him. The bubbles he breathed out—they should rise singing to the surface. He was back in his own world. He knew what he should find. He knew where he was bound.

Only first there was his job. . . . Queer, as a job, how little he had really thought of it. He'd been thinking of his need, of getting back and going down. But somewhere below and trapped, men perhaps were still alive. And if they were, they would be waiting for his coming. Not just waiting and just hoping, but as sure of the small driving force in him as he was sure of the great driving force beneath the water. He'd got to reach them, hadn't he? He'd got to answer when they were so sure of him. Never mind this drumming in his ears. It wasn't that he heard. It was as though they'd called on him by name.

But let him have a little separate purpose of his own. At that the ocean seemed to rouse itself. It was too great for any hurry. But since he'd set his will against it, it let him slowly have the weight of it. He was the object of its whole advance.

And now as he slid down, the distances were playing tricks. The peaks of rocks—through driving sand how far away they seemed. How close they came and thrust at him without a word of warning. Kick from the bushy tufts along their sides and keep his service and his air lines free. Swing out from them and reach that ledge. Brace against it, sway, and catch his breath. A cup, it dropped away beneath his feet. Try to follow it, the deeper currents had him. The tear and strain of them. The drag and pull of them. And all the time, the numbing, settling pain that bored into his nape and shoulders. Should he say the word for help? His spine was being bent. His spine was buckling. Forward and back that force was driving him and hoisting him. Give in to it and go with it. . . . No use to fight against it was there? What had he to fight with but his body that was being beaten, that was being coiled and twisted?

What had he ever had to fight with? His body? Damn his body. He hadn't time to rescue it. Nerve, that's what he'd had. The nerve that wouldn't let him quit.

A trough of sand below. Moonlight could fill a valley pale like that. Only nearer this was more like snow that had been piled and ridged, each grain of it asleep. And breaking through the

drifts that lay along her flank, there was the sub! Even through the dusk, there was the swelling line and curve of her. Lying on her side she was—like a shark that he'd once knifed, its belly slit and gaping. Men alive in her at either end—small chance.

But on that chance he'd got to reach her side. To make her side, he'd got to take the sloping angle to her at a zigzag. Lose and gain. Give way a moment. Wrench back and then drive down. Somehow he was nearer now. His lines were tugging at him slack. And though he couldn't feel the sand, his feet had touched the surface of the world. They had touched and sprung up from the very bottom. The humped shadow of the sub was looming close beside him. He had dropped close by her stern.

Flash his light on her, the feeble little thrust of light that wouldn't even start the shadows. The cable at this end was placed all right and grappling tight—no danger of its slipping and its spilling. But to edge himself along the length and reach the bow. . . . The violence of will it took to make each twist and turn, and then to have it end in just this foolish fumbling. He wanted to press forward—he did press forward with his mind. It was only that his feet refused to stir with him. He wanted to put out an arm just to see it, thick and solid, reach the steel that must be thick and solid too. But a sledge that he couldn't see drove in between. Flat like a blow, it struck at him and beat him back, and yet went flowing past him. What was more, the force behind it was now clutching at his breath. It was draining out his strength and with a steady suction. The taps in him were all turned on.

If he could only rub his eyes, make sure. . . . With that running slab of weight upon his head, how had he ever got here by the bow? And the cable swung beneath—had he really dragged the secret of its safety from it? Then for the message of "all set." Back came the answering signal. Soon there would be a heave and quiver. The hoisting derricks would be starting at their work.

Again a signal. So he'd overstayed his time. As though he didn't know that, with his body calling him and warning him. But surely he could take a moment for himself. He'd got to see, make sure. Before he left he'd got to stare about him in the stillness. . . .

Like a silver map it was, only that there weren't four boundary lines to stop it. With its little dips and rises, its huge valley beds and slopes, it went curving into space, a space too great to follow or to understand.

And so they'd called it ugly, had they? A mess and muck? A sight not fit for any Christian? Suppose he laughed at them into his mask? Would they ever guess why he was laughing? Would they know it wasn't madness, but a message he was sending from the bottom of the sea?

For it was safe from them, that map that ran and flowed away on every side. They needn't think they'd ever have the chance to swarm across and claim it, to stake it out or chart it. They'd never clog its avenues or pave and curb its rights of way. And the vault that blocked the sun above so that there wasn't any shine or sparkle—not with any Broadway blaze of lights would they ever make it cheap or drive it backwards. The low dim stretch of it. . . . Below its hush, the shadows had it to themselves. They were safer than the night's. All about him too the rocks were bulging up as they had bulged for centuries. Ages back they'd had their big excitement. Now they might sink back again, be broken up, and smoothed away, but only by a huge slow handling. Even so their bases would be left, foundations of the earth to keep her swinging to her course. And the power that scarred them, ground them down, and scooped them out, that felt and filled each crevice in them—no man could ever harness it or drive it for his purposes. No, nor lessen it. Not by the fraction of an inch.

Strange how that power could seem to fill and charge the empty places in him too! He was breathing quick. But it wasn't just the depth that stretched his heart out wide. Something happy, something wild and reckless, was rushing, churning, through his heart. He had to wait. . . . He had to wait until it brimmed him. It was rising in him like a tide.

But behind it there ran fear that swayed and surged, that had strange motions of its own. He was being lifted bodily. He was stumbling, floundering in the draw of changing currents. The whole valley bed was shifting. Loose and terrible, the force that shaped it was reshaping it. The sand was seeping into runnels—grooves—beneath his feet.

And why was it so still? Movement was suddenly so awful when he couldn't hear the sounds that went with it. Why, there ought to be a sighing in the sand that curled along the floor in eddies, a whisper in the spirals that were rising, a whistle to the gusts that blew them into every nook and cranny, a deep echo from the caverns into which they swept. The roots that clutched the cliffs above were breaking loose and straining out. As they unfurled there ought to be a ripple and a snap to them. The sea growths now were standing up and springing into life. There ought to be a murmur from the shuffling of their boughs. The curved crest of the dunes was lifting like the comber of a wave and blowing back. Ridge after ridge, the dunes were merging, dropping silently, and sweeping after it. And the current, veering from its course and carving out a different channel—as it came flooding towards him down the valley, it should send a rolling thunder and a boom before it.

Something had flung a veil of sand across his mask. But before the current struck he had to break the awful, spreading silence of its coming. A power too great to call by any word . . . and yet a breath so thin it couldn't reach was going out of him. His lips were forming for a name. . . .

TO AN OLDER WOMAN

BY VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

I LOVE you—not because you understand
That there are old, crushed dreams in me,
And not because you sense my loneliness
And give me of your sympathy.
For you, whose eyes are soft with conquered grief,
Can see in mine no look that's sad.
I love you, friend, because you think of me
As someone very young and glad!

BARNUM AS LEGISLATOR

BY HARVEY W. ROOT

THAT P. T. Barnum, whom America is accustomed to think of only as a showman, was generously endowed with a remarkable and many-sided ability which would have made him dominant in any line of endeavor in which he chose to exert it is nowhere more clearly shown than in his record as a member of the Connecticut Legislature. This interesting episode occurred during a sort of interim in his career: a time with no great projects on hand and when, for the moment, he was able to drift comfortably with the current, concerned only with the routine affairs of his many and varied interests. The early days of struggle and hardship were far enough in the past to be merely a more or less interesting memory, along with the discovery of his showman's ability, the experience with Joice Heth, travels with Signor Vivalla, and other, similar beginnings. It was something more than a score of years before, with only promises and a reputation for character and ability, that he had bought the American Museum and made name and fortune. Only a few less since he had spent those interesting and eventful seasons in England and on the Continent with Tom Thumb, becoming the friend and acquaintance of notables and persons of accomplishment and distinction wherever he went. Fifteen years had elapsed since he had been the means of bringing the celebrated singer Jenny Lind to this country and creating one of the greatest sensations of his period, yet in 1865 when the simple entry, "P. T. Barnum, Showman. 55," was made in the membership list of the General Assembly of his state, there were still five years which must pass before he would begin his twenty years' experience as a circus proprietor and inseparably identify his name with that business and "The Greatest Show on Earth."

It was a striking figure and personality sure to attract attention in any gathering, this showman with a world-wide reputation, just at the prime of life, who went up to Hartford from the shores of Long Island Sound in the spring of 1865 to share in the work of the Legislature; for Barnum was big physically, as well as mentally, with the type of head and shock of hair made familiar by Sumner and Webster portraits; a person whose keen intellect and varied knowledge were valuable assets in the deliberations of any body of men, but who, in spite of repeated opportunities, had not hitherto allowed himself to be drawn into public office. Any handicap due to his lack of political experience was more than offset by his broad knowledge of human nature, his extensive experience on the lecture platform, his long familiarity with large affairs, his ability to approach a problem and think it straight through in a simple, sane manner, and his large sense of humor. Add to this his boldness and the fact that his viewpoint was essentially modern—so much so that his stand and speeches on matters which came before him were wholly in line with present-day thought—and one begins to realize why, from the first day, he was the outstanding figure of the session.

To understand thoroughly his changed attitude toward taking part in public affairs it is necessary to recall the intense feeling, mistaken judgments, and terrible bitterness—happily forgotten now—which the long and weary years of Civil War had nurtured, the indefinite and disturbing rumors which filled the air, and the almost fanatical zeal with which the people of the North sought to improve the condition of the negroes. In his younger days Barnum had been a Jacksonian Democrat and an enthusiastic one, though with acute misgivings after the Kansas strifes of 1854, but clinging to the party until secession threatened in 1860, when he joined the Republicans. From the first breaking out of the war he eagerly supported the Union cause. Too old to enlist, he sent four substitutes in his place, contributed largely toward the support of agencies for the comfort and care of the men at the front, and in addition was an active member of the local "Wide-Awakes" and the Bridgeport "Prudential Committee."

Just as the southwestern portion of Connecticut was infested with Tories during the Revolution, so, during the Civil War, it had a large and noisy percentage of "Copperheads." Among these was a son-in-law of Barnum who had been nominated as a candidate to the State Senate much to the annoyance of his famous father-in-law. One of the principal matters to come up in the Legislature was the question of ratifying the Amendment to the United States Constitution abolishing slavery. Barnum has said, and it was currently reported at the time, that the determining factors in his decision to go to the legislature were the fear that his son-in-law would be elected and vote *against* ratification and the hope that his own vote *for* it would, in a measure, save the reputation of the family.

Although Barnum was Bridgeport's most prominent citizen, it was as a representative of the town of Fairfield that he went to the Legislature, owing to the vicious Connecticut system, which still holds, of apportioning representation by towns instead of population; in 1865 the boundary line between the towns of Bridgeport and Fairfield passed through the city of Bridgeport not far from its center, and Barnum lived just over the Fairfield side of the line. The showman's election did not follow any political excitement or campaign. He was nominated on the 24th of March. A local paper commenting on his candidacy the next day, said it was a "capital nomination" and observed that "those who have the good fortune to serve in the coming Legislature with Mr. Barnum will remember him as one of the most agreeable companions, while they will find that he will do every duty of a legislator in A No. 1 style." A few days later the same sheet in discussing the son-in-law's political chances said, "the indications at present are that the young man will hardly be permitted to occupy one of the mahogany seats in the Senate chamber *this* season. P. T. has got a *sure* thing but David's chance is a 'leetle unsartain,' so the people say." This prediction proved correct, for when the ballots were counted on April 3rd, Barnum had a nice majority while the son-in-law was thoroughly defeated.

II

Connecticut politics, and often the best interests of the state, were suffering much from the pernicious intermeddling of the railroads, a condition which had existed for some time and has not yet been entirely eradicated. But in contrast to the single ownership of to-day, Connecticut railroads were then the property of several independent companies which combined with, and against, one another to control legislation and secure to themselves many advantages. The evil was obvious, open, and scornful of any opposition. The Legislature convened a month after election. Barnum, like many of the older members, went to Hartford the night before it

convened and, although he had never taken part in the process of legislation which proceeds in public on the floor of the House, or in the more subtle and sometimes more effective, but altogether private processes which precede these, he was, nevertheless, too accustomed to sensing situations to be altogether at a disadvantage. He had not been many hours in the capital town before he detected the movements of wires which were setting the stage for the election of a speaker the next day.

Two candidates were in the field and Barnum did not watch long before he was convinced that one of them was being supported by a combination of railroad interests. Seeing in this "no promise of good to the community at large," and believing a railroad company, like fire, "a good servant but a bad master," he talked the matter over with a few friends and decided to make an effort to defeat the railroad "ring" in caucus. He had never seen either of the candidates and had no purpose of his own to serve in the matter except to oppose the influence of the railroads over legislation, a sinister domination of which he must have been well aware. How astute was his management of the affair can be judged by the fact that at a caucus, held later that night, in a controversy over the speakership, which a New Haven paper the next day spoke of as "quite animated," he succeeded in defeating the railroad candidate and electing his rival. Surprise would be altogether too mild a term to use in describing the chagrin of the railroad men. Barnum said that they had "had their own way in every legislature since the first railroad was laid down in Connecticut and to be beaten, fairly startled them"; and no one familiar with the history of Connecticut's railroads and legislatures can question the accuracy of the statement.

Barnum's advance to a leading position in the House was rapid. He had defeated the railroads in a most important move the night before the session opened; he had persuaded the successful candidate for speaker to resist the tremendous pressure which was brought to bear on him by both parties and to displace the man whom the railroads had kept as chairman of the Railroad Committee for a number of years; and, foreseeing a long contest with the railroad interests, he had refused the chairmanship of several important committees and accepted that of Agriculture which would demand but little of his time. The amateur was making progress.

Of the major matters which were to come before this session of the Legislature that of ratifying the Federal Amendment in regard to slavery easily took first place in the minds of the members and of the public generally. It was the first matter of any consequence to be taken up after the organization of the House. The bitterness caused by the war had grown even more bitter since the election in April because of the assassination and death of President Lincoln. The sentiment in favor of ratification was more determined than ever and there was little open opposition. The terse formal report of the action in the House, which most of the papers published the next day in fine print, read as follows:

> Mr. Welch called up the resolution ratifying the Constitutional Amendment.
>
> Mr. Barnum advocated its passage.
>
> The resolution was unanimously passed with great applause.

But if thus disappeared the matter of the Federal Amendment with no voice raised against it, not so a proposal to strike the word "white" from the suffrage clause of the State Constitution. Opposition to this was real and determined; and when the resolution came to a vote, with only three absent, the supporters of the measure had but a couple of votes more than the necessary two-thirds. The debate was impassioned on both sides. Barnum remained silent until several of the opposition had spoken, and

then in a speech which shows his ability as a legislative debater he defended the resolution. Assuring the Speaker that he would not notice at any length the "declamation" of the "gentleman from Milford" because he had heard nothing from him "approaching to the dignity of argument," and declaring that he agreed that the white man "sacredly cherished" the right of suffrage and for that reason wanted to see it extended to every "moral and educated man in the state regardless of color," he went on to score his opponent for seeming to be determined to "always keep the negro a vessel of dishonor" while the Republican party proposed to "give him the opportunity of expanding his faculties and elevating himself to true manhood." Then turning toward the "gentleman from Milford," Barnum observed:

"He says he 'hates, and abhors, and despises demagogism.' I am rejoiced to hear it and trust we shall see tangible evidence of that fact by the abandonment of slavery by his party as the mere trick and trap of the demagogue."

Referring to the Milford man's assertion that negroes did not go to school in that town and he had found only two colored children among all the white pupils, Barnum commented that it was probably because it "was unsafe for a colored child to venture into a white school where the political opinion prevails which elected the gentleman from Milford."

A fear that the negroes, if given the suffrage, would continue to demand more and more until white boys would be marrying colored girls had been expressed by the Milford representative, and Barnum, seizing upon the statement, raised a laugh by declaring:

> I perfectly agree with the gentleman in his tastes. I should not like to have my children marry with negroes, but the gentleman may remember that when his sons propose to marry with negroes the black girls may have a word to say in objection to such a proposition. It is a matter of taste, and the tastes of the colored women may not be found sympathetic.

Having thus, with a few keen thrusts, destroyed with ridicule the effect of his opponent's speech, he suddenly became serious and eloquent, stressing the thankfulness he had felt for, and praising the "wisdom" of the "gentlemen of the opposition" in bowing to the "logic of events" a few days previously and not opposing the ratification of the National Amendment. Again he wanted to appeal to the "wisdom and loyalty" of his "Democratic friends," he said, and explained that he used this term because he was, and always had been, an "out and out Democrat," defining his democracy as a belief in "the greatest good of the greatest number; for equal and exact justice to all men, and submission to the will of the majority."

Then driving directly at the meat of the resolution, he reminded the Democrats of the House that the whole matter resolved itself into the simple question of whether the legal voters of the state were to be allowed to decide the question of colored suffrage. "You may have your own ideas," he told the opposition, "or be in doubt upon this subject, but surely no *true Democrat* will *dare* refuse permission to our fellow citizens to decide the question," and he assured them that he was "amazed" that men "calling themselves *Democrats*" should oppose granting such a "democratic measure."

This appeal was followed by some analysis of the policy of giving the vote to the negro, and in doing so Barnum laid down the following maxim, more pertinent to-day, if anything, than it was sixty years ago, and applying not only to the negro but every other race as well.

> We cannot (he said) afford to carry *passengers* and have them live under our government with no real interest in its perpetuity. Every man must be a joint owner. The best inhabitants of any town are the householders. The only *safe* inhabitants of a free country are educated citizens *who vote*.

Picking up a copy of the minority report on the bill, he assailed its authors.

"Do they insist," he asked, "that the negro is a beast?" If that were the position they took, then he must admit that they were right in their reasoning that the negro could develop no inventive faculties or genius for the arts, "for," he declared with biting sarcasm, "although the elephant may be taught to plow or the dog to carry your market basket by his teeth, you cannot teach him to shave notes, to speculate on gold, or even to vote the falsely-called 'Democratic ticket,' and certainly there is plenty of proof that very little more than instinct is necessary for the last operation."

Then harking back to the time when Connecticut had revised her constitution, he boldly and bluntly charged his native state with a sordid act. Pointing to New York as being a city where *principal* was studied much more than *principle*, and aldermen robbed by the tens of thousands, he said it had been willing to "eat dirt" for South Carolina slaveholders for the sake of South Carolina cotton; and Connecticut

was willing to eat her share of Southern dirt for her share of Southern trade. A treaty of political alliance was formed between Northern demagogues and Southern man-stealers, and when the South Carolina whip was cracked, and the Connecticut brethren were informed in 1818 that the interests of Southern slavery demanded that no colored persons should be admitted as voters, the Northern lick-spittlers inserted the word "white" in our State Constitution. No other New England state so demeaned herself, and now Connecticut Democrats are simply asked to permit the citizens of this state to express their opinion in regard to reinstating the colored man where our Revolutionary sires placed him under the Constitution.

Once more turning to the statements of the opposition, he noted its expressions of great love for white blood and wondered if it would be willing to let a mulatto vote half the time, a quadroon three-fourths, and an octoroon seven-eighths of the time. "If not, why not?" he asked.

Then becoming serious again, he appealed to the Democrats to prove their loyalty, their love of the Union and the people, and their democracy, of which they "spoke so flippantly," by letting their "masters, the people, speak." He assured his hearers that he was "no politician" but had gone to the Legislature solely for the honor of voting for the two amendments: one for driving slavery out of the country and the other to allow men of education to vote regardless of the color of their skins. He declared that being able to support those two measures was all the "glory" he asked "legislative wise" and that all he desired was to do what was right and prevent what was wrong. "I care nothing for any sect or party, as such," he asserted, "I have no axes to grind, no logs to roll, no favors to ask. I believe in no expediency not predicated on justice, for in all things—politics as well as everything else—I know that honesty is the best policy."

Whoever the men were who made up the membership of the House, whatever their political belief, they must have formed a new opinion of the showman as he stood there and said to them in closing:

Certainly in the light of the great American spirit of liberty and equal rights which is sweeping over this country, and making the thrones of tyrants totter in the old world, no party can afford to carry slavery, either of body or mind. Knock off your manacles and let the man go free. Take down the blinds from his intellect and let in the light of education and Christian culture. When this is done you have developed a man. Give him the responsibility of a man, and the self-respect of a man, by granting him the right of suffrage.

III

The two questions which had lured Barnum to the Legislature being satisfactorily out of the way, his interest was aroused by the mass of other measures and matters which, having been pushed aside for several years by war

problems, pressed for attention. Not only this, but he set in motion several bills of his own. Connecticut at the time was enjoying the luxury of two capitals, and among the first things which Barnum did was to offer a resolution appointing a committee to "take into consideration the subject of one capital and one State House." This resolution passed, but another recommending Hartford as the capital city, and one inviting cities and towns in the state to make proposals for building a new State House were tabled.

The logic, the satire, and the plain speech of the gentleman from Fairfield, together with his readiness at any time to cross his rapier with any member on any measure, must have been a terrible and continuing nightmare to those members long accustomed to "putting things over" in the "regular way." One day an act of incorporation was before the House, and Barnum attacked the many indiscriminate special charters being granted by the State. In defending his position he said:

> I know something of the way in which these things have been engineered under the general law. There was a concern which was represented to me as exceedingly prosperous with about half a million dollars of clear profit on hand.* I was thus induced to invest; and it turned out that the concern was really about half a million dollars in debt—and it cost me about half a million to get out of it. Now if any one says he has anything to do with *clocks* I shall *strike*. I only wanted to show how some of these things are managed.

To a man accustomed to pushing matters along, the easy-going methods of the Legislature were irritating; and when, toward the end of a week, a motion was made that adjournment be until Tuesday, Barnum was instantly on his feet with a motion that the House meet on Mondays and work the week through until Saturday noon, declaring that by so doing with a regular morning and afternoon session, the Legislature could finish its entire business in three weeks. The Barnum motion won, but soon afterward some of the farmer members were talking of adjourning until fall; and again the member from Fairfield held the House to its job, declaring that he was for having Saturday and Sunday sessions if necessary to finish the work. Then in a few days came a bill to amend the State Constitution so the Legislature would meet in January instead of May. This change was urged on the ground that in the winter the members would have more leisure to attend to the business of legislation.

"The beauties of the winter season for legislation," Mr. Barnum said in attacking the measure, "can be seen at Albany, where the lobbyists, having leisure at that time, are thicker than they are here, though they have invaded us here like the lice and frogs of Egypt; but make this change and the lobby agents would be thicker than the mosquitoes in Stratford—would be greater 'suckers' and present longer 'bills.'"

*A reference to his unfortunate connection with the Jerome Clock Company of New Haven.

IV

An interesting sidelight on the possibilities included in the operation of Connecticut laws and justice in 1865 is furnished by the record of what was known as the "Sherwood divorce case," a matter which occasioned a long and bitter debate in the House and which gave Barnum an opportunity to have a large part in freeing a woman from what he termed a "systematized attempt to crucify a poor woman by technicalities." The facts as brought out in the debate were as follows: A woman of good family had been stricken with typhoid fever when twenty-one and left in an emaciated and feeble condition from which she did not recover. She lived single until she was fifty-four when a man by the name of Sherwood, a bankrupt, who knew that she had been left ten thousand dollars by her people, persuaded her to marry him.

When she refused to give him her money he succeeded on some sort of plea in getting an order from the Court directing her to do so; and as she persisted in her refusal he had her sent to the Fairfield County jail and locked in a cell for contempt of court. There she stayed for six months. The Superior Court interfered and liberated her but the husband actually succeeded in having her imprisoned again. Meanwhile the woman had applied for a divorce and carried her case to the Superior Court, which had refused to grant it. A bill had, therefore, been set in motion to grant her a divorce by special act of the Legislature. This bill the husband was opposing in an effort to keep the woman in jail until she gave him her money, even if it were the rest of her life. In some way he had been able to secure so much support that the majority report of the Committee on the bill was for him and against the woman. Although the couple lived in Fairfield, Barnum had no personal knowledge of the matter until Sherwood's counsel called upon him to upbraid him for taking no interest in the case. Barnum listened to the lawyer, was convinced that there was something wrong about the affair, and the next day carefully investigated the whole thing for himself. The woman's plea was opposed by some of the members on the ground that they must not pass "snap judgment," by others because the divorce bill would interfere with power belonging to the Court, and by a third group who tried to have the matter referred to a special committee. But in the end the speeches of Barnum and his associates made their impression, and the divorce was granted by an overwhelming vote. A Bridgeport paper in its account of the case said:

> Mr. Barnum then showed how she was deceived, abused, sent to jail for months, etc., for the sake of getting possession of her money. He spoke very eloquently on the subject, and the case as he exhibited it presented a vast amount of total depravity and brutality in the character of the man Sherwood. The passage of the resolution will release the injured woman and give her rights which she can not obtain from the courts unless she sacrifices her property.

V

From the first it was evident that the railroad lobby was to be Barnum's special quarry while in the Legislature and all through the long session he relentlessly fought it and its employers. Only those who are familiar with the manner in which railroads ever since they existed in Connecticut have controlled its Legislature and with the far-reaching and daring methods which they have employed to accomplish their purpose can fully appreciate the amount of character and ability it took to stand up and openly defy them and expose their schemes as Barnum did in the early summer of 1865. At first there were minor skirmishes; such as a resolution of the gentleman from Harwinton ordering the Railroad Commissioners to report information which they seemed to be withholding touching the real condition of the road. Mr. Barnum was doubtful:

> I am not sure but here is a "contraband in the fence," but I am in favor of an overhauling of the subject and would favor the resolution. Let them give us all the light they can. Let us hear how many accidents have occurred; whether there was a narrow escape from one the other day at Norwalk bridge where they have but a single track and where the meeting trains came within ten feet of smashing one another. Let us have what light we can get, but we can not expect much when we remember that one of these commissioners is in the employ of the same road.

A few days later he appeared before the Railroad Committee in favor of certain bills and protests against the "tremendous influence" that was brought to bear on the Legislature by the railroad interests and their scores of paid attorneys, especially insisting on the immediate discharge of the State Rail-

road Commissioner, who had "hired himself" to the New York and New Haven Railroad as clerk in their office at a salary of one thousand five hundred dollars per year. So matters moved along with frequent small shots until the important railroad bill of the session came up, a bill which among other things had nicely concealed in it a scheme to raise commutation rates. Barnum at once loaded it with amendments and then, after waiting for its sponsor to defend it, he made a long speech attacking the railroads in the boldest and most caustic manner and with a wealth of information which must have caused enthusiasm among his friends and chagrin and anger among his opponents.

I regret exceedingly (he said in opening) to differ with the gentleman from New Haven for I esteem him a most honorable gentleman, one who desires to do exactly right by everybody, a man of sound judgment and unclouded intellect. Indeed, I am unable to account for the very objectionable bill under consideration, if it was written by him, except on the hypothesis that for this once, in the language of scripture, "too much learning hath made him mad."

Admitting that the railroads were a vast and increasing interest with great sums of money invested, he argued that when they declared annual dividends of "twelve to twenty per cent," the public had interests as well, and the owners could not expect all the benefits. Instead of the railroad bill, "tied up with red tape and stowed away in the circumlocution office," he urged his amendment which simply provided that the railroad should not make "fish of one and flesh of another."

"Increase your way fares as much as you please," he told the railroad representatives, "twenty, thirty, fifty, or a hundred per cent, but increase your commutation *in just the same ratio.* That is all we ask."

Waving in his hand a letter signed by hundreds of commuters living along the line of the New Haven road, who feared that an increase in commutation rates would depreciate their real estate, Barnum declared that it was the business of the Legislature to remove that fear by compelling the railroad to increase commutation rates only in the same ratio that it did way fares, and added to the discomfort of the railroad men by observing:

"We know they dare not charge five dollars fare from New Haven to New York, for steamboats would successfully compete with them, but all they dare increase their way fares we are willing they may in the same ratio increase prices of commutations."

He quoted Captain Brooks, of Bridgeport, as testifying before a railroad committee that the first president of the New Haven road had told him that the road's plan was to induce thousands by low commutation rates to build homes and settle in Connecticut and after a few years to raise the prices so high that not even steamboats could compete. This, Barnum declared, was still the intention of the road. "And, Mr. Speaker," he said, "they have done meaner things than this. They have taken one of the railroad commissioners who swore to do justice between the people and the railroads, and have employed this railroad commissioner as a private clerk in their office in New Haven! What is this but packing a jury? And yet they want to leave all decisions to their clerks, the railroad commissioners."

Such refreshing truth and boldness were something entirely new in Connecticut's Legislature, especially in regard to railroad matters, and must have had a most disturbing effect upon some of the listeners. Nevertheless, Barnum proceeded to attack the road's lobby. Its paid attorneys, he said, were invading the Legislature worse than the lice and frogs of Egypt that crawled and hopped into the bed-chambers and kneading troughs of Pharaoh's people.

They button-hole members at hotels, at the head of the State House stairs and even in their seats in this hall. One of these paid agents confessed, very reluctantly, under

oath before the railroad committee that although in the pay of the New York and New Haven Railroad he tried to pack the railroad committee by getting a particular friend appointed chairman and that although he failed in that, he still succeeded in getting him on the committee. Yes, Mr. Speaker, and he did not even blush when he made this confession. I blush for him.

Warning his hearers that men, either individually or collectively, would abuse power if allowed to possess it long without restraint, he cited the control which the Camden and Amboy railroad had over the Legislature of New Jersey, pointed out how railroad monopolies in New York and Pennsylvania had swayed the legislatures of those states, and insisted that the same unprincipled power was log-rolling and ax-grinding in the Connecticut Legislature, following his charge with the statement, "I own thousands of dollars' worth of railroad stock and am no commuter, but I go for the *right*, and though it is no pleasant task to encounter the foul emissaries of corrupt incorporators I am determined to stay the plague and I call on honest legislators to join me in the good work." It was a call that many a representative who heard it, however much his conscience might approve, had little stomach for accepting.

Expressing regret for errors made or offense given in the heat of debate, he accused the railroad directors of having poured the "poison of personal slander" into the ears of various members of the House. "Railroad sycophants," he said, "go whining about asking members 'if Barnum has talked to them.' But 'Barnum' has no private 'talk' about legislative affairs. What I say in one place I say here, openly, and am ready to 'proclaim it from the house-top.' I am for justice and public right against sneaking hypocrisy, log-rolling, and ax-grinding, and I know the noble and honest members of this assembly will go with me."

Then, having exposed the evil features of the railroad bill, he deliberately withdrew his opposition and allowed it to pass. This was a bit of legislative strategy on the Showman's part, based on a belief that the bill would never get through the Senate, a belief justified by the action of that body, which did not cast a single vote for it. This procedure cleared the way for a bill of his own which soon followed and which the New Haven road did everything in its power to defeat. This bill provided:

> No railroad company, which has had a system of commutation fares in force for more than four years, shall abolish, alter or modify the same, except for the regulation of prices charged for such commutation; and such price shall, in no case, be raised to an extent that shall alter the ratio between such commutation and the rates then charged for way fare, on the railroad of such company.

Barnum spent hours and days working to get support for his bill. It began to look as though it would be defeated. Gradually the lawyers who were members of the House went over to the side of the railroad and, in spite of most patient and careful explanations of the importance of the measure, numbers of the members from the country districts did the same. Finally Barnum was assured that the bill would pass in the Senate if he could get it through the House, and he decided to make the attempt. The 13th of July was set as the time for closing debate on the measure and putting it to vote. When the time came there was much excitement around the capitol and all the passages leading to the room in which the House held its sessions were crowded with railroad lobbyists. There was more or less speechmaking on both sides, and then Barnum rose to defend his bill.

It is a fascinating mental picture one forms of the moment—the handsome and famous Showman, in full vigor, standing by his desk in the dingy old capitol building and defiantly accusing members before him, and the great and powerful companies whose interests they were serving, of dishonesty. Coolly, pointedly, and deliberately, he empha-

sized the points at issue; showed how the railroad had induced commuters to settle in Connecticut and an increase in the value of real estate had followed; set forth the commuters' rights in the matter; ridiculed the idea that the road could not continue to carry them as it had done; referred to the room they were in, "crowded with railroad lobbyists," as an "admonition to all honest legislators" that it was "unsafe" to let the railroads alone to do as they pleased. There was a pause while every eye was fixed on the speaker and every ear in the room was strained to catch his words as he gathered himself to spring the sensation which was to drive home his argument.

"These railroad gentleman," he said after a moment or two, "absolutely deny any intention of raising the fares of commuters. But now, Mr. Speaker, I am going to expose their duplicity. I have had detectives on their track; for men who plot against public interests deserve to be watched. I have positive proof that they did, and do, intend to spring their trap upon the unprotected commuters."

Drawing from his pocket a couple of telegrams, one from New York and the other from Bridgeport, he read that the Directors of the New Haven Railroad the day before had held a secret meeting in New York and voted a twenty per cent raise in commutation rates in order to prevent the blocking of their plans if Barnum's bill became law. Dropping the telegrams on his desk and addressing the Chair, he said:

Now, Mr. Speaker, I know that these despatches are true; I see a director of the New York and New Haven Railroad sitting in this hall; I know that he knows they are true. If he will go before the Railroad Committee and make oath that he don't know that such a meeting took place yesterday for exactly this purpose, I will forfeit and pay one thousand dollars to the families of poor soldiers in this city.

In consideration of this attempt to forestall the action of this Legislature, I offer an amendment to the bill now under consideration by adding after the word "ratio," the words, "as it existed on the first day of July, 1865." In this way we shall cut off any action which these sleek gentlemen may have taken yesterday. It is now evident that they have set a trap for this Legislature and I propose that we spring the trap and see if we cannot catch these wily railroad directors in it.

Then taking advantage of the opposition's astonishment and the dramatic moment which he had created, he called out:

"Mr. Speaker, I move the previous question."

The bill and its amendment passed with a rush. The showman had beaten the railroads in their own stronghold.

VI

A few days later the session adjourned. It had been the longest one held in Connecticut up to that time and one of the most important. With its close Barnum had planned to end his legislative experience; but one of the directors of the New Haven road lived in Fairfield, and when spring came he declared that Barnum should never go to the Legislature again. Such a challenge could not be ignored. Barnum was nominated and in spite of all the director's influence and exertions was elected, and went back to Hartford at the opening of the 1866 session. In contrast to the previous one, little of major importance came before it, and Barnum was content to let matters take their course except when he had an opportunity to prod the railroad interests. One such was furnished by a bill which sought to enable the Shore Line road to bridge the Connecticut River. This was opposed by the Hartford road. In speaking on the measure Barnum said:

Desperate efforts have been made for the last few weeks by a large lobby to prevent this bridge being built and I am surprised that if the only interest to be affected is that of navigation such efforts should be made. The trouble is that the Hartford railroad is going to be affected. It is railroad against railroad. The navigation which is to be

affected is the navigation by railroad. The fears of Hartford on this question are imaginary. The arguments against the bridge are all old-fogey ones. The great cry on the question is that Hartford will be affected. Yes, it is Hartford. The State had better have been called the State of Hartford and the town of Connecticut.

I like Hartford. I like to see them hang together. I would not like to see but a few of them hanged separate. I believe, as Cushing said, the iron horse is a democrat. I believe it is a democrat which will cross this river and that too on a bridge. There are legislators here who last night had speeches on their tongues in favor of this bridge who are now going to speak against it. Hartford has come down and shown them three golden visions and their conversions have been more sudden than St. Paul's.

The great bridge on which the Shore Line trains cross the Connecticut is proof of the soundness of his judgment, but it remained for another legislature to give the permission for its building.

No opportunity was lost by Barnum, either in the sessions of 1865 and 1866 or of one in 1879 which he attended, to inject a note of humor into the day's work or to poke a bit of good-natured fun at associates who took themselves too seriously. In a discussion of a proposition to meet in the winter he observed that any body of men who met in winter in the State House then in use would never meet again. "They would be frozen to death. Whether that would be a loss or not is a question."

One day he interrupted proceedings with remarks about his fondness for catering to public curiosity, and then as the members were beginning to wonder what it was all about, explained that he saw a United States Senator in the hall and he thought his associates would like to hear from him. The speaker declared a recess and the Senator made a speech. A dull debate on taxing the property of educational, religious, and benevolent institutions was dragging along when Barnum rose in his place and solemnly offered the following amendment:

"That P. T. Barnum's great moral show, being an acknowledged public educator, shall be entitled to the same exemptions from taxation that are extended to other moral and religious institutions."

After the roars of laughter had subsided he said if the bill were to pass he wanted his amendment adopted because he was entitled to be classed with all conspicuously great moral establishments. He would, however, withdraw the amendment.

A bill of his to prevent slaughter-houses within a hundred rods of a highway shows present-day views of sanitation; his idea of vicious methods of competition and his sense of fair play are evident in a bill to oblige railroads to transport rails and ties for one another; and that he was constantly thinking fifty years ahead of this time is shown by his introduction of a bill in 1879 to do away with capital punishment.

Barnum's record as a legislator was one of definite accomplishment such as no man need be ashamed of. It is doubtful if a fairer analysis of his service could be made than the following which appeared in a Connecticut paper at the time:

The fact is simply this, that Mr. Barnum went to the Legislature wholly unaccustomed to that kind of business; and although he had to cope with those who added to knowledge, capacity, and legal acumen, entire familiarity with the routine of legislation, yet following his ideas of right, regardless of what plans those ideas might interfere with, he soon became such a power in the House and gained the confidence of the members by his common sense views and able elucidation of them, that he has come out victor in several of the strongest contests in the House. The people of Connecticut are under great obligations to him for breaking down the railroad combinations which have so long infested the Legislature and sought in various ways to control it. When the members of the House return to their homes it will be with more exalted ideas of P. T. Barnum and his character for frankness, intelligence, and uprightness than they felt before seeing him when they had nothing to judge him by except his much abused reputation as a showman.

UPHOLDING THE CONSTITUTION

BY THE REVEREND JEREMIAH HEVENWARD, D.D.

THE importance of the issue of prohibition cannot be appreciated as long as it is regarded as a mere effort to suppress a social evil. It is this, of course, but it is much more. This warfare against the powers of darkness is belittled by those who persist in speaking of it as if it were a mere exercise of the police power in putting a stop to rum-selling and dram-drinking. If it were no more than this, prohibition could be rated on the moral level of any experiment in social reform, and considered subject to modification according to the way it might be found to work. The question would then be competent whether its results justified the absorption of so much national energy, and whether some other way of getting at the evil might not be better. But questions like these are forever closed, for prohibition is an integral part of the fundamental law of the land. The issue is whether the fundamental law of the land shall be obeyed—nay, more, it is whether reverence for the Constitution shall continue as an essential element in the Christian character of the American people, inspiring them with a proper sense of their mission of enlightenment among all the nations of the earth.

When this issue is drawn, there can be but one answer. All the material resources of the country and all its collective spiritual power are not too much to be cast freely into the balance. Therefore, every Christian patriot should rejoice and take courage as he sees the nation embattled in defense of no mere measure of public policy, but to maintain the integrity of our matchless Constitution. What an ennobling spectacle it is! In devout recognition of the blessings whereby Providence has raised us up to be incomparably the greatest civilization in the world, our faithful rulers are pouring out millions of dollars, putting thousands of heroic lives in jeopardy by sea and land—those who police our coastal waters, ports, and international highways, and those who carry on the work of search and seizure where illicit liquor is made or marketed—all to safeguard the bulwark of our liberties from disrespect and profanement!

In the present crisis a devout spirit can hear the Divine voice uttering the dreadful pronouncement, *Now is the judgment of this world!* There has long been a dangerous spiritual apathy among our people. In the midst of their prosperity, like Jeshurun of old, they have been grievously indifferent to spiritual things, careless, cynical, disobedient, bringing the law into contempt and despising its discipline. "Presumptuous are they, self-willed," as the blessed Apostle says, "they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities." This contagion has penetrated everywhere, especially among the young. As the humble shepherd of a few souls in a village so remote and isolated that one would think it might be spared, I have been bitterly grieved to see this spirit of waywardness enter and take possession even of mere children. Our boys and girls throw off the wholesome restraints of home and family life, and set their feet in the way of destruction. They buy liquor and drink it, glorying in their shame. Under its influence the bonds of decency are so

far loosed that they laugh and jest and sing ribald songs in derision of the law that they are breaking. When I reprove them, they have sometimes told me in their sinful slangy way, like the wicked boys who derided the prophet Elisha, to go chase myself. Sometimes they say that they are but taking pattern by their elders, and this, alas! is true—and not only by the weak and sinful among them, but by some whose lot I had always hoped was numbered among the righteous. In my struggles against this spirit of contumacy in our little rural community, I have often been overcome by terror at the thought of what it must be in the great cities where every vice is loosed, and every temptation to sin and crime is rampant.

Some of my vestrymen have told me that I ought to preach religion and, as they said, "let politics alone and not bother my head about the Constitution." I have never preached politics in the party sense, nor gone beyond the admonition of the Apostle to "put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates," and again when he declares that "the powers that be are ordained of God," and urges his converts to "obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account." The Church has officially declared it to be the religious duty of a Christian to "honour and obey the civil authority," and it is incumbent on a faithful pastor to remind Christians of this duty. Besides, what more uplifting thought could there be than that of our President and Congress and all others in authority as watching for the souls of the Christian people under their care, and conscious of their responsibility to God "as they that must give account"?

In speaking of the Constitution to my people I hold up that wonderful document as being in the first instance the work of men incomparably devout, presided over in their deliberations by that pattern of Christian grace and virtue, George Washington. These men were ever conscious of the pentecostal presence in the midst of their conclave, and ever prayerfully submissive to its guidance. From that time to the present the Constitution has gone on broadening both by amendment and by precedents established through the decisions of wise and righteous judges who relied on Divine guidance, like those who ruled Israel in the days of Saul. No one, I am sure—and I bear witness to it before my hearers—can contemplate our country's marvellous, almost miraculous, progress to the forefront of all the peoples of the world, and not believe that its fundamental law was conceived in superhuman wisdom and its development carried out by the grace of superhuman power. All peoples, nations, and languages now look up to us for that which is beyond all our wealth, beyond the unrivalled well-being of our citizens, beyond the stupendous proportions of our population, commerce, and industry. They look up to us for the spirit of true Christian morality that inspires our laws and customs, and for our unending labors in Christian self-denial to extend that spirit over the face of the whole earth. It is the deepest impiety not to recognize an inspired authority, like that of Sinai, in the body of law upon which such a civilization is founded. When the true patriot considers the blessings showered upon our land, he sees them only in the light reflected from the Holy Scriptures upon the pages of the Constitution, and says, "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy Name be the praise."

Yet our people have forgotten this, and for a generation they have chosen to be wise in their own conceit, until of late wicked men have risen up among us who treat the Constitution by the light of a pretended historical criticism, as a purely secular document. Some of these, I grieve to say, are men in most responsible positions, who have the guidance of the young committed to them as teachers and professors in colleges. They commit the dreadful sacrilege of saying that the authors of the Constitution had sordid

interests at stake and wrote the document to protect them, and finally secured its ratification by political methods that were no better than knavery. I could not think that God would bear with this presumption, but in His infinite wisdom, as I now see, He did. Some of these teachers, indeed, were dismissed from their posts, but they continued to spread their abominable doctrines over the land through books and magazines, and they aroused no popular resentment. Great lawyers and judges and men of affairs condemned them, but no consuming flame of Christian jealousy flashed up among the people. One would have said that any care for the sacredness of our fundamental law had disappeared from among us.

But God's ways are not as our ways. In His own good time, as the Psalmist says, He maketh the fierceness of men to turn to His praise. "The law is slacked," said the prophet in his despair, "and judgment doth never go forth, for the wicked doth compass about the righteous; therefore wrong judgment proceedeth." Even so it seemed with us. But God had prepared an appointed instrument wherewith to rouse us from our apathy and to draw the line of separation between the righteous and the wicked. That instrument was the great Constitutional question of prohibition, and now in the fulness of time He has brought it forth.

The conscience of the American people is thus at last definitely awakened from the Atlantic to the Pacific and to the remotest confines of our land. The issue of battle is drawn! On the one side are those who for the satisfaction of their own ungodly purposes, set themselves against what they presumptuously call "the encroachments of Federal authority." These men are bent on sapping and mining our national solidarity and making their liberty a cloak for detestable license. They would reduce the Constitution to a form of words devoid of force or meaning, and so manipulate the smaller political units as to bring forth confusion and every evil work. On the other side are those upon whom rests the spirit of our godly ancestors who through the agency of the Constitution welded the colonies together into a unity that should be then and forever indissoluble.

Shortly after the Constitution was established, that great and good man Alexander Hamilton, in his inspired foresight, proposed to bring the forces of righteousness together into a militant national organization called the Christian Constitutional Society, which should have the twofold object of (1) maintaining the Christian religion, and (2) maintaining the Constitution of the United States. He outlined its work as follows: first, to carry on a concerted effort in all parts of the Union "to secure the election of fit men." Second, to conduct a campaign of education, both by use of the press and by the establishment of schools and institutions of learning which should be presided over by men of tried and proven fidelity. His fellow-workers thought such a measure unnecessary. They underestimated the power of the enemy in seducing the people from an enlightened Christian obedience. We see now that he was wiser than they; and now, before it is too late, is the time for such an organization to be formed, ready to battle for the Christian religion and its expression in the Constitution, with both the weapons of the flesh and the weapons of the spirit.

It is upon the field of prohibition that the impending campaign in defense of the Constitution is to be fought out, and there is every indication that the forces of righteousness will triumph gloriously. Those who expect to nullify the Constitution through State action will go down to ignominy with the secessionists of half a century ago; for an irresistible power of Christian patriotism is rising in the land and coming forward "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." But this is only a beginning. When the first campaign is won, these forces will proceed farther to a second battle-

ground where the enemy is far more strongly intrenched, and there the war will go on until the other great stain put upon the Constitution fifty years ago shall be wiped out. Then, and only then, shall the world see that this nation is undivided, and of one heart and one voice in its homage to the Constitution and to its glorious emblem, the Stars and Stripes.

It is a matter of shameful knowledge that there is a precedent for the attempt at State nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment. When the last great constitutional question—the question of the right of property in human beings—was fought out, and the Christian morality of the nation so nobly vindicated in the desperate battles of the Civil War, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were duly incorporated into our fundamental law. These provide that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; and, further, that the right to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

Nothing could be plainer than the meaning and intention of these enlightened decrees; yet what has been their fate? Several States—I shall not name them, for their names are written in the book of Divine remembrance and in the memory of all right-thinking citizens, against the day when judgment shall go forth—several States, I say, by the astute trickery of pettifogging legislation have knaved these provisions of the Constitution into abject nullity. I need only mention the notorious "grandfather clause" to show by what infamous machinations the sacred document has been held up for nearly fifty years to the derision of the seditious. It is well known that over one great section of our country, which again I need not name, our fellow-citizens of Negro blood are despoiled of their political rights, their privileges and immunities abridged, and wholesale corruption spread abroad, by means of these bold devices. Is it any wonder that contemporary plotters against the integrity of the Constitution are encouraged to take the same way of State nullification in their evil designs upon the Eighteenth Amendment? If an overruling Providence were not manifestly interposing to defeat such an enormity, might we not see State legislatures decreeing that prohibition should not be enforced against any citizen unless his grandfather had been a proven teetotaler?

I would not be understood as arguing for a literal interpretation of the Constitution, any more than I would argue for a literal interpretation of the Scriptures. This would be mere obscurantism, leading to absurdity. The Scriptures say in one place that "Judas went out and hanged himself." In another place they say, "Go and do thou likewise." In yet another place they say, "What thou doest, do quickly." From this it may be seen that only a reactionary and illiberal spirit would reject the ministrations of reason sanctified by faith, when endeavoring to interpret the written record of any operation of the Divine will. The Constitution must be interpreted by the light of reason, but of a right reason—a reason which recognizes in the Constitution "the movement of the Divine Power which gives unity to the universe, and order and connexion to events," as the devout historian Bancroft so well says. An obscurantist literal interpretation of the early Amendments called the Bill of Rights, for instance, instead of being unifying, orderly, and connective in its tendency, might easily be made to countenance what is subversive, disorderly, and disruptive. The Bill of Rights cannot be understood as granting unconditional freedom of speech, of the press and of assembly, or the unconditional right to bear arms, even though its literal wording may appear to grant them. The condition is obviously implicit that these rights are to be enjoyed only in pursu-

ance of some just and righteous purpose, for otherwise they would tend to anarchy, and to that state of society which prevailed in Israel before the days of the Judges, when every man did what was right in his own eyes. Therefore, under the Constitution these rights are carefully administered by the interpretation of wise and upright judges, as it has been from the beginning, and their interpretation has the force of Constitutional law.

But returning to the point, our duty as Christians and citizens is plain. Let us associate ourselves together, rally to the support of the Constitution on the impending issue of the Eighteenth Amendment, and then march on to attack the more inveterate spirit of sedition which has nullified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. The task of extirpating this more ancient evil will not be easy. Resistance will be unto blood and unto death. But let us not be dismayed nor tremble before the task, for it shall be an atonement for sin and a vindication of righteousness that shall find abundant favor with God. As we have put our navy into service to make the Eighteenth Amendment respected, so let us at once put the army into service to compel respect for the Fourteenth and Fifteenth. If the army is of insufficient size, a call for volunteers would bring an overwhelming response. Using the words of that truly Christian statesman and patriot, the late Mr. Bryan of happy memory, in such a cause as this "a million men would spring to arms overnight." Just as the right of peremptory search and seizure is now justly upheld by the guns of our navy, so we should occupy the contumacious section of our country with our troops and reduce it similarly under martial law. Our decree should be laid as sternly upon our generals and captains, if need be, as the decree laid upon Saul to "go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass."

Up! then, and be doing! and the Lord will be with us. He will not leave us nor forsake us, if we set ourselves zealously about the work. It is written that "the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and to reserve the ungodly unto the day of judgment to be punished, but chiefly them that walk after the lust of the flesh, *and despise government*." When the entire armed forces of the United States shall be sent forth to suppress those who "despise government," it will be an earnest of Divine favor, and it will be rewarded as when the Lord delivered the Canaanites and Perizzites into the hand of Judah, "and they slew of them in Bezek ten thousand men." Then shall our people's feet be again set firmly in the ways of our fathers, and the vision of the prophet shall come to pass, that God "will restore thy judges as at the first, and thy counsellors as at the beginning"; and our nation will go forward with renewed energy in its Divinely ordained mission of extending the Kingdom of Righteousness among all peoples.

THE DOGMA OF "BUSINESS FIRST"

BY STUART CHASE

ONE hundred and twenty-six years ago my great-great-grandfather was living in a farmhouse with a pitch to its back roof and a great fireplace, ovened and wainscotted, in the town of Newburyport, Massachusetts. He lived in a community that raised the bulk of its own food, built its own houses out of local materials, and spun and wove most of its own clothing. Withal, it was good food, durable and comely clothing, and housing of a unique and lasting beauty. On High Street were the square white houses of the shipbuilders, and out along the country roads were the farmhouses with their well-sweeps and their dipping eaves. And lovely as were the houses of the shipbuilders, lovelier still were ships (soon it was to be clipper ships) which they built. In fact, upon an astonishing amount of the materials which passed through the hands of the men and women of Newburyport, and the other New England towns—upon iron work, pewter, glass, woodwork, textiles, masonry—was stamped an authentic and enduring beauty which all the banalities of the traffic in antiques cannot efface. Reasonably well fed, snugly housed, and with articles to his hand for daily use which now are jealously guarded in museums, my great-great-grandfather lived his life. Anon he hitched up and went over the hills to the town meeting. The steam engine was yet to come, the first textile mill was yet to be built in New England, the industrial revolution was waiting to be born.

A century and a quarter later, after the most stupendous increase in the technical arts which the world has ever seen or is ever likely to see, I look about the place where I live in New York City, and out of the window of that place where the sun never rests, and wonder what, in terms of the life more abundant, the industrial revolution has done for me. How much more rewarding, not only in respect to beauty and the things of the spirit, but in absolute material comfort, is my existence than that of my great-great-grandfather? My housing is drearier and more inconvenient, my food is softer and less succulent, my clothing is uglier and infinitely less durable; the day-by-day pressure of the sights and shadows and odors about me is depressing, and cumulative in its depression.

In the matter of income, my great-great-grandfather was not above the average of his community; quite possibly, as a farmer, he was below it. The joint income of my wife and myself is probably three times the average of the community in which we live. Compare the average householder in New York to-day with the average citizen in Newburyport in 1800, and where does the advantage, in terms of the good life, lie? Look abroad out of these sullen canyons to other cities—Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, St. Louis, San Francisco, New Orleans—to the suburban cubicles which girdle modern cities, to Main Street, to the farms of the cotton belt and of the tobacco belt, aye, to Newburyport and its outlying farms as they are to-day. What tangible improvements in well-being, beauty, and happiness has a century of unprecedented invention brought to the inhabitants of these

places? I ask the question. I know that it has brought some well-being, perhaps a great deal to some people. But, looking into dead walls from my apartment window, I wonder again what are the gifts which Arkwright and Stevenson and Watts have placed in my hands. The amazing thing is that I should wonder at all. There is a machine now which can make plows thirty-two times faster than the blacksmith of Newburyport could ever fashion them, a machine which can make cotton sheeting one hundred and three times faster than my great-great-grandmother could ever spin and weave it, and we have in the energy released by the engines and turbines of America, the labor of three billions of slaves, or nearly thirty servants for every man, woman, and child in the country. Engineers have assured us that technical knowledge is now available, which—if it could be put to work—would banish poverty, double or treble the standard of living, turn ugly cities into noble cities, and by means of giant power and decentralization bring the culture of the town to the countryside.

Why has this not been done? Why do I look out at my blank wall, why are millions infinitely worse housed in slums, why does the tobacco grower of Kentucky abandon the losing struggle against the marching weeds? This is a question not lightly to be answered, a complex and baffling question. But my guess is this. It has not been done because an economy like that of Newburyport, for all its lack of engines, was well within the range of human capacity to administer, being in fact the immemorial economy of self-sustaining groups the world round; but the economy of the machine with its immense distances of transport and its great clots of workers who make no food, and of food growers who make nothing else, has proved to date, except in time of war, to be beyond human administrative capacity. Or better, under the prevailing system of business enterprise, it is held that the machine needs no master with an eye single to the welfare of the group; and whatever potential administrative capacity there may be accordingly never gets a chance to function. The prime charge upon every politician is the welfare of business in terms of monetary profit; only in passing and incidentally may he regard the welfare of the whole community. For it is held as axiomatic that what is good for business is good for everybody; what hurts business, hurts everybody. When Adam Smith spoke of the "invisible hand" which directed this consummation, he little realized that he was founding what has come to be almost a new religion.

> Thus God and Nature formed the general frame
> And bade self-love and social be the same.

The learned Smith and the business men and the politicians may of course be right. Perhaps by scrupulously safeguarding self-interest and anarchy in business we do secure more in net welfare than we should by any other method. All other methods are, to date, largely a matter of theory because, since the coming of the machine, business anarchy is the only method which has been tried. The Russian experiment is too young to give any sound evidence on either side. But what we may conclude without fear of contradiction is that if business anarchy is the best way to regulate the machine, while it may keep a few more of us alive per acre of crop land, most of us have not gained anything compared with Newburyport, if, indeed, we have not lost. If this is indeed the best way, it is painful to contemplate the results of any other way. Where would a hundred years of co-operation or state socialism or some combination of these two with laissez-faire have landed us? With two-thirds of the families of America now beneath the line of the United States Department of Labor's budget of health and decency, presumably most of us would have long since starved to death had the three billions of power slaves been in any other hands than those of

business. Not many of us die of starvation and perhaps, Mr. Coolidge, that is proof enough that yours is the wisest way.

Whatever its ultimate wisdom, anarchy is by definition and by practice wasteful. Nor should business anarchy reflect any exception to this rule. It may not prove unprofitable to take inventory of certain major leakages and losses which are implicit in the going economic structure. Down what blind alleys has technical knowledge gone; what dams have choked and diverted the free flow of invention and discovery; what are the three billions of slaves concerned with that they have not time to destroy these slums, uproot these weeds, build me a decent house in a noble city?

II

The factor which is primarily responsible for the dispersion of energy is, I suppose, the lack of community and regional planning. That the rush of the pioneers to conquer a continent must inevitably be planless is as manifest as is the fact that absence of plan makes for an incredible volume of waste. Cities sprang up on the wrong sites, crops were grown on the wrong soil, factories were built in the wrong places, railways paralleled and choked waterways, forests were butchered to the glory of fire and flood, long hauls displaced short hauls, gas wells blew their billions of cubic feet into the air, pools of unemployed workers began to form, while the machine diluted its output with a tremendous tonnage of ugly, flimsy, shoddy, jerry-built, and generally adulterated products. "Everything turned to profit. The towns had their profitable dirt, their profitable smoke, their profitable slums, their profitable disorder, their profitable ignorance, their profitable despair. The curse of Midas was on this society: on its corporate life, on its common mind, on the decisive and impatient step it had taken from the peasant to the industrial age. For the new town was not a home where man could find beauty, happiness, leisure, learning, religion, the influences that civilize outlook and habit, but a bare and desolate place, without color, air, or laughter, where man, woman, and child worked, ate, and slept. This was to be the lot of the mass of mankind; this the sullen rhythm of their lives. The new factories and the new furnaces were like the Pyramids, telling of man's enslavement rather than of his power, casting their long shadows over the society that took such pride in them." Thus the Hammonds conclude their exhaustive study of the coming of the industrial revolution to England. It was not greatly different in New England or generally in urban America.

Of all the great American cities, only Washington was planned for comfortable living rather than for selling real estate by the front foot. No local region has ever been planned at all and, save for a brief interval during the World War, no budget of national requirements has ever been cast, or the productive capacity to meet these requirements assessed. It is only the sheer fecundity of the machine which has permitted such a sprawling, haphazard growth. If every engine stripped its gears to-morrow, in a few days most of us, in our present geographical location, should begin to starve. In a month we should be dead. Without steam and electricity Newburyport could take no such chances in hurling its people to the economic peripheries, could afford no man power wasted on the shoddy and the jerry-built, could tolerate no excess industrial structure—twice the fields or twice the blacksmith shops or twice the shipways which normal demand called for—nor maintain the luxury of a reserve squadron of unemployed workers. Its economy forced a moderately accurate adaption of production to requirements, and the dependability of the plan is evidenced in the time which still remained, after stark necessities were met, to elaborate and beautify, and stamp upon the output the seal of craftsmanship.

To plan for a continent is a harder task than to plan for a town. During

the pioneering decades it was folly to ask for any plan at all. But as the Pacific was reached, some rough appraisal, some conscious attempts at co-ordination were certainly not beyond human capacity. Regions have been planned from Mesopotamia down. More American cities might have followed Washington—and Paris. Waterways might have been aided instead of strangled. The people through their Government might have controlled the exploitation of natural resources. As invention and the technical arts expanded, the co-ordination of national economic life might have become the more competent and accurate. Dreams, yes. But only so was it possible to outdistance Newburyport, only so could the fecundity of the machine create an accelerating reserve of welfare for the whole community. But the religion of private enterprise said no.

Take New York City for example. The congestion of its streets puts a premium on death and injury, and adds enormously in transportation cost to every article the city dweller buys, and to every structure built. I know a building where four hundred bricklayers stand in rows, trowel in hand. Yet so great is the pressure of traffic below them, that never more than a single hour's supply of bricks can be stored in advance—which means a constant stream of trucks delivering hand to mouth. And when the trucks are halted in a traffic jam—as they often are—the masons stand idle. But that idle time goes into the cost of the building. As land values shift, it has become a recognized practice in New York to look on construction as a short-term investment. Thus, instead of lasting its hundred years or so, buildings erected twenty, even ten years ago—perfectly sound buildings many of them—are being torn down and scrapped. New buildings spring up, only to be scrapped, undepreciated, in their turn. Consider the colossal cost, the gigantic waste of such a program. Consider the cost of digging a subway, which, when it is finished, far from relieving congestion, has only accelerated it. Consider the cost of furnishing water, gas, sewage, electricity, telephone service, foodstuffs to a city so badly planned; think of the unbelievable number of bottlenecks through which all these services must pass. Think of the plumbing which has to be renewed on the average every eight years, at a labor cost twice that of the original installation. Yet the technical arts can tell us how to install plumbing which will last a generation. Consider the absurd terminal facilities, the half-loaded milk wagons, the hauls and the cross-hauls, the additional cleaning due to the lack of smoke prevention. Above all, consider the enormous parasitic population of New York: the middlemen, the speculators, the ticket scalpers, the prostitutes, the bootleggers, the dope peddlers, the flunkies, door openers, wash-room dusters; the purveyors of the ultra, the modish, and the snobbish.

In Newburyport there were no parasites, there were no problems of congestion, of subway building, of cross-hauling, of short-term housing investments, of idle bricklayers standing four hundred in a line. There were no seasons of unemployment when half the clothing workers walked the streets. There were no business cycles. There was no importing of bulk foodstuffs over half the world. There were no spirited campaigns, supported by expert psychologists, for the smashing of sales resistance. There was no installment buying. These merry things cost unbelievable sums of money—and what is more to the point than money, they cost *man power*. What the machine, what the industrial revolution have done in effect is to permit New York City to support a large population of idle, an enormous population of working parasites, and a colossal extra force of useful workers kept busy by the congestion and planlessness of the urban area. No little of the energy of the three billion slaves goes down this trapdoor. The technical knowledge is available to plan cities, to plan regions. Mr. J.

Russell Smith alone, one suspects, could tell us how to double living standards. But there is no private profit to be made from such plans. They are proscribed.

III

I am convinced that it is the lack of regional planning which constitutes the main reasons for my failure to gain on my great-great-grandfather in anything like the ratio that productivity per capita gains. Most of the productivity goes into bridging the fissures in the underlying chaos. But this is a large, general and, no doubt, an arguable indictment. It is possible to outline certain other leakages of knowledge more specifically.

Consider for instance the concern of the science of physics, chemistry, and biology with modern warfare. As everybody knows and as corporation income-tax returns make quantitatively evident, war is good for business. War has always driven some men mad, but never, until modern science took charge, has there been such a malady as "shell shock." Science as applied to warfare is well on its way to shrivel up the nervous systems of those it does not kill. Gone in battle are the virtues of strength, determination, skill at arms—aye, of courage. A little man with a leaky heart valve pushes a button somewhere miles away, and the strength and skill and courage go hundreds of feet into the air together with fragments of arms and legs and viscera. Of the ten million killed and the twenty million wounded in the late crusade for democracy, how many received their hurt in hand-to-hand struggle such as the Romans knew? Probably not one per cent. The ninety and nine were stricken by the engines of science.

Furthermore, with the development of psychology, the importance of civilian morale in war time is being given its due weight—which means that applied science must not only be directed to the destruction of armies and navies, but to the destruction of the civilian morale that supports them. Which means the wiping out of cities, the utter terrorizing of general populations, behind the lines. Competent technicians are at this moment giving their undivided attention to the most efficient means of destroying London, Paris, and Berlin. Yet when it was recently proposed in Washington that army engineers should design, and army privates should build a bridge across the Potomac, thus salvaging a little of their technical education for the community, the construction industry rallied to a man, and in convention assembled, resolved that the project was an abomination; that construction undertaken for any other end than private profit threatened the whole fabric of the republic. So the army engineers were happily permitted to go back to their plans for blowing the bottom out of the Suez Canal.

Consider next the extent to which the technical arts have been overborne by quacks bent on the profitable exploitation of new knowledge. On the skirts of every advance in physics, chemistry, biology, and medicine hangs a well-organized group of astute men of business ready to capitalize with useless and often dangerous drugs and devices the wide publicity which the new discovery has received: vaccines, radiations, glands, salvarsans, vitamines, and even the electron. Let J. B. S. Haldane, the noted English biologist, state the case: "For every dollar which we can spend on research and publicity together, the food-faking firms have a thousand for advertising 'scientific' foods. . . . The faker is already on the market with radiations to cure rheumatism and make your hair grow. These are mostly harmless, but probably the sale of X-ray tubes which may cause cancer, will some day be as carefully regulated as that of strychnine. . . . There is no serious reason to believe that any of the rather expensive products of the sex glands now on the market, and often prescribed by doctors, are of any value except as faith cures."

Consider the mauling which science receives at the hands of the high priests of the Nordic saga. In primitive society men who rose to the chieftainship of the tribe looked suspiciously at aspirants from the ranks. So they frequently invited in the royal medicine men to help them hold their power. To-day men of property, of so-called Anglo-Saxon stock, and thus possessing prestige and power, find their possession threatened by radical labor movements, by an incoming hoard of shrewd foreigners. They appeal, as always, to the medicine men. But a little difficulty presents itself. The emergence of science has delegated to a twilight zone the gods and myths invoked by the old-time medicine men. Science is on the throne. Softly; what does the commonalty know about science? Only enough not to blow out the gas, and to read scientific supplements in the Sunday newspapers. Good. Science, for the mass of men, is only a new mysticism; a shift from elves in glades to elves in molecules and air waves and germ plasms. And with a zeal which would have distinguished them in the days of the Aztecs, the modern medicine men proceed to "prove by the aid of science" that the Nordics are the anointed race, that present class distinctions are eternal and unchangeable by virtue of the chemistry of the germ plasm, that heredity is everything and environment nothing. In brief, they summon science to support each and every prejudice of the American man of property. Meanwhile, on some of their pronouncements science has come to no conclusion at all, while on the balance the drift of impartial evidence points to diametrically opposite conclusions. More and more, for instance, particularly since the behaviorists began laboratory experiments on new-born babies, it appears that environment as reflected in acquired habits, is the shaping influence on character. But gullible millions swill down this witchcraft, and thus is the new knowledge traduced again.

Consider the predicament in which applied psychology has landed. Psychology is not yet a full-fledged science, but it has made important and far-reaching advances in the past few years. The behaviorists, the psychoanalysts, and the industrial psychologists are laying the basis for profound changes in the technic of group control. Where is this new knowledge being principally utilized at the present time? In the offices of advertising agencies. To-day as never before the man with something to sell knows how to turn into cash three fundamental aspects of human nature: the desire to attract the opposite sex, the desire to exert power over one's neighbors, the desire to get safely and honorably to heaven. In brief, the higher salesmanship has captured applied psychology, horse, foot, and guns. And the very knowledge which might render us significant help is turned against us to create new wants, new desires, new forms of waste. (Some psychologist should write, as he starves, a monograph entitled: How To Build up Sales Resistance. No one will read it now, but in a hundred years he will have a statue in the market-place.)

The consumer at large has to-day no standard of reference by which he can determine quality of goods. Only through the painful and wasteful method of trial and error can he hope to separate the shoddy from the sound. The shoddy makers can say as impressive things about their product as the conscientious manufacturer. A certain roofing concern fabricated a great stock in anticipation of Government orders during the war. The stock, after careful test, was rejected as inferior. Nothing daunted, the company, by means of a high-pressure sales campaign, disposed of the whole order to the general public. Yet here and there in well-equipped laboratories an enormous volume of data as to consumer products and their relative values for specific uses is being accumulated. The Bureau of Standards at Washington has been making such tests for years. As a result, the federal

government saves a hundred million dollars annually by purchasing materials, not on the stimulation of high-pressure salesmanship, but according to specifications laid down by the Bureau. For building materials, textiles, clothing, soaps, cleansing fluids, lubricants, motors, paper stock, ink, stationery, hardware, leather goods—for nearly every kind of thing which the common citizen uses—the government pays a lower price for a more durable product—a price *below* the usual discount for quantity orders because of the standards and specifications determined by the Bureau.

To date, unfortunately, it has not been the policy of the government to release this knowledge to the country at large. Imagine the tearing of beards in the business world if it should. The Bureau of Standards in its laboratories has found out which makes of textiles stand up and which go to pieces, which paints and varnishes are good and which are bad, which inks keep their color and which do not, what types of filling station pumps invariably give short weight; but so hallowed is the conception of private business that this knowledge has remained locked in government files, serving only government purposes.

"Sure," said an ex-Ford employee, "if I went on tightening up nut number 999 any longer, I'd have become nut number 999 myself." Industrial standardization is one of the mightiest achievements of the new technology, but it is a two-edged sword. Applied with due regard for the human equation, it promises the elimination of untold duplication, confusion, and waste, and a tremendous gain in the general standard of living. Applied only from the point of view of the maximum profit in dollars, it can readily become an unmitigated curse. True to the formula of business *über alles*, it is the latter course which industry has pursued to date. Thirty years ago when Frederick W. Taylor was laying down the principles of Scientific Management, motion study was frankly an experiment. It promised well from the standpoint of increasing output, and nobody knew what it would do to the employee. To-day we do know. Not completely and finally, but psychologists in industry have already developed the general laws governing the effects of rhythm, sound, vision, fatigue. They have estimated that of the million man-years lost annually in America by industrial accidents, a full half of them is preventable. We have a body of knowledge sufficient to fix the limits of factory standardization. Is it applied? It is not. With very little exception it is unutilized, wasted knowledge.

Nor is the standardization of the goods which the factory worker makes in much better state. Obviously, the great values here are maximum standardization in all intermediate processes: standard gauges, measurements, tools, supplies—combined with minimum standardization in those end products where variety adds to the spice of life. As Cornelia Stratton Parker puts it, "I see no reason why the æsthetic spirit of the nation would be degraded if we all used 21-inch sewer pipes instead of some 22-inch, but I don't want to see all women wearing the same hats." These values find little place in the going business structure. There is an appalling lack of standardization in intermediate processes and in end products, like sewer pipes, where standards have only virtue—a lack fostered by trade secrecy and the desire to secure competitive advantages. The United States Chamber of Commerce so far forgets itself as to assess this waste at one-quarter of all industrial effort in America. Meanwhile there is over-standardization in many end products where variety is essential. Standardization is a magnificent technic when rightly used, but in the hands of the business motive it has so far succeeded only in running amuck.

One more item, and our inventory of the perversions of knowledge, while by no means complete, must end. Under the acquisitive organization of industry, society shares in new engineering devices,

but only to a degree, and only after a period of maximum obstruction. Chief Clerk Woolard of the United States Patent Office states the case, "There are countless numbers of patents which, if in operation, would much cheapen the articles they could produce, but they are intentionally shelved to prevent competition. Concerns operating under old inventions for which they have expended great sums to erect plants, buy up these new and cheaper methods to prevent competitors from getting hold of them. They then tuck them away in their safes, never to be used."

New inventions may not only be suppressed; they may be presuppressed. A concern may get patents on a whole series of processes in order to tie up the field for the next generation or more. The weighing scale industry is said to have secured advanced patents (by taking them out on some foolish toy) sufficient to close the door to anyone else for twenty years. The ultimate social loss of this one case alone has been estimated at a hundred million dollars.

IV

A member of the United States Tariff Commission in a recent book has put the challenge squarely up to us: "The business world knows no waste unless the saving can be accomplished at a profit. What cannot be salvaged at a profit is not waste in the economic sense. As well talk of the waste of atmospheric nitrogen." And there we are. To release the data of the Bureau of Standards would be alarmingly unprofitable for many corporations. To restrict patent monopolies would stagger the balance sheets of many more. To put the army to building bridges congeals the vitals of the private contractor; to liquidate the blah of advertising would shrink untold dividend checks; to make durable goods would lessen turnover. For every obstruction, every hindrance to the free flow of knowledge has been, so far as may be, capitalized at substantially what the traffic will bear. It earns a profit and is not waste in the business sense. To break its grip and bring technology to the direct relief of the community is treason to business principles and, therefore, unthinkable.

But as the inventory of planlessness and thwarted knowledge unrolls before us it almost moves us to the brink of treason. Why should we bow meekly before a dogma which, measured by its concrete results, has netted us so little in a century and a quarter? Why should we accept as an act of faith the somewhat preposterous theory that a few hundred thousand business men, each working within the high walls of his own back yard with never a look at the world outside, can provide the community at large with more and better food, shelter, and clothing than anyone else ever could?

Why dogma at all? Why does it have to be pure individualism versus pure collectivism, or pure coöperation? Why all the blood and tears over the "thin entering wedge"? Governor Smith of New York wants the state to develop the waterpower of the St. Lawrence, which the state owns. Owns, mind you. He is willing to let the distribution of that power remain in the hands of private business. Technically the combination is admirable. The dams and the turbines can be built and operated more economically by the state than by any private company, while distribution can quite possibly be handled more economically by those already skilled in the technic. Yet for this proposal, Governor Smith is held little better than a Bolshevik. Mr. Charles Evans Hughes on behalf of the Petroleum Institute has just petitioned the Government to let oil production go on committing harikari—at the rate of three needlessly wasted barrels for every one reclaimed—because private enterprise must not be interfered with.

On all long-term projects dealing with the exploitation of natural resources, private business simply cannot afford to wait to exploit them systematically and

with a minimum of waste. Forests have got to come down, oil fields gush, the cream to be skimmed from coal and minerals, instanter! The principles of profit demand it. Yet whenever and wherever it is proposed that the community handle such exploitation because only the community has the resources and the credit to develop the project according to technically sound principles, the thin opening wedge is brandished, and a thousand editors sniff treason. And so with any fundamental proposal for community planning.

There are doubtless many things that private business can do better and less wastefully than anyone else can do them. There are other things which the community through its government can do best. And still other things which co-operative groups within the community can excel in. It does not stand to reason that there is any one divine way of economic behavior for one hundred and sixteen millions of people over three thousand miles of continent. The assumption of high sanctuary by the theory of business anarchy is undoubtedly as much stuff and nonsense as one hundred per cent state socialism.

It must be more than a little of a bore to be a business man dedicated to a lifetime of unrelenting greed. No wonder he and his fellows go into conference, or play golf on the slightest excuse, or take specials to Florida, or wear paper hats, or grow maudlin about Service. There they stand, each in his own trough, a herd across whose backs no statecraft can hurdle. Good, decent citizens mostly, but their dogmas are costing us all that the machine and the industrial arts and the billions of power slaves might have done for us.

And I guess—it may be a wild guess—that until we smash those dogmas Newburyport will continue to hold its own.

KNIGHT-IN-ARMOR

BY A. A. MILNE

WHENEVER I'm a shining Knight,
I buckle on my armor tight;
And then I look about for things,
Like Rushings-Out, and Rescuings,
And Savings from the Dragon's Lair,
And Fighting all the Dragons there.
And sometimes, when our Fights begin,
I think I'll let the Dragons win . . .
And then I think perhaps I won't,
Because they're Dragons, and I don't.

BRIDE OF QUIETNESS

A STORY

BY ELMER DAVIS

SAY what you like against Irita Bradley (and much has been said, here and there, at one time or another, by this person or that), I hold her in grateful memory. Whatever damage she may have done to me, at one critical moment she saved my faith in the universe. As the rest of it gradually fades out I cling to that.

I hadn't seen her for fifteen years till I went back to reunion at the little coeducational college where she and I had been classmates in the prehistoric epoch —the Old Stone Age—in other words, before the war. It was commencement day; so much of our class as had reassembled for the anniversary was falling into line for the alumni procession—the flabby, graying, middle-aged citizens, men with paunches and spectacles and bald spots, women with sagging faces and figures that had already sagged beyond recovery, who had once been the famous class of 1911; and I was abysmally depressed. It wasn't that I hated to be reminded that I was fifteen years older than I had been fifteen years ago—that was no longer news. But it had never occurred to me that all the others, my high-spirited friends of the years when we stood on the threshold, were fifteen years older too.

I had seen few of them since we graduated, for I went East while they stayed at home on the prairie; but they had lived on in vivid memory, the gay companions of those bright years when I had been happier than I was ever to be again, when for once in a lifetime the gap between aspiration and accomplishment had not been ruinously broad. I remembered them as I had known them then; they had lived on, for me, in the timeless beauty of figures on a Grecian urn. Now they were dead, that whole gallant company—killed in an instant, massacred *en masse* by the machine gun of reality. By brooks too broad for leaping the lightfoot boys were laid, the rose-lipped girls were sleeping in fields where roses fade.

No doubt the John Kimball they had known was quite as dead, and no doubt some of the men and women who had liked me fifteen years ago were rather distressed by that. But their distress left me unmoved; I felt no fellowship with these strangers. As the procession started across the campus I dropped out of line. I wanted to get away, alone, to reconstruct my universe. And as I turned a woman's voice laughed at me.

"Hello, John. . . . Why, I do believe you don't know me."

Know her? I had known her double, fifteen years ago; though the girl I knew coiled her masses of chestnut hair around a wire rat, wore ankle-length skirts that left her legs to inference, and in general tried to look like a young lady (and succeeded, till you saw her eyes). This girl who would never pretend to be a young lady, whose cropped curls fluffed in the June breeze, whose golden chiffon stockings would have stopped a G. A. R. parade in 1911, had the same eyes—green-gold, lazily mocking.

"But," I gasped, "you can't be

Irita Sanford's daughter. She isn't old enough."

"Thank you! No, I'm not my daughter."

We had fallen out of the procession marching across the campus, and as I looked into the green-gold eyes I felt that she and I had fallen out of the universal procession which marches inexorably on to the common destination—that we stood alone in a magic country where Time was not.

"Come, John, don't look like that. Don't you remember the night you kissed me, right over there by the sun dial, after the commencement dance?"

"Irita Sanford!" I murmured. "No —Irita—what is it?"

"Irita Bradley. . . . Oh, yes, I've been Irita Bradley for twelve years. . . . I'd wondered if you'd come back for the reunion."

But I wasn't interested in myself; nor even, at the moment, in her. I could think of nothing but the Miracle.

"But, Irita! How—how— How do you do it?"

"How do the others do it? Poor things, aren't they dreadful? You see, I hadn't seen them for fifteen years either. But we must get back into line. My husband's around somewhere, but I'd rather talk to you."

Again we two strolled across the campus as we had strolled fifteen years ago, and so far as I was concerned the crowd did not exist. For here was Irita, just as I remembered her, the only person in that numerous gathering who was of an age with the absurd personality inside me that had insisted on remaining young and wide eyed, obstinately refusing to grow old along with its fleshly cortex. Flabby men and fading women crowded around us, but she and I walked alone in the Lost Paradise. The rest of the Grecian urn might have been shattered beyond recovery, but Irita lived on, a still unravished bride of quietness.

"And you've never married?" she asked me when the exercises were over and the crowd was dissolving in groups and pairs. (We were still a pair.)

"Of course"—I tried to be playful— "any man who remembers you—"

"I have a memory too, my friend. That night you kissed me at the sun dial —when we'd just graduated—I told you that if you'd stay in the Middle West six months longer I might get around to falling in love with you. But you wouldn't wait. You had to go off to Washington and into the diplomatic service. I thought you'd be an ambassador by this time." She saw something in my face. "But maybe you are," she added hastily. "I never read the newspapers."

"Why, haven't you heard?" I asked her. "I'm coming back here—to the college."

"To coach the football team?" She was amazed.

"Nothing so dignified as that," I confessed. "I'm coming back as dean and professor of European history. I've been out of the diplomatic service for years, and teaching at Harvard."

"Harvard? Well! I love this old college; it threw a good education at me and it was nobody's fault but mine if none of it stuck. But to come back here from Harvard—"

"But I'm to be dean—second in command to old Doctor Akeley. He's been president for thirty years and some of these days he'll be gathered to his reward. Assuming that I do the deaning to the general satisfaction, I'll be the next president. . . . I find that as one approaches forty, one yearns to be president of something—it doesn't much matter what. And I was born a thousand miles too far west to be president of Harvard."

"Isn't that a scream! You in place of old Doctor Akeley! I've seen some queer college presidents, but— Then we'll see lots of each other, won't we? We're going to be here too."

"We?" I asked.

"Sam, my husband, and Junior and I.

Sam's just been appointed professor of the history of art."

I stopped and stared at her.

"Irita Bradley! Bradley . . . Your husband isn't S. E. Bradley?"

"Why, yes. Do you know him?"

"No—but everybody knows about him." She shrugged her shoulders, politely skeptical. Of course, S. E. Bradley's book, *The Law of Symmetry in Line and Curve*, was not what you would call light reading. But the few superior persons who understood it (which doesn't include me; I only browsed around the edges) said it was the biggest thing of its kind since Lessing's *Laokoon;* it had already revolutionized the approach to theories of art all the way from Praxiteles to Picasso.

"But why is he coming here?" I asked her. "I love the old college too, but I'd never dream that it could get a man like S. E. Bradley. Every university in the country must want him."

"We've been at most of them already," said Irita. "We move around."

That worried me. If a man as great as S. E. Bradley moved around he must be a trouble maker, and I was coming back to take care of all the trouble. I wished I could meet the man, look him over; but he was nowhere in sight and I had to catch a five-o'clock train.

"So you have a son too?" I asked her absently, still speculating.

"Ten years old," said Irita. "Why not? I wish professors' wives could afford six, or even two."

"It seems absurd," I explained lamely, "when you're so utterly unchanged . . . Irita, how do you do it?"

"I don't do anything special. Perhaps that's it. I don't worry. Let other people do the worrying."

That ought to have warned me, for things being as they are, there is a good deal of worrying that has to be done by somebody. But who could be warned or worried when he was looking at Irita?

I came back in August and settled my books and furniture in our little college town's one and only apartment house. The food problem troubled me, for there is no such thing as domestic service in these parts; but it troubled me no longer when I had found the Campus Tea Room, breakfast a specialty, just around the corner. For the Campus Tea Room was owned and operated by Mabel Martin, who also belonged to this class of 1911; and I had remembered her cakes and waffles through fifteen years.

I didn't know Mabel, however, when I came in for breakfast the first morning and she slipped down from the cashier's desk to shake hands with me. She had been fairly lush and opulent in the old days but she had put on at least fifty pounds since then.

"Say it," she sighed. "They all do, the ones that have been abroad. I look like an English barmaid. And why not if I want to, I want to know?"

"Not at all," I lied, blushing. "But why—how do you happen—"

"To run a restaurant? Doing my stuff, John—the one thing I can do well. I could have lived on my income, and dieted, and kept around a hundred and twenty-five, and gone on being a college widow. But I'd rather eat my own cooking, let nature take its course, and be an old maid. I used to be proud of my voluptuous figure, but it brought too many bees buzzing around. Nobody could call me voluptuous now in this age of the boyish form."

I laughed; this was the same old Mabel, who always said what she thought and did more thinking than most of us.

"Have the Bradleys moved to town?" I asked. "And have you seen Irita?"

"I've seen her," Mabel sniffed.

"Isn't she glorious!"

"You may call it glorious. I call it indecent; but then I'm only a sentimental old maid."

"What's indecent about it?" I demanded hotly.

"When you're thirty-six it's silly to look eighteen. She reminds me of a vampire that keeps young by sucking blood. . . . Have you seen her husband?"

"No, and I'm anxious to see him."

"Don't worry," said Mabel. "You will."

I saw him the next morning when I came into the Campus Tea Room for breakfast. But I didn't know him; indeed, at first sight I didn't notice him. All my attention was absorbed, inevitably, by the boy who was with him; Achilles and Siegfried must have looked like that at the age of ten.

"Who's that?" I asked Mabel as I paused at the cashier's desk to bid her good morning.

"Irita's kid."

"I might have known it," I said. "But—the other?" She nodded.

Yes, it was true; the undersized, baldish, spectacled man who was breakfasting with this golden lad was S. E. Bradley, the world's greatest authority on the laws of beauty in line and curve.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Is Irita sick?"

"No-o-o-o." Mabel's scornful whisper seemed to echo down the corridors of Time on its way to the Recording Angel. "These two eat breakfast here every morning. Irita never gets up till half-past ten."

Half-past ten. In our town everybody got up at half-past six; in our rural college classes began at eight. Fresh from Boston, I knew I should find it hard to keep these hours; but even at Harvard professors' wives rarely sleep till half-past ten.

"So that's how she does it!" I exclaimed. "Why not, after all?"

"Why not? There's just so much work that has to be done in this world. If Irita doesn't do her share, somebody must. You see who does. I told you she reminded me of a bloodsucking vampire. You see who furnishes the blood."

"He does look rather drained," I conceded. "Still, getting breakfast isn't all of life."

"It's part of it," said Mabel grimly. "I don't like to get up early myself, but I do. Customers want breakfast and I must keep faith with my public. A married woman's public is her husband. I can't imagine anything worse than a wife that won't get up unless it's a wife that won't— But, there, there! I expect that's one thing that can't be said against Irita. . . . But they're saying plenty. The whole town's taking sides."

"Naturally," I observed irritably, "all the women would hate a woman who looks fifteen years younger than her age."

It occurred to me as I said it that this was not precisely tactful, though Mabel, to be sure, didn't look over thirty; but she didn't mind.

"You may know a lot, John," she said compassionately, "though if you do you've learned it since I knew you; but you don't know it all. Mark my words, there'll be trouble in this town before the winter's over."

"Trouble?" I growled. But Irita had admitted that they moved around. This homely retiring pattern of a dutiful husband and father couldn't be a trouble maker; and of course it wasn't Irita. No, it must be the other women who made the trouble, the women who hated her because she slept in the morning and stayed young.

"Never mind," said Mabel. "You and I are a couple of old maids. We'll be out of it."

But if there were trouble in the college, or in our little college town, the dean couldn't be out of it. . . . The Bradleys had finished their breakfast; the boy picked up his cap and went out, the man came over to pay the check.

"Pardon me—isn't this Dean Kimball?"

"I'm afraid so," I admitted. "I'd hoped it was only John Kimball, but people who used to call me Johnnie call me 'sir' now." He smiled absently.

"Irita spoke of meeting you in June. You must come and see us. But I wanted to ask you—I find the catalogue sets me down not only as a professor, but as Curator of the Museum; and I can't find the Museum."

"It's in the attic of Philosophy Hall,"

I told him. "Curating it needn't worry you; there's nothing much but a photograph of the Parthenon and a cast of the Venus de Milo."

"There's something in that," he observed. "One or two things, but the very best. I'll call at your office later if you'll be in."

He drifted out, lighting his pipe, and across the street to the campus.

"Only eight o'clock," Mabel sniffed. "He and the boy don't dare go home for two hours and a half; they might wake her up. They've even got the iceman trained for an extra dollar a month to tiptoe up the back steps. . . . Hello! What's this?"

Rod Mulford who owned the College Drug Store had come in and was ordering breakfast. Now Rod Mulford had a home and a wife; she ruled him with an iron hand but took as good care of him as any good manager might be expected to take of the productive assets of the corporation. If Rod had to go out for breakfast something was wrong; and Mabel and I, who had known them both in college, descended on him solicitously.

"Sallie isn't sick?" Mabel asked. He looked up with a murky frown.

"Sick? No, she isn't sick. She's asleep. She says she's going to sleep every morning till half past ten."

Choking with anger, he looked away, out through the front windows, across to the campus where the world-famous S. E. Bradley prowled aimlessly.

"It's all his fault," Rod snarled. "Damn him! The dirty scab!"

"Aha!" said Mabel softly. "The trouble begins."

Once begun the trouble grew, inflating and expanding and ballooning till it overshadowed us all. For in our town where everybody was comfortable but nobody was rich, where even the most prosperous could get no domestic service because the hired girl was a species as extinct as the mastodon—in our town, the duty of man, and of woman, was thoroughly defined and understood.

The husband made the living and the wife kept house. Usually she had time enough left over after keeping house to go to church, to the movies, to dances, to college football games; even, in the faculty households at least, to keep up a certain amount of intellectual interest. Usually she did, but if she didn't that was her bad luck, just as it was her husband's bad luck if he couldn't make enough money to make both ends meet. In neither case did the bad luck justify lying down on the job. There were no drones in our hive.

Sallie Mulford must have felt that, for after the third morning Rod breakfasted at home. He may, often enough, have got his own breakfast; but he got it in his own kitchen where his shame and hers were decently concealed. In our town bed and board went together; sending your husband out to breakfast was the equivalent of an announcement of separation. A few days were sufficient to warn Sallie that she must bow to the opinion of the community.

But Irita bowed to no opinion; she let people think what they liked over her sleeping till half-past ten, her sketchy and half-hearted housekeeping when she did get up; she let them think what they liked while she went serenely on being Irita, our sole representative of the Privileged Classes, the only one among us who professed to earn her food and shelter not by doing, but by being. She was a living denial of everything we believed and exemplified, as incarnate a blasphemy against our local deities as a Communist in the Chamber of Commerce or an atheist in church.

Of course that made trouble—a trouble that was indefinable at first, a mere sense of uneasy tension, of something wrong everywhere that nobody spoke of, at least to a bachelor like myself who was outside the theater of the civil war which was being fought out in every marital household. But gradually I saw what was going on; I saw, and was amazed.

I had supposed that women who

showed their age would hate a woman who didn't show her age, that good housekeepers would despise a careless housekeeper, that dutiful wives would have nothing but scorn for a wife who made her husband do half of her work as well as his own. But they didn't. Slowly the horrid fact appeared that few of the hard-working women of our town really liked work; they had merely grown into the habit because all the women they knew did it and had always done it. But when Irita came along and ostentatiously rejected the first duty of the day, that of leaving a warm bed to get her husband's breakfast, the other women regarded her with rather frightened admiration. She was the Woman Who Dared; the Liberator, the Lysistrata who had broken her shackles and shown them all the way.

No, they didn't imitate her; every one would have liked to imitate her, I imagine, but each was afraid of what the others would say. But from the occasional frightened abrupt confidences of married men I gathered that life in most of the households of our town would have been easier that winter if the women had actually slept till half-past ten instead of merely wishing they dared.

I had supposed, moreover, that the women would not only despise Irita but pity Sam. But they didn't. They ignored Sam; he was only the person who had had to be put in his place as an example to husbands. But the married men didn't ignore him. Not a husband in our town who went to bed every night wondering if he'd have to make his own coffee in the morning, but damned Sam Bradley as a Judas who had betrayed the working class. They hated Sam but, so far as I can gather, they didn't hate Irita. They merely wished that their own wives who still got up at half-past six, albeit reluctantly, looked a little more like her.

So life was not exactly easy in our town that winter. There were too many delicate topics which had to be avoided, so many that people began to grow out of the habit of talking at all. It was easier to avoid dangerous ground if you didn't see much of the Bradleys; so the Bradleys were invited out very little, in our small-town society where everybody else was invited out all the time. Most of the women and some of the men would have liked to see Irita; but in our town wives and husbands didn't go out separately, and nobody wanted to see Sam.

It was a winter of discontent, an era of bad feeling—how bad I knew well enough, for I was trying to be neutral. As dean I had to be neutral, to keep our faculty and its wives harmonious, to smooth over any particular piece of trouble that came my way; but beyond that I liked Sam Bradley—and I liked Irita. Entirely too much.

I don't know just when it started—probably that commencement day when I first saw her. But I first began to see what was the matter along in November, when old Doctor Akeley held his annual faculty reception in the President's Mansion. It was a big brick house, old-fashioned despite periodic reconstructions, which had been the President's Mansion even in my student days; a solemn house and a solemn party. There was half-hearted dancing, and a thin and abstinent punch, and a good deal of perfunctory small talk aimed at keeping the seriousness of the general dissatisfaction from old Doctor Akeley, who was too aged and deaf to know anything unless you shouted it in his ear. The men barely spoke to Sam but all of them wanted to dance with Irita; the women—a few of them—were patronizingly amiable to Sam, but all of them were eagerly cordial to Irita whom they so seldom saw elsewhere. I counted it quite a triumph when I bore her off after a dance to a glassed porch, well heated, strewn with rugs, and half lit by a couple of heavily shaded lamps.

We sat on a couch in a remote corner and stared down the long empty vista of the sheltered porch.

"Goodness, what a big house!" said Irita. "And to think that some of these days you'll be living here. You'll have to marry then. Absurd to think of your living in the President's Mansion with only a couple of servants, even if they do cost as much as associate professors."

"I may not do it," I told her moodily. "They want me to come back to Harvard. A full professorship—not so bad, even if there's nothing beyond. This return to the past hasn't worked out so well as I expected."

"Nor mine," she sighed. I was uneasy; for though Sam and Irita must know the trouble their coming had stirred up, they never talked about it. But she didn't bring it up now. "Oh, you'll look so funny living in the President's Mansion!" she laughed. "Do you remember the student reception in our senior year, when you kissed me right here on this very porch?"

I began to feel warm and prickly.

"There aren't many sectors of the local landscape where I haven't kissed you," I reminded her. "I—I was crazy about you once, Irita."

"So you were, but I supposed you'd forgotten. There must have been so many since."

"One or two," I admitted. "But—Oh, I hate falling in love!"

"Why?" The green-gold eyes were quite unfathomable.

"For the same reason that I hated getting drunk, on the one or two occasions when I tried it. Because it makes me furious to lose control of myself."

"Oh! Yes, I can see that. Still, there's always the question, what do you do with yourself when you have control of it?"

She certainly had me there. I hadn't done much. But perhaps it wasn't too late, even yet.

I liked Sam Bradley, though he never said much to me, nor indeed to anybody but his son. Sam was raising that boy by hand, and with astounding results; he was three years ahead of his age even in our excellent public schools; he looked like a coming superman. Not, as Mabel Martin used to remind me, that even a superman would like getting his own breakfast.

Mabel differed from the general view of the Bradleys; she despised them both, Irita for sleeping in the morning and Sam for letting her. So she and I had little to say to each other, but that was not surprising; by this time few people in our town had much to say to each other, especially husbands and wives. Our community, in fact, was undergoing a silent reconsideration of woman's economic position in the family and in society, and its reflections were the more acrid because nobody dared speak them out. So more and more I took to spending the free evenings of a bachelor in the only household of the town where there was no silent bitterness, because the question of woman's economic position had been settled long ago—with Sam and Irita.

They were glad to see me, too; for they saw few people outside of the more general parties. Our town had not definitely made up its mind about them, but one thing was clear—they were different, as different from the type and as defiant of the general standard as if they had been living together in what the newspapers (perhaps too optimistically) call unwedded bliss. So most people politely dodged them and they had all the more time for me. Two or three times a week I came over to supper (Irita cooked it, very well, too, and we all did the dishes), and then we played a rubber of bridge before Junior went to bed, and some three-handed afterward. I must say they seemed a happy family, which was a rare sight in our town that winter; and they took me into the family, which began to make me very unhappy.

For always before me was this flawless springtime beauty of Irita's, the only familiar thing I had found in the Lost Paradise. I knew now that I had come

back to the old college because I had been happy there once and subconsciously felt that I should be just as happy again, because I expected all the old emotions to flow back. But I had changed; everybody and everything had changed except Irita. None of the old emotions had survived the dry rot of time except that old emotion for her.

At first I told myself that this was a mere sentimental echo, then that I should be a fool to fall in love with a married woman and a scoundrel to fall in love with my friend's wife; and then came an interlude of sheer blind rage when I had to admit that I had lost control of myself once more. I stayed away from them, pretending pressure of work, for a miserable fortnight. Miserable—for now and then I saw her on the street, and each time the impact of her changeless youth brought back the whole complex of the memories of fifteen years ago, the Golden Age, when I had been adjusted, and happy, and young. If she hadn't looked the same it would never have happened; but she did, and it did.

That couldn't last. Three or four times she and Sam asked me over for supper and bridge; and then quite suddenly they quit asking me over, they began treating me with the reserved casual politeness they showed to the rest of the town. I knew why—they thought that I too had bowed to the general opinion.

For by this time our town had quietly, by a sort of tacit universal agreement, made up its mind. This sort of thing wouldn't do. Woman must do her work in the world. Our women all agreed on that—some of them because God had so appointed it, some because an enlightened view of the interest of society demanded it, some because they suspected that if women stopped working they might find it hard to persuade men to work for them. If Irita were so selfish as to refuse to do her share, and Sam were so spineless as to let her get away with it, that proved nothing except that the Bradleys were an impious and blasphemous couple whom any society, any town, any college would be better off without. One by one the households of our town agreed on that, but under the reconciliations were spots of memory still sore to the touch, and every sight of the Bradleys served as a reminder. I was beginning to hear—for as dean I heard everything—that our town would be far happier if the Bradleys moved on.

Whether they heard it I didn't know, but they must suspect it; and when I stayed away they must think their last friend had gone over to the enemy. I hated to think that Sam believed that; I couldn't endure the suspicion that Irita believed it. So one afternoon I called up and invited myself over to supper, and the singing joy in her voice completed my ruin. I had been so busy being surprised at what had happened to me that I hardly had time to wonder if it was happening to her too. But now—

I strode out of my office, across to the athletic field. It was one of those warm days in late February when spring seems to have gone into rehearsal, when a sudden sun brings steam from the thawing earth and imprudent buds to the trees, and early candidates for athletic honors out to run around the sodden cinder track. I climbed up on the bleachers and watched the runners, and presently somebody sat down beside me.

"Irita tells me you're coming to supper," said Sam. "That's fine."

"Fine," I agreed, trying not to blush. "I've been so busy— I don't like all this administrative work. I'm thinking of going back to Harvard."

"Don't blame you. I wondered why you came here. Oh, yes, I'd heard a little about your work in the East."

"I came here," I told him in sudden confessional mood, "to turn back the clock. And it won't turn. You see, at Harvard I was only one of a herd, a little frog in a big puddle. But out here

I could succeed to the presidency. . . . And then all these people remembered me. I used to be an All-State quarterback. I'd rather have been that than honorably mentioned for the Third All-Eastern. It was my peak, these college years here—better than being second secretary of a legation, writing in correct French notes about nothing for a minister to sign; better than being lost in the crowd at Harvard. But I'd expected everybody else to stand still and wait for me. They didn't. Who cares now who was All-State quarterback in 1909? Silly impulse. A complex—the Grecian-urn complex. What the psychologists call adult infantilism."

"We all have a touch of it," said Sam. "I understand—but I'm glad you found out. Because time won't stop; the old clock keeps right on ticking. . . . I may move on myself, next year."

"I never understood how we could have got you here." I didn't dare say any more.

"Irita had a touch of your disease." (If he only knew!) "But I'm tired of small colleges. I could go to Columbia—but—I don't know."

"I should think Columbia would suit you. A big university—"

"Can't trust Junior to the public schools of New York or Chicago—any big city; and we can't afford good private schools. Of course there are big universities in smaller towns—Princeton, Ann Arbor; but big universities expect you to write. I've done my writing. One book."

"But what a book!" I exploded. "For two hundred years every mathematician and art critic in the world will be talking about it."

"Maybe. But it's all I had to say, and I made the mistake of saying it right at the start. Most men have about one good job in them, I suppose; after that they might as well be chloroformed."

"What would you do," I asked suddenly, "if you could do anything at all that you wanted?" He grinned.

"Buy the Metropolitan Museum in New York. I'd throw away half the stuff in it—not sell it, burn it. A big bonfire in Central Park; and then I'd live with the other half. . . . But things being as they are, I try to do a good job as curator of the museums I can get. . . . Well—we'll look for you at half-past six."

He clambered down the bleachers and walked away, the man of one book who had shot his bolt too soon. Pathetic—or it would have been pathetic if I could have thought of him as S. E. Bradley, and not as the husband of Irita.

The lazy mockery was gone from her eyes that night; she was contented and happy. We were all happy. As they came out on the porch to say good-by Sam had to answer the telephone. I stood with Irita, draining the fragrance of the false spring, looking up at a wind-swept sky of stars that burned like her eyes. I kissed her, with all the voltage of triple-distilled memories and a complex of fifteen years' growth. She shuddered in my arms and jerked away.

"I advise you—not to do that again," she said tonelessly.

"Why not?"

"Because if you did I'd kiss you back; and then—"

"And then?" I asked. . . . But then Sam came back to bid me good-night.

I strode away across the campus, running into one or two necking parties of students who fled in horror at finding the dean on patrol. I wanted to tell them to come back and not mind me, that I felt that way myself. For by now my disease had progressed to the really dangerous tertiary stage: I no longer hated losing control of myself, I was convinced that I was absolutely in control of myself, that I was behaving quite sanely, adjusting myself to changed conditions as any sensible organism should.

I loved Irita; she loved me. Well? We couldn't stay here after a divorce and remarriage, but great universities

far away wouldn't mind that, and with her I was ready to go. I should take with me all that I really valued in the Lost Paradise. . . . Her husband and child? Practically, they got along without her now. For—it was appallingly clear—she hadn't loved Sam for years. If she had, she would have got up to get his breakfast.

Not that I'd ask her to do that; luckily, I had gone out for breakfast all my life. I would give her no occasion to regret her first husband. . . . She could see Junior as much as she liked, and Sam too; he'd be bitter at first, but in time the old three-cornered friendship would be rebuilt. For of course it would all be done decently and without scandal—no sneaking embraces while the husband was out, but only frank friendly discussion of the new situation that was an accomplished fact.

And with Irita I might do something with myself at last, become a noteworthy frog in one of the larger puddles. . . .

So I mused, wandering, till the chapel clock struck three, and came home to lie wide awake and continue my pleasant reflections till the alarm clock told me it was time to hustle out for breakfast at the Campus Tea Room.

Mabel waved me a greeting as I gulped black coffee.

"You look worn out, John. You're working too hard. Foolish."

"My job overloads me with detail," I explained. "I—I'm thinking of going back to Harvard." I expected her to be astonished, but nothing ever astonished Mabel Martin.

"Harvard has its points," she said. "So have we. You can't have everything."

"No, but I can pick out what I want, and go after it, and get it."

"Some do and some don't," said Mabel. "Lucky if you can see what you don't want. I'll bet it's easier to go out for breakfast if you don't leave a lazy wife snoring between the sheets."

"Mabel, you're crude."

"It's a crude world," said Mabel. "I didn't make it."

I taught a class at eight o'clock, and was busy with office work from nine to ten; but every moment of those two hours I was seeing again the frightened gladness of Irita's eyes as I kissed her. Ten o'clock. She'd be up by now—she couldn't have slept well last night, of course; and Sam had a class from ten to eleven.

Now was the time to talk things out with her; then we could tell Sam, as gently as possible; and then— A quiet divorce, for desertion or something like that; Sam could go to Columbia, where he belonged, and with no wife to support he could afford a good private school for Junior.

While Irita and I— Stumbling, trembling with excitement, I went down the side street to her house; I rang the bell and waited an unconscionable time till she opened the door, dishevelled and yawning.

"You!" she gasped, not very hospitably. "What a time of day!"

But she stood aside and I walked in. Now I was trembling with embarrassment, for she was obviously just out of bed. In her faded rose negligee and tousled curly hair she was the most beautiful object I ever expect to see; but I wasn't in the mood to appreciate beauty just then. This was no setting for cool dignified discussion; the scene had a guilty look. I knew I ought to go and come back when she was more suitably clad. Still—

"I—I thought we ought to talk things over," I stammered. "I love you—"

She stood still, breathless, her eyes closed; this time she kissed me back.

"Oh, this is absurd!" she whispered presently. "After fifteen years!"

"But you look just the same," I told her. "Just the same."

Her lips thrust upward, seeking mine; we held each other. . . . The door opened behind us; over her shoulder I saw Sam's face in the hall mirror.

Abominable. Disgusting. Here I had

prided myself that all this was to be done decently, with no sneaking embraces, and now Sam had caught me kissing his wife in her negligee. I remembered, now, that he had no ten-o'clock class on Thursday; all the same this humiliating episode would never have happened if the damned woman got up at a decent hour of the morning.

But the situation had to be faced. I tried to command my voice, but he beat me to it.

"Well, John—sooner than I expected." She tore herself from my arms.

"I hate you!" she flared at him. Her heavy-lidded eyes turned to me, blazing. "I hate you both."

"You'll feel better after you've had some coffee," said Sam. "Better make yourself some while John and I talk things over."

"G-good idea," I agreed with chattering teeth, realizing that my muscles if not my brain had expected him to shoot me. "J-just what I came for."

"I don't doubt it," he said, and somehow I felt that he really didn't. "Sit down." He set the example and lighted his pipe.

Irita lingered, regarding us sullenly.

"It seems to me I might have something to say about this," she complained.

"Do you think you'd better?" he asked. "At Amherst, you remember, you didn't help much. . . . Oh, yes—" (to me, as I stared at him in horror) "Oh, yes, this has happened before. Perfectly natural. Men fall in love with her everywhere we go and she can't help responding occasionally. I've seen this coming for weeks—before you did, John, I expect. Don't blame you at all. I don't look like a fit mate for her. And I'm not, but I'm a damned good husband. I'll let her go whenever she wants to go—provided the man she goes to will take as good care of her as I do."

"I'm prepared to do that," I said firmly. "She can—she can sleep as late as she likes."

"Now," said Sam, "as a matter of fact she's been unfairly blamed for that. It was my idea; I knew sleep was the best preservative of youth. It was hard work to win her around to it when Junior was a baby; but I set my foot down. However, that's only part of it. You've seen what happened here. We've made trouble in every household in town. Well, it happens everywhere. That's why we move around."

"It wouldn't happen in Cambridge," I insisted, but my heart was cold.

"I'm not so sure of that. Cambridge is a fairly large town but a professor and his wife move in a fairly small circle. Your friends' wives will find out that she has special privileges, and they'll want them too. They'll probably perceive, on thinking it over, that it won't work in the average household; but they'll never forgive her for enjoying privileges that they can't afford. Then you'll have to move on. For after all no wife likes to get up at half-past six. Neither does any husband, for that matter, but somebody has to. And nobody can understand why, peculiarly, it ought to be her special privilege."

"Why?" I asked, wondering wildly if she had some incurable disease. Sam looked at his wife and grinned; she looked at him and flushed, and I knew that somehow I'd given the wrong answer in an oral examination.

"Because she's Irita," he said quietly.

I stood up and waved my arms.

"Look here! You're trying to pretend you love her more than I do. But you don't. I've loved her for fifteen years. She saved my soul when I came here and saw what had happened to the rest of my old friends. She never changes—a still unravished bride of quietness; she's just the same, the girl I've always loved. I love her still."

"I know, I know," he said soothingly. "You've built your Grecian-urn complex around her. She's more than Irita to you—she's everything you meant to be fifteen years ago, and aren't. She's your Lost Youth, and the Good Old Days. To me she's just Irita. . . .

Well, John, I admit you offer her something nobody else has ever offered. And if she wants you and you're willing—and able—to pay the price, you can have her."

"I'm willing—" I began, but he cut me off.

"Oh, of course you're willing, but can you? Remember it means that you'll have to go out for breakfast every morning of your life while your beautiful wife sleeps peacefully on in a warm bed; that you'll have to plan everything—everything—not for your convenience but for hers. For you're under more obligation than I am to preserve her beauty; your whole complex is built around the fact that she still looks just as she looked fifteen years ago.

"It won't be easy, John. Taking care of a beautiful woman is a fine art; it has to be learned by long practice. You're going to be damned sorry for yourself now and then; and what will be harder to handle, she's going to be damned sorry for you—now and then. She'll want to get up at half-past six to get your breakfast, and scrub floors; she'll want to do the things other wives do. But if you let her she won't look like the Irita you've loved for fifteen years; she'll begin to look like other men's wives.

"You mustn't let her, even if she wants to. You'll have to take care of her—and you'll have to be prepared to move on from one job to another, to know that in every town you may live in all the married men will hate you and all the married women will despise you; and that Irita will love you desperately about two weeks in each year and the rest of the time will be thinking, off and on, about divorcing you to marry somebody more exciting."

"What of it?" I shouted. "What if she is a symbol of all my lost hopes? I love her anyway. I'll stand anything for her. She's worth it. I want her—at any price."

"Yes, they all say that," said Sam wearily. "You've got the right spirit if you can master the technic. . . . Well, Irita?"

She rose and went to her husband and put her arms around him.

"Sam, you're the only man who ever understood me. The only man who ever really loved me. The only man I've ever really loved."

Stooping, she kissed his bald spot. I fled.

Love is insanity, but unlike other forms of insanity it admits of a speedy cure. Two months later I had recovered far enough to ask Sam Bradley a question that was gnawing me. (For we were still good friends, Sam and I; even Irita and I were beginning to be friends again.)

"Sam, after all, what do you get out of it? For making all possible allowances for that two weeks a year when she loves you desperately, still—"

"Well, it's this way, John. I'm like Mabel Martin. I do my stuff. . . . Remarkable woman, that Mabel Martin. Very intelligent."

"Never mind Mabel Martin. I'm asking about you."

"Why," said Sam reflectively, "any man of sense gets rid of his complexes as soon as he can; he finds out what he can do, and then he goes and does it, regardless. . . . I said my say in that one book, and for a while I felt as if I had no more excuse for taking up room on the earth. And then I found another job that only I could handle.

"I love beauty—beautiful things, beautiful people. I'm a joke to look at, myself, but I saw that in Irita I had a specimen worth preserving. So I learned how to do it. I suppose I could make a million a year rejuvenating fat rich women if I surrounded my formulas with a little medical hocus-pocus. . . . I'd like to own the Elgin marbles and the Vaphio cups and most of the paintings of El Greco, but I can't. However, I've been lucky enough to live with Irita and to keep her beautiful. In my small way I'm a curator of a museum. And you ought to thank me, you and everybody

else who has been cheered up by her beauty—all you sentimentalists who need a symbol."

"But what do you get out of it?" I persisted. "Aside, of course, from this sense of public service."

"Why, I get Irita." (Yes, I mused, he certainly did.) "I can't work miracles; she'll fade some day. But there's Junior—he's a superior person. If I bring him up right and preserve Irita's beauty for a dozen extra years, I've done my job."

"But," I protested, "is it worth being driven out, as you're being driven out here, as you're driven out everywhere?"

"I'm going to Columbia," he said. "We've managed to get Junior a free scholarship in a good private school; and maybe New York is so big that nobody will care when my wife gets up or where I eat breakfast. If it isn't, we'll move on. . . . Worth it? Well, I think so; but that's beside the point. There are only two kinds of people in the world—the ones who let the others worry, and the ones who do the worrying that has to be done. The sons of Mary and the sons of Martha. I'm a son of Martha and I do my stuff."

THE TAINT

BY ROBERT GRAVES

BEING born of a dishonest mother
Who knew one thing and thought the other,
A father too whose golden touch
Was "think small, please all, compass much,"
I am hard put to it to unwind
The early swaddlings of my mind.

Agree, it is better to confess
The occasion of my rottenness
Than in a desperation try
To cloak, dismiss, or justify
The inward taint: of which I knew
Not much until I came to you
And saw it then, furred on the bone,
With as much horror as your own.

You were born clean; and for the sake
Of your strict eyes I undertake
(If such disunion be allowed
To speak a sentence, to go proud
Among the miseries of to-day)
No more to let mere sweetness weigh
As counterbalance in my mind
To being rotten-boned and blind,
Nor to leave honesty and love
In both only for you to prove.

WHERE DO WE GET OUR PREJUDICES?

BY ROBERT L. DUFFUS

WHAT, if you will pardon my asking, does the word "Bolshevik" mean to you? Or "Nordic"? Or "Jew"? Or "Catholic"? Or "German"? Or "Mexican"? Or "tariff"? Or "pacifist"? Or "militarist"? Or "prohibition"? Or "automobile"? Or "motion picture"? Or "chewing gum"? Or any one of a thousand other words?

One answer you may safely make. They do not mean the same to you that they do to me, or to your uncle, your wife, your next-door neighbor, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Ford, Mr. Wayne Wheeler, Mr. Wrigley, Douglas Fairbanks, or the milk man. We assume that there is such a thing as the English language—and perhaps there is. But each of us speaks a different dialect. All we say is like an imperfectly heard conversation over the telephone. The connection is always poor. We are always getting the wrong number. This is because every important word has to carry around, in addition to its dictionary definition, the meaning that each one of us has attached to it as the result of his life's experiences. "Automobile" signifies one thing to a man who is in the hospital recovering from an argument with one, and quite another to a man who has just made a successful speculation in General Motors.

In order to get at the basis upon which these generalizations rest let us assume that a representative group of the readers of this magazine—say twenty or thirty—are given such a list of words as I have mentioned, though preferably a much longer one. Each will receive a large sheet of paper, which will look something like this:

Directions: A. Read through the words and phrases listed below. Consider each one not more than five seconds. If it calls up a disagreeable association, cross it out. You may cross out many or few words. Work as rapidly as you can, but be sure you cross out every word which is more annoying than pleasing, more antagonizing than appealing, more distasteful than attractive.

1. Nordic
2. Disarmament
3. ~~Jew~~
4. Prince of Wales
5. ~~Immigrant~~
6. Protestant
7. ~~Pole~~
8. World Court
9. Ku Klux Klan
10. My Country Right or Wrong
11. ~~Roman Catholic~~
12. 100 per cent American
13. ~~Mohammedan~~
14. ~~Socialist~~
15. ~~Nationalism~~
16. ~~Propaganda~~
17. America First
18. American Legion
19. Made in Germany
20. Pacifist
21. Monroe Doctrine
22. Defense Day
23. Foreigner
24. League of Nations
25. ~~Japanese~~
26. Chinese.
27. Reserve Officers' Training Corps
28. Quaker
29. West Point
30. Radical
31. Non-resistance
32. Independence of Philippines
33. Treaty of Versailles
34. War Veterans
35. National Security League
36. Protective Tariff
37. ~~Turk~~
38. ~~Armenian~~
39. ~~Slav~~
40. ~~Mexican~~
41. ~~Fascisti~~
42. ~~Russian~~
43. ~~French~~
44. ~~Italian~~
45. Greek Catholic
46. Irish
47. ~~Mussolini~~
48. ~~Preparedness~~
49. German
50. Patriot

The result will be that we shall get, not the sober second thought upon which all good citizens are supposed to

act, but the emotional impulses upon which, to some degree, we all do act.

Next we will ask how the pleasant or unpleasant pictures arose in each individual's mind. We may begin with the impression that we have already weighed the pros and cons with regard to these more or less controversial subjects—that our processes of decision have been purely mental. But before we are through, if we are entirely honest with ourselves, we shall see that our conclusions are, in fact, the result of a mixture of thinking and feeling. Every word is topheavy with what we have seen and felt.

Any representative committee of the readers of this magazine would be expected to be open-minded on inter-racial or international questions. Let us suppose that we are trying to measure the exact extent of that open-mindedness. We each take a sheet of paper on which is printed:

According to my first-feeling reactions I should willingly admit members of each group (as a class, and not the best I have known, nor the worst members) to one or more of the relationships under which I have placed a cross (×).

(If you are wholly unfamiliar with any one of the groups, you need make no marks for it. Note that crosses may be put in any number of the six columns.)

	1 To citizenship in my country	2 To my church as full members	3 To my street as neighbors	4 To my employment as fellow workers	5 To my club as personal chums	6 To close kinship by marriage
British						
Chinese						
Czechs						
French						
Germans						
Italians						
Japanese						
Jews						
Mexicans						
Poles						
Russians						

Again, if we are honest, we may find that our instinctive attitudes do not conform exactly to what we have been accustomed to regard as our opinions. And again, if we dig deeply into our emotional life, from childhood up, we may find that the key to our state of mind lies in some ludicrously trivial episode.

The first of these tests I have cribbed from Mr. G. B. Watson, of Teachers' College, Columbia University. The second was invented by Prof. E. S. Bogardus of the University of Southern California. Both have been widely used in a study into the sources of public opinion which is now being conducted by *The Inquiry*, of New York City, under the direction of Mr. E. C. Carter. Mr. Carter and his associates are trying to throw light on what it is that makes our wheels go round.

Mr. S. M. Keeny, working under Mr. Carter's direction, tried a variation of the Watson test on a thousand persons. These "martyrs to science," as Mr. Keeny calls them, were selected from groups who already happened to be interested in the discussion of public questions. They were above the average in education and intelligence—as much so, probably, as the subscribers to this magazine. This is important to remember. We are not dealing with the ignorant or the subnormal, but, if I may indulge in a bit of intellectual arrogance (I shall be less arrogant before I am through) with ourselves.

Of Mr. Keeny's thousand thinking Americans, put to tests such as these, 98 per cent crossed out "Bolshevik," 90 per cent crossed out "Turk," 50 per cent crossed out "Mexican," and 30 per cent crossed out "immigrant." That is, these words had unpleasant associations for those fractions of the group. It was fairly obvious that some of these reactions of distaste—whether justifiable or not is beside the question—could be traced to the newspapers and the motion pictures. We may not think we believe what we read in the newspapers, but if we read it often

enough we do believe it. The films are even more persuasive, for they carry the illusion of reality. To see a Mexican, Japanese, or Russian villain on the screen is only a little less convincing than seeing one in real life. For the immature mind (and all minds are immature at some stage) it may be just as convincing.

The results, on the words just mentioned, and on nearly all racial or national names, are almost the same the country over. When the unpleasant reactions to the mention of a foreign nationality decline perceptibly it is a sure sign that some unusual influence—usually an educational one—has been at work. In the City Normal School of Rochester, New York, courses were given in the history and culture of a number of races. They proved interesting and enjoyable. Consequently the hate-and-fear reactions of the students, when given the Watson test, were abnormally low. Their former racial attitudes had been altered by a little judicially furnished information.

But at least half of Mr. Keeny's cases had—fortunately for our present purpose—escaped this civilizing process. Some of their prejudices were still sufficiently intact to be examined. With Mr. Keeny's permission I am able to present a few of their confessions. Some of them may appear fantastical, but the whole point is that the insides of what we call our minds, if we examine them courageously, *are* a little fantastical.

"When I was a little girl," a woman wrote, "just starting to school, someone told me that in all the Catholic churches the Catholics kept weapons and ammunition in the basements, all ready at the slightest provocation to make war on the Protestants and kill them. The same person told me that she knew a Catholic lady who had said that she could wade in Protestants' blood up to her knees with a smile on her face. I have had Catholic girl friends since then, some of the best friends I have known, but I could never get rid of my first impressions."

Another correspondent, a college student, found it hard to eliminate the picture of a Catholic as one who "hoped to wade knee-deep in Protestant blood in a religious war." Multiply by a few millions and we have the Ku Klux Klan.

"I have always had a prejudice against foreigners," another letter ran. "When we lived in the East and went to Massachusetts each summer we would pass Poles and Italians owning and working farms which our forefathers owned. This sight of the foreigners always aroused in me an intense dislike of them." The dislike stuck. It affected the writer's thinking on all subjects connected with "foreigners" and "foreign" countries.

Then there was the story of Henry B. "My early childhood," this confession began, "was spent in a suburban district of the city of Chicago, and in this place there lived but one family of Jews. This family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. B., and their son Henry. As we were neighbors Henry and I used to play together until one fatal day. While playing house I happened to break one of Mrs. B.'s white milk pitchers, for which Henry admonished me and frightened me terribly. . . . From that day I never played with Henry again, for I both hated him and at the same time was afraid of him. . . . Since my childhood days I have had many pleasant dealings with Jews and Jewesses. Yet when one mentions the name 'Jew' I am liable to grow very angry or condemn the Jewish race in a terrible manner, for then . . . the recollection of my childhood experience comes to mind."

A trivial incident, no doubt, but a million such trivialities make a mountain of prejudice. Put this beside it: "When I was quite young my mother read me the story of Oliver Twist. I remember quite plainly how angry I became when I learned the full extent of Fagin's operations as affecting Oliver. There was also a picture of the old Jew, showing him in all the horror imaginable—stooped, filthy, ragged, sly, sneaking, all

the worst possible traits. Then I saw a few years ago Lon Chaney play the part on the screen. This performance capped the climax. Since then I have looked upon most Jews with somewhat of aversion."

One of Mr. Keeny's correspondents disliked Spaniards because he had read of Spanish cruelties in the conquest of America. To another, a Jew, the word "Turk" called up "a vivid picture of a malignantly cruel, black-skinned man in oriental garb who stood triumphant over the prostrate body of a blood-stained victim." A boy of twelve tied a can to a Mexican's dog, was terribly alarmed when its irate master chased him, and now, as a grown man, still feels "a natural repugnance whenever I see or hear the word 'Mexican.'" One woman admits "a rather decided prejudice against the negro." She adds, "I don't know why I have this feeling, unless it is because when I was a small child a story was told me of a white girl who was kidnapped by two negro renegades. The picture, even to-day, is very vivid to me."

A child acquired a lifelong fear and dislike of Mexicans because, when she was six years old, her father went to Mexico City on business and during his absence her mother "frequently voiced apprehensions for his safety."

"When the word 'foreigner' is mentioned," another young lady admitted, "I think of limburger cheese. In grade school an immigrant girl of respectable family sat opposite me. During school hours she was continually eating limburger cheese, keeping a great smelly piece in her desk. I was talking about it to some friends. They laughed and said, 'Oh, well, she's a foreigner.'"

Sometimes the pictures are too personal to generalize about. A certain woman finds the mention of "flag drill" disagreeable. Is it because she is defective in what a member of the American Security League might regard as patriotism? Not at all. "This feeling," she writes, "is probably due to an incident that occurred when I was about seven years old. On one occasion our class gave a flag drill. All the girls wore white fluffy dresses except me. I didn't have any, and so had to wear an old blue striped dress that I had always greatly disliked. I was very much humiliated, and my heart ached for a white, ruffly dress. . . . From that time to this I have invariably associated flag drill with an old blue striped dress, and it is a decidedly unpleasant association."

II

In *all* these cases the incidents lay sufficiently near the surface of the memory to be readily brought up. In most cases they were *always* brought up by the mention of certain words. Just how far these pictures controlled the individual's actions is not easy to say. Probably it was more than the individual himself, or herself, realized. Nor is it a simple matter to determine why certain incidents should be remembered so vividly, and not others. Nor can one more than guess at the forgotten experiences, each doing its share toward determining our emotional attitudes, that are buried in our subconscious minds. At the best that is a job for the psychoanalyst. It does seem certain, however, that much which our conscious minds seem completely to have forgotten still helps to guide our opinions and our prejudices. The weight of evidence is that the trail leads back to the experiences of childhood.

Mr. Bruno Lasker, also of *The Inquiry*, has analyzed the results of a questionnaire on race attitudes in children. The data seemed to indicate that we are not born prejudiced. Nature does not plant in our hearts such convictions as one youngster expressed: "The Italians are a very unclean and sneaking race. The Chinese and Japs are a stealing and distrustful people. The Mexicans are a stingy and conspiracy people. The Portuguese are a very bloodthirsty and dishonest people. Germans are hateful

because of their love for war and bloodshed." Or these: "Chinese, too crafty. Cannibals, eat up people. Serbians, not clean people. Germans, war makers. Turkeys, torturers."

Children acquire beliefs like this exactly as they acquire their language, their games and their gang traditions. They learn from their parents, their school teachers, their companions, and, as they grow older, from motion pictures, newspapers, magazines, and books. Being human, they learn what isn't so just as thoroughly as what is so and believe it just as firmly.

The most primitive form of race prejudice is fear—the savage's hostility to a member of a tribe not his own, the child's dread of a stranger who differs in some marked way from its own father or mother. But even this doesn't seem to be inborn. It is put into the child's nature by some outside influence, or influences, after the child comes into the world. Let a parent manifest race prejudice by a word or even a gesture, or a facial expression, and the child will imitate. Race prejudice may begin before the boy or girl has learned to talk.

When the child is five or six years old the fear may turn into hostility—a race riot in miniature. There will be a stage when foreigners are merely absurd and amusing. Finally, among children of different races attending the higher grades of the same school there will be jealousy arising out of the competition for marks and honors. By this time the child of the "superior" breed has learned that the child of the "inferior" should be kept in his place. Groups form, sharp social lines are drawn, and the chasm between black and white, white and yellow, or "American" and "Wop" is likely to become permanent. Even though in a fit of deliberate liberalism we try to bridge it in later life, we frequently cannot.

Most of us don't try. We merely rationalize. The middle-aged business man who swallows the Nordic gospel hook, line, and sinker to-day, may believe that he got his reasons from Lothrop Stoddard, or that his shrinking from contact with the lesser breeds is the will of God. But the chances are that he learned it all at school, along with his arithmetic and geography, or at home, along with his table manners.

Girls, being earlier responsive to group traditions and loyalties, are found to become race conscious sooner than their brothers. As they grow older the social pressure arising from a dread of intermarriage becomes stronger. They begin to fear, not without reason, that broad-mindedness in their relations with the "inferior" races may cause them to lose caste. A boy's caste, somehow, seems less fragile. Yet boys of sixteen are commonly found to be more snobbish than boys of twelve. There has been more time and more experiences with which to build prejudice—to educate in jealousy and dislike.

All this affords a hint as to how our opinions get into us. They are not made what they are by heredity. They are not produced by accurately digested facts. They are all that our lives are—colorful, unreasonable, egoistic.

But what, aside from the natural interest in playing a game, is the use of knowing this? Simply that we may come a little closer to real thinking, the greatest game of all. It is not until we get out just such a mental mirror as these tests provide, and look ourselves squarely in the eye, that we realize how far we are from unbiased thought, and how fascinating the thinking process might be made.

As this is being written a general strike is going on in Great Britain. I take two morning newspapers. One of them continually irritates me because of what seems to me the prejudices shown by its correspondents. With the other I feel a warm glow of sympathy. It is on my side. Though I try to weigh the evidence carefully, its reports seem to me nearer the truth than those of the other paper. But have I actually given the subject judicial consideration? I sus-

pect not. If I deliberately pull up my opinions by the roots and examine them I find clinging to them fragments of my own life—early friendships, early antagonisms. I have greatly admired So-and-So, and he has influenced me tremendously. I know what he would think of the strike, I still want his approval (though he may be dead, or thousands of miles away), and so I try to think as he would think. And he is but one of many influences, pulling me in the same direction.

I live, let us suppose, in a factory town. A strike is going on. I pass along a certain street and see the strikers brutally knocked about by the police. My emotions are aroused. I become pro-labor. I may even develop into a Socialist or a Communist. But assume that I take another route and hear a peculiarly unattractive orator—a foreign one, perhaps—making a speech. I go a little farther and come on a crowd of strikers beating a "scab." In this case, too, my emotions are stirred up, and unless other and more powerful influences act upon me, I may ultimately join the Chamber of Commerce, vote for Mr. Coolidge, and throw up my hat for Mr. Churchill. These are, necessarily, crude illustrations. Yet the forces which actually do shape some of our most important beliefs are certainly no less haphazard.

The liveliest issue in America at this moment is prohibition. I have an opinion with respect to it. Of what is this opinion composed? I seem to distinguish a number of components. Item one: a great-uncle, a man of brilliant promise in his youth, who drank himself to death in late middle age. Item two: John Bailey, reeling down past our house on a Sunday afternoon, falling helplessly over a barbed wire fence and being carted off to the lock-up. Item three: certain poetic allusions to wine, which I came upon in early youth and which call up visions of the vintage in ancient Greece, of the Mermaid Tavern, of good talks across a spotted tablecloth. Item four: an argument *for* prohibition by a man I didn't like. I add up these and other items, subtract the minus quantities, and have what I call an opinion. It may be reinforced with a selected lot of sociological and economic data, but it is not based upon such data. I really don't feel that I ought to be allowed to vote on any prohibition measure. My only comfort is that neither ought very many others. For I do not believe that what I may call my political turpitude is beyond the average.

We are accustomed to think of the nation as *making up its mind* on great public questions. On the theory that masses of people can and do make up their minds in a rational and purposeful way democracy rests. But if the line of thought we have been following means anything, nothing of the sort occurs. Remove the lid from a great political upheaval—remove the catchwords and slogans, the verbal insignia of class and occupation—and something like chaos appears beneath. How crude are all political tests when we examine even one individual, selected more or less at random! Our elections, courts, and legislatures are the clumsiest of recording instruments. They can measure only undigested lumps of opinion; they cannot dissect and analyze and so come at the truth.

But what is necessary, I take it, is not the abolition of democracy or the installation of new political machinery. We need humility, especially among the so-called leaders of opinion. We need tolerance—and not so much that tolerance which is a Christian virtue as that which arises from a scientific recognition of the high percentage of fallacy and irrationality in our own beliefs. The wisest man at this stage of the world's affairs is he who knows that none of us is wise.

HINTS FOR THOSE ABOUT TO TRAVEL

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

A YEAR or two ago a lively book was published called *The Happy Traveller*. It is not an indispensable work if you have booked your passage, or are on a ship's articles, for only Providence can help you then, but it is a cheerful companion if you would know what long journeys are like in parts, without making them. Its author, the Rev. Frank Tatchell, proved he had seen enough of the world to satisfy a crew of able seamen. He had seen it from the by-roads, the high roads, the decks of local trading ships, and the windows of third-class railway carriages. He had seen it because, apparently, he wanted to; and he had enjoyed it all, or most of it. He had some heroic advice for those who, he judged, might be infected by his own enthusiasm, and indeed his book would induce many young men to pull on their boots forthwith: "Be cheerful and interested in everything," he tells us; and, "Do not bother too much about your inside."

But what I sought in his volume was not the Malay for Thank you, which he gave me, but what set him going. Why did he do it? There is a word, frequently seen in glossy narrative, "Wanderlust." The very lemmings must know it. It excuses almost anything in the way of travel lunacy, even to herding with Russian emigrants for fun. It is used as a flourish by those who hope we shall fail to notice that they are uncertain what to do with themselves. Mr. Tatchell, however, does not use it once. Yet you see him hustling through the bazaar at Bhamo, where you do not meet many tourists; and he discovers that the half-castes of the Society Isles are especially charming, though he does not pretend that it is worth while voyaging to the South Seas to confirm that; or he peeps into the Malayan forest long enough to note "myriads of leeches in all directions humping and hastening towards the traveller." He certainly saw those leeches.

He saw them *hump*. But why did he foregather with them, and go to smell Bhamo? For out of so varied an experience he returns but to assure romantic youth sitting on the bollards of our quays and gazing seaward wistfully, "Elephants dislike having white men approach them from behind." Or of this, "If you should become infested with fleas, sleep out on a bed of bracken one night, and in the morning you will be free from the pests." Such fruits of travel seem hardly enough. Mr. Tatchell himself was decidedly a happy traveler, and the cause of happiness in others —his book can be commended in confidence—for he admits that his method of enjoying himself in a strange bed is to sing aloud the aria, "Why do the Nations?" But he does not tell us what sent him roving, nor does he produce any collection of treasures, except oddities such as the warning to white men about approaching the behinds of elephants, and *Vinakka vinnakka!* (Fijian for *bravo.*)

Perhaps those little curiosities are enough. We are pleased to hear of them. What else was there to get? It would be very hard for most voyagers to explain convincingly why they became restless, and went to sea. Some do it to get away from us, some to get away from

themselves, and some because they cannot help it. I shall not forget the silliness which gave me my first sight of Africa. The office telephone rang. "Oh, is that you? Well, we want you to go to Algeria at once." I went downstairs hurriedly to disperse this absurdity. But it was no good. I had to go. And because I was argumentative about it, they added Tripoli and Sicily—which served me right. After all, while in Africa, one is necessarily absent from Fleet Street. I should have remembered that.

Mr. Tatchell tells us that even a poor man, if he does not leave it till he is in bondage to the income-tax collector or the Poor Law officials, may see all the world. I suppose he may. With sufficient health, enterprise, and impudence, a young fellow could inveigle himself out of it without paying a lot of money to the P. &. O. Company; though it wants some doing nowadays, under the present rules of the Mercantile Marine Board and the seafarers' unions. Shipowners do not lightly engage to pay compensation for accidents to inexperienced hands whose sole recommendation is that they want to see the world so wide. As for getting a berth for the voyage cheaply, it would be foolish to suppose that agents for passenger ships are willing to forgive the fact that you are poor, and will shake Cornucopia about freely. Why should they? You have to pay across the counter in exchange for a ticket, and at the post-war rates. If anyone doubts that this is a hard world, let him cut the painter at Port Said, with a shilling in his pocket, and note what will happen. In some difficult regions you must travel on foot with the natives, and live with them; and that costs very little, even in a land otherwise expensive, but those unsophisticated coasts must first be reached. That simple way of a nomad is all very well in the wilderness, but I think any reasonable man, however thirsty he may be for a draught of primitive Life, would hesitate before sequestering himself in native cities like Calcutta and Singapore, counting cannily the lesser coins, and traveling about there in third-class carriages. I noticed that even Mr. Tatchell shrank from the prospect of getting from island to island of Indonesia with the deck passengers. I am not surprised. One is easily satisfied there with an occasional hour on the lower deck, in converse with a picturesque native elder. But to eat and sleep there for weeks, among the crowing cocks, the banana skins, the babies, the dried fish, and men and women spitting red stuff after chewing betel nut! It has been done, I believe, but the shipping companies and all their officers set their faces against it. They do not encourage Europeans to travel even second class in those seas, though there is hardly any difference between the cabins of the two classes. Of course, if one were anything of an Orientalist, it would be ridiculous to keep to the first saloon with the Europeans when there were Arab and Chinese merchants in an inferior saloon of the ship.

I do not know how one plans a long voyage, and maintains the excellent plan scientifically through all its difficulties. I have never done any planning. A ship seems to have drifted my way at last by chance, and then, if I did not hesitate too long about it, I went in her, though always for a reason very inadequate. One bitter and northerly Easter I read, because gardening was impossible, Bates' *The Naturalist on the River Amazon*. The famous illustration of that spectacled entomologist in trousers and a check shirt, standing with an insect net in a tropical forest surrounded by infuriated toucans, fixed me when casually I pulled the volume off a library shelf. The book had not been specially commended to me, but its effect was instant. And the picture that artful naturalist drew of the pleasures of Santa Belem de Para, when contrasted with the sleet of an English spring, made me pensive over a fire. I had never seen the tropics. And what a name it is, the Amazon! And what a delightful book is Bates'!

Yet when I enquired into this enticement, Para might as well have been in another star. One may go cheaply to Canada, and risk it. That trick cannot be played on the tropics with impunity. I had the propriety to guess that. Then, one night, a sailor came home from sea, and just before he left he spoke of his next voyage. They were going to Para, and up the Amazon; and up a tributary of that river never before navigated by an ocean-going steamer. "Nonsense," I said, "it cannot be done—not if you draw, as you say you do, nearly twenty-four feet. And it means rising about six hundred feet above sea level."

"You can talk," the sailor replied, "but I've seen the charter. We're going, and I wish we weren't. Sure to be fevers. Besides, a ship has no right inside a continent."

I began thinking of Bates. My friend turned up the collar of his coat before going into the rain. "Look here," he said, "if you have any doubt about it, you may take the trip. There's a cabin we don't use."

I never gave that preposterous suggestion a second thought, but I did write, for a lively morning newspaper, my sailor's mocking summary of what that strange voyage might have in store. The editor, a day later, met me on the office stairs. "That was an amusing lie of yours this morning," he said. I answered him that it was written solely in the cause of science and navigation. What was more, I assured him earnestly, I had been offered a berth on the ship for the proof of doubters. "Well," said the editor, "you shall go and prove it." He meant that. I could see by the challenging look in his eye that nothing much was left about which to argue. He prided himself on his swift and unreasonable decisions.

Somehow, as that editor descended the stairs, showing me the finality of his back, the attractive old naturalist of the Amazon with his palms at Para, toucans, spectacles, butterflies, and everlasting afternoon of tranquillity in the forest of the tropics, was the less alluring. This meant packing up; and for what? Even the master of the steamer could not tell me that.

It is better to obey the mysterious index, without any fuss, when it points a new road, however strange that road may be. There is probably as much reason for it, if the truth were known, as for anything else. It would be absurd, in the manner of Browning and Mr. Tatchell, to greet the unseen with a cheer, and thus flatter it; but when circumstances begin to look as though they intend something different for us, perhaps the proper thing to do is to get into accord with them, to see what will happen.

There was no doubt about that voyage, either. I take this opportunity to thank an autocratic editor for his cruel decision one morning on the office stairs, a trivial episode he has completely forgotten. It is worth the break, and the discomfort of a winter dock, and the drive out in the face of hard westerly weather, to come up a ship's companion one morning, and to see for the first time the glow of sunrise above the palisade of the jungle. You never forget the warm smell of it, and its light; though that simple wonder might not be thought worth a hard fight with gales in the western ocean. Yet later, when by every reasonable estimate of a visitor accustomed to the assumption as though it were eternal—savage, flamboyant, yet silent and desolate—the voyager begins to feel vaguely uneasy. He cannot meet that lofty and somber regard with the cheerful curiosity of the early part of the voyage. He feels lost. St. Paul's cathedral does not seem so influential as once it did, nor man so important. And perhaps it is not an unhealthful surmise either that man may be only a slightly disturbing episode on earth after all, and had better look out; a hindering and humbling notion of that sort would have done him no harm, if of late years it had given him pause.

Well, something of that sort is about as much as one should expect to get out

of the experience, that and the ability to call for a porter in Fijian or Chinese. But is it not sufficient? It is hardly as tangible as hearing earlier than the people at home of the wealth of oil at Balikpapan, or what comes of getting in at the Rand on the ground floor. Even as book material it is not so sparkling as Lady Hester Stanhope, or as exciting as sword-fish angling off the Bermudas. Nor does it provide any inspiration, once you are home again, to get to work to plant the British flag where it will do the lucky ones most good. There seems hardly anything in it, and yet you feel that you could not have done any better, and are not sorry it turned out just so.

Besides, there were the men one met. It would not be easy to analyze the impulse which sent one traveling, an impulse strong enough, if vague, to overcome one's natural desire to be let alone. What did one want, or expect to learn? It would be hard to say. But you are aware, in rare moments, that you have got something almost as good as a word about a new oil-field, through some chance converse with a stranger, about nothing in particular. For it might have been night in the Malacca Strait, with little to give reasonable conviction of the realities except the stars, the tremor of the ship's rail, and the glow of a shipmate's cigar; and the other man might not have said much. You had previously noticed he was not that kind. But his casual relation of an obscure adventure—rather as if the droning of the waters had become a significant utterance—gave an abiding content to the shadows.

II

Travel, we are often told, gives light to the mind. I have wondered whether it does. Consider the sailors. They are supposed to travel widely. They see the cities of the world, and the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. And—well, do you know any sailors? If you do, then you may have noticed that not infrequently their opinions seem hardly more valuable than yours and mine. Yet it must be said for them that they rarely claim an additional value for their opinions because they have anchored off Colombo. They know better than that. They know, very likely, that all the cities of the world can no more give us what was withheld at our birth than our unaided suburb. As much convincing folly may be heard at Penang as at Peckham. The sad truth is, one is as likely to grow wiser during a week-end at Brighton as in a "black Bilbao tramp"

> "With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
> And a drunken Dago crew,
> And her nose held down on the old trail,
> our own trail, the out trail,
> From Cadiz, south on the Long Trail—
> the trail that is always new."

The fascination and illusion of that Out Trail! The other day, a man, a wise and experienced traveler, who knows deep water better than most of us, who has hunted whales, and even enjoyed being out of soundings in literature, overheard a voice near us on a dock-head exclaim in delight at the sight of a ship outward bound, "I wish I were aboard her." He said to me quietly, "I felt like that, too, but really, you know, I don't want to be aboard. I'm a little bit afraid of the sea."

So am I. That is one thing, at least, I have learned in travel. I do not love the sea. The look of it is disquieting. There is something in the very sound of it that stirs the apprehension we feel when we listen to noble music; we become inexplicably troubled. It is not the fear of mishap, though that may not be absent. It is more than that, for after all one is much safer in a good ship than when crossing the road at Charing Cross.

It may be a surmise of one's inconsequence in that immensity of sky and water. And our inconsequence has not been always obvious to us. The ministrations of a city nourish the pride of the

social animal and yet make him a dependable creature. Turn him into the open and he shrinks from all that light. The dread problems that our energetic fellow men create in the cities or plains make us myopic through the intensity of our peering alarm. We become sure that even the empyrean must watch our activities with grave interest. Yet we may be deceived in that; for on blue water one cannot help noting that the sky does not appear to act with any regard for our interest, and the sea itself is so inscrutable, so vast, and moves with a rhythm that so diminishes one's own scope and measure, that a voyager may imagine he is confronted by majesty, though an impersonal majesty, without ears or eyes or ruth. That is not comfortable to a sense of self-importance.

Do we travel to learn such things? Of course not. The promise to diminish a feeling of self-importance in a traveler is not one of Messrs. Cook's happy inducements. We do not travel for that. If we get it at all, we are welcome to it, without extra charge. You must pay more if you want to have a cabin to yourself. There are additional charges, too, if you would deviate from the schedule of your voyage. Should you put off at Penang for a week, and continue by the next ship, that fun must be paid for. Eager still for the end of the rainbow—which, so far on a long voyage, you have not reached, to your surprise and disappointment—you leave your ship at Barbadoes, consult the chart, and judge that what you really want is at Curaçoa, at Surinam, at Trinidad, or some other place where you are not; and at a great expense of time and money you go. No use. There again you find that you have taken yourself with you. No rainbow's end!

I have often wondered what people see who travel round the world in a liner furnished with the borrowings of a city's club-life and other occasions for idling; Panama, San Francisco, Honolulu, Yokohama, Hong-Kong, Batavia, and Rangoon, all those variations of scenery for the club windows; and so home again. What do they see? The anchorage of Sourabaya is no more revealing than that of Havre, if warmer: a mole, ships at rest, some straight miles of ferro-concrete quays in the distance, flat gray acres of the galvanized roofs of sheds, and a tower or two beyond. True, there are the clouds of the tropics to watch, and a Malay polishing the ship's brass. Only the mate and the captain are at lunch, for the others have gone ashore. You may make what romance you can out of that.

The others have gone ashore? All the great seaports I have seen have been very much alike; and these liners rarely stay at one long enough to make easy the discovery of difference. You have no time to get lost. You arrive, and then an inexorable notice is chalked on the blackboard at the head of the ship's gangway, to which a quartermaster draws your attention as you leave the ship. The old city is two miles away, and the ship sails in two hours. No chance, you see, to get comfortably mislaid and forgotten. Besides, you run off with a car-load of other passengers. Unless the car skids into a ditch the game is up.

Well, after all, that grudging sense of disappointment comes of intemperance with fascinating place-names and illusions. We expect to have romance displayed for us, as though it were a greater Wembley, and it is not. Travelers who "dash" round the world, as the febrile interviewers tell us, who dash across the Sahara or the Atlantic, then get into other speedy engines and dash again, expectant of a full life and their money's worth, might as well dash to Southend and back till they run over a dog; or dash their brains out, and thus fulfil their destiny. But I am not decrying travel, though sailors, I have been made painfully aware, are much amused by the expectations of those to whom a ship is an interlude of variegated enchantment between the serious affairs of life. I enjoy travel, and a little of it now and then is good for us, if we do not

make demands which only lucky chance may fulfil.

The best things in travel are all undesigned, and perhaps even undeserved. I had never seen a whale, for instance, and recently was watching the very waters of the Java Sea where one of them might have been good enough to reward me. Nothing like a whale appeared. Too late for that sort of thing, perhaps. This is the day of the submarine. Or perhaps I stared from the ship listlessly, and with no faith, not caring much whether there were whales and wonders in these days or not. Anyhow, my last chance went. On my way home, while just to the south of Finisterre, I came out of my cabin a little after sunrise merely to look at the weather (which was fine) and a tiny cloud, rounded and defined, was dispersing over the waves, less than a mile away. Shrapnelling? Then a number of those faint rounded clouds of vapor shaped intermittently. The ship was in the midst of a school of whales. There was a sigh—like the exhaust of a locomotive—and a body which seemed to rival the steamer in bulk appeared alongside; we barely missed that shadow of a submerged island. The officer of the watch told me afterwards that the ship's stem nearly ran over it.

That was a rare incident, however, and perhaps not worth counting. Yet all the significant things in travel come that way. Once in heavy weather I saw a derelict sailing ship; our steamer left its course to inspect her. But she was dead. There was no movement aboard her, except the loose door of a deckhouse. It flung open as we drew near, but nobody came out. The seas ran as they pleased about her deck fixtures. It was sunset, and just when we thought she had gone, for she had slipped over the summit of an upheaval, her skeleton appeared again in that waste, far astern, against the bleak western light. I felt in that moment that only then had the sea shown itself to me.

It is the chance things in travel that appear to be significant. The light comes unexpectedly and obliquely. Perhaps the gods try us. They want to see whether we are asleep. If we are watchful we may get a bewildering hint, but placed where nobody would have expected to find it. We may spend the rest of the voyage wondering what that meant. A casual coast suddenly fixed by so strange a glow that one looks to the opposite sky fearfully; the careless word which makes you glance at a stranger, and doubt your fixed opinion; an ugly city, which you are glad to leave, transfigured and jubilant as you pass out of its harbor; these are the incidents that give a sense of discovery to a voyage. We are on more than one voyage at a time. We never know where Manoa may be. There are no fixed bearings for the City of Gold.

The Lion's Mouth

MOVE ON! MOVE ON!

BY CAROLINE ELIZA VOSE

"TRULY, we had the worst stateroom, my dear. It was something terrible, and I was sick all the way home, deathly sick, and had to stay in it almost every minute. We had two bad storms, and the ship tossed about like an eggshell. Oh, it was a perfectly frightful voyage. Why, the Captain said he'd never known it to be so rough." Pretty Mrs. Blabson shuddered.

She and her husband had just returned from a pleasure trip to Europe, and I was making a welcome-home call on her.

"Let's see, you'd never been in Italy before—didn't you love it?" I asked, my mind going vividly back to the drive along the Appian Way, to the glorious gardens of Tivoli, and to the Ducal Palace in Venice.

"Yes, only it's so dirty, my dear, smelly and dirty, and I didn't care for the food either. Mr. Blabson hated it, too. I don't see how the Italians stand it."

"But surely Rome must have given you a thrill," I persisted.

"Well, of course we weren't there very long and I had a splitting headache one day. Whenever I think of Rome I shall always think of that headache. Mr. Blabson was worried about me. He—"

"Did you go into Germany this time?" I interrupted rudely.

"No. Mr. Blabson wanted to, but I said I would not go. Perhaps some people may have forgotten the war. I haven't." Mrs. Blabson's tone indicated that possibly I might have. "For my part I felt it too keenly to— Excuse me a minute. That's the man for the draperies and I want to speak to him."

Mrs. Blabson left me alone in her rugless, drapery-less living room, the condition of which she had profusely apologized for. She'd had to take the rugs up, for she'd found moths in them, yes, moths, and she was sending her draperies to be cleaned. She sent them every spring. Besides, she and Mr. Blabson were to open their summer home in about two weeks and it was hardly worth while to do much to this town house—except clean it, of course. Mrs. Blabson is a neat woman.

When she came back into the room she began, "There, I do want to tell you about our stay in Paris, my dear. We enjoyed it so much. We were in the sweetest hotel, not large, but comfortable and cheap, ridiculously cheap. There were the nicest people there. A lot of Americans." Mrs. Blabson spoke as if Americans were a rare treat to her. "One couple, Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins from Cincinnati, a banker and his wife, were awfully congenial. We just went around together all the time. Mrs. Tompkins and I did heaps of shopping—the Paris shops are so fascinating—and in the evening we four played bridge. They both play a corking game, and it's so seldom a man and his wife both play good bridge."

I wondered why Mr. and Mrs. Blabson hadn't stayed at home and played bridge with the Wickhams next door. They both play well, but I merely said,

"I hope after you get back from Beachmere this fall you are going to be in town with us a while."

"I can't tell yet. I suppose Mr. Blabson will want to run up into the woods for a few weeks in October. We usually do, you know. And then next winter we may go South. Mr. Tompkins told us about a place they go to in Florida that's very exclusive. It's kind of a club and you have to be recommended and all that sort of thing, and he and Mrs. Tompkins are going to recommend us. When they were saying good-by, Mr. Tompkins called out, 'Don't forget those bridge dates you have with us in Florida next winter!' By the way, my dear, *do* you happen to know of a cook? I am trying everywhere to get a cook to take to Beachmere and I am having the worst time. I've engaged a second maid who is going to be fairly satisfactory, I think, and our old chauffeur came back to us, which is nice. I do wish, though, I could find a cook. A good experienced cook is so important."

I heartily agreed that all the cooks I'd known, whatever their character and experience, had considered themselves most important, but murmured that personally I was far better acquainted with ignorant general-housework girls, and then to change the subject, inquired, "Did you see the Tippmans while you were gone?"

"Yes, we saw them in London, invited them to dinner with us—pretty poor dinner, too. Mr. Blabson kept apologizing for it. We were awfully disappointed in the place we took them to. We thought it was going to be nice."

"When are they coming home?"

"Oh, they've practically decided to stay another year, and I don't blame them one bit. As Estelle said, they can live so much better and cheaper almost anywhere over there than they can here that it's foolish for them to come back and open their house. That house is pretty big for those two women, and now that servants are such a problem they're better off in Europe. I think Addie would like to come home this summer, but I don't believe they will, that is if they can find somewhere to go. They've traveled so much there aren't very many places left that are new enough to interest them."

Involuntarily I gasped. The plutocratic, travel-surfeited Tippman sisters, owners of a charming house here at home, wandering around Europe desperately searching for unvisited places in which to eat, sleep, and save their money, and the Blabsons spending their time having their town house cleaned, closing it, dismissing their servants, going to Europe to meet Americans and play bridge, opening their summer home, closing it, going to a luxurious camp in the woods in the autumn, going South in the winter to play bridge, returning to open and clean their town house, and trying to decide what to do and where to go during March, April, and May—frankly, this was quite beyond my limited, feeble comprehension.

And yet the Blabsons and Tippmans are not unique. Oh, no, they belong to a merry group of movers, among whom are the automobile movers. I mean not those who move automobiles, but those who are moved in and, apparently, by automobiles. To this class belong my next-door neighbors, the Plumptons—though, to be exact, they are seldom next door, and they are fast becoming neighbors in the Biblical sense of the word only.

The Plumptons are governed by automobiles, roads, and hotels which naturally lead them up hill and down, and over the rough places as well as the smooth. Despite the fact that the Plumptons cover a fabulous number of miles every year, they can't always go where they want to go. If they hear of a particularly good road they feel they ought to travel over that, be the scenery as ugly as a nineteenth-century mourning-piece chromo; or sometimes if they hear of a hilly, rough piece of road, they must perforce travel that to prove what

phenomenal stunts their car can perform on "high" and what marvelous springs it has. Just the other day while they were at home for a brief between-trips stay Mr. Plumpton, during a lengthy, illustrated lecture he delivered to me on a certain road which evidently resembled a much be-bunkered golf course, declared emphatically, "Why we rode along as smoothly and easily as if we'd been in a baby carriage, in a baby carriage, and that's the truth. Now would you believe it!"

I assured him I'd gladly believe it—for I am a great believer in everything—but at the same time I'd like to know how long it's really been since stout, middle-aged Mr. Plumpton has personally tested out the riding qualities of any baby carriage.

Without my having to ask, of his own accord, Mr. Plumpton triumphantly told me he'd "driven his advanced six, seventeen thousand miles, yes, sir, seventeen thousand miles"—or was it seventy thousand miles?—"without having the carbon cleaned or the valves ground. How's that!"

Of course it's all right with me—I hope it is with you—only I'm not familiar enough with carbon to decide whether it's advisable to keep it spotlessly clean or to let it get a bit soiled perhaps in order to take away that new look, while my snap judgment on valves would be to have them ground often so as to prevent their becoming dull and blunt.

Now the Plumptons do not motor about in any lighthearted, joyous manner, stopping where and when they will. They do not seek out quaint, undiscovered places or stay at funny, interesting little inns. Never! The Plumptons plan their trips with rigid meticulousness, and are stern with themselves. They must "do" a certain number of miles in a certain length of time. What of it if the delicate, sweet-smelling apple blossoms are at the height of their short season? What of it if exquisite changing lights are playing over the distant mountains, or the buttercups are a riot of gold by the roadsides? The Plumptons can't loiter to enjoy them. Not they. They must be ever speeding on and on—on "high" if possible. There's a hotel the Blithers have told them about where the chicken dinners or the pickled pigs' feet dinners—one or the other—are delicious, and they must get there before the dining room closes, or they must "make" fashionable Maplegoose Farm by seven-thirty. Wired for reservations? Of course they wired. If you don't know that's necessary, Maplegoose would be wasted on you.

So the Plumptons motor about, strictly according to schedule, from conventional hotel to conventional hotel, from well-known roadhouse to well-known roadhouse, and then later furnish, free of charge, detailed accounts of their trips to friends, relatives, and chance acquaintances.

The Skipwells don't always move in an automobile and they don't move far, but from June to September they move almost constantly between their summer and winter home. They have a cottage at Sillyvale, fifteen miles out of town, where many of their town friends have cottages, because as Mrs. Skipwell says, "We must get out of the city during the hot weather, and we like going where our friends go. We love the country. It's so much better for the children, too. In fact we all enjoy the change." By change she means the change from the city to Sillyvale, and from Sillyvale back to the city again. The whole family, children and all, daily come into town to shop, to attend parties, to have a shampoo or manicure, to call at the doctor's, to have a tooth filled, to go to ball games, the movies, and what not. There wasn't a blistering day last summer that I didn't meet at least one of the Skipwells on the street. There's no doubt of it—they enjoy change.

So does my cousin Marietta who is just back from New York, and who called this morning to get me to help her decide whether to close her house, board her Airedale dog somewhere, and go

abroad—"Those student tours are so cheap, and the accommodations are very good"—or whether to rent a camp at Scraggly Grove near here where she can take her dog and go for week-ends.

Marietta was really annoyed when I suggested that, just for a change, she remain right in her own home and entertain her Airedale dog there for a while. She insisted I am speedily becoming a hopelessly settled-down old maid, and that my opinion isn't worth a single thing. And when I tried to appease Marietta by an invitation to stay to luncheon with me, she refused, saying, "Thanks, I can't possibly to-day," and then looking at her watch added, "I'd no idea it was so late. I *must* move on."

"IF"

(With Apologies to Kipling)

BY V. L. SHEPHERD

IF you can keep your hair when all about you
Are shearing theirs and wanting you to, too,
If you can hold your tongue when others mock you,
But make allowance for their mocking, too;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To keep your hair long, after theirs is gone,
And hold on to it when there's nothing in you
Except the will which says to you, "Hold On!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your locks too,
Or walk with "Sheiks"—nor lose your common sense;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If women dub you "Freak" in self-defense;

If you can smile with not a hat to fit you,
If you can sigh, but never shed a tear,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—You'll be a lady, dear.

THE COMEDY OF A QUEEN

BY CARL NIEMEYER

THE priest remained obdurate. After all, queens meant little to him; in the course of a long life he had seen a good many of them. He had learned that they, like other women, wept when they could not have their way, and that like other women's, too, their demands were usually quite unreasonable. Absently he smoothed the hair of the kneeling Queen Panope, and looked over her head at Mount Parnassus rising above the marble buildings huddled at its base. "Your request is impossible," he murmured, hoping in his heart that he was appearing as implacable as the mountain.

At these words of the priest Panope arose and, looking intently at the Pythian hierarch, asked the question that even hierarchs find difficulty in answering satisfactorily. "Why?" she demanded.

"The oracle," explained the priest patiently, "was put here by the Far Shooter as a means of interpreting his will. We priests are merely accessories; it is quite impossible for us to influence any answer the Pythian may give."

"Sometimes," returned Queen Panope, "I have doubts about this Apollo. Surely Anaxander, my husband, is the most reverent king in Hellas and certainly none receives fewer favors."

"My child!" protested the priest.

"Perhaps he is too reverent," continued Panope. "Perhaps the Far Shooter, like his brother Ares, favors the fighters; and Zeus knows the king is not that! Don't you understand?" she cried suddenly. "That's why I'm begging you to do this. Anaxander will

never fight unless the Pythian advises it. If she doesn't he's likely to let the Spartans take from him the little land he now possesses."

"Listen a moment," interposed the priest. "Your insistence has made it necessary for me to share with you a secret; we may call it that, I think. We priests have learned that the Spartan force is so far superior to your husband's that he must surely be defeated. For Anaxander's sake we have decided to—to interpret the response of the Pythian"—here he glanced narrowly at the queen—"as being opposed to his attacking Sparta."

"Are you not denying," queried Panope, "what you said a moment ago about your inability to influence the Pythian's answer?"

"Well," answered the priest slowly, "the fact is that sometimes the Pythian's answers are unintelligible. She sits on her tripod, you see, and inhales a certain gas that causes her to speak prophetically."

"And this gas is sent by Apollo, I suppose?" interrupted Panope with some irony.

"Oh, yes!" said the priest, smoothly ignoring the irony. "Oh, yes! but seemingly it comes from a cleft in Mount Parnassus. Unfortunately the gas, although bestowing these great powers, sometimes injures the priestess, chokes her a bit, you know, nothing serious"—here again the priest narrowly regarded the queen—"and she does not speak very coherently. It then becomes our duty to interpret."

"And," inquired the queen, "are the words of the priestess sufficiently incoherent to admit of very—shall we say broad interpretation?"

"Quite often, yes," returned the priest blandly. "Indeed, it is just on account of this that the Delphic oracle has become important in Hellas. We have many means of gaining information, and this information we use as we see fit. I am telling you this because you seem to be a clever woman, one who will not be content with half-truths. In short, I am simply explaining to you why we are able to save your husband."

"You have yet to tell me," said Panope, "why you wish to save my husband."

"Frankly it is because he is never niggardly with his tributes to the temple here. Anaxander always sends the finest metals, the finest gems, the finest animals for sacrifice. Sparta scorns us."

"I think I understand," said Panope.

The hierarch smiled agreeably. "Have I won you over?" he asked.

"I do not say that," she replied, "but at least I have spent an interesting and profitable morning. The king, by the way, will arrive this afternoon, and will no doubt seek the oracle at once."

"We shall be ready," observed the priest.

Panope with a look of scorn on her face watched him disappear. Then she herself walked slowly in the opposite direction toward the Castalian spring. Apparently she had failed in her errand; true, she had verified some facts the truth of which she had occasionally suspected, but inasmuch as she had failed to convince the priest of Anaxander's need of power, she must herself find a means of rendering favorable the oracle's response. She was determined that Anaxander should attack the Spartans, "even," she said to herself, "if I must myself take the oracle's place." The thought struck her, conceived in jest though it had been. "If I myself must become the oracle," she repeated. "The idea is not without its possibilities."

When the queen reached the spring she saw there Damocles, her brother. He was reclining on the grass, but when he caught sight of his sister he leaped to his feet and greeted her.

"Damocles," Panope began without preliminaries, "I am about to do something which you will forbid my doing."

"No doubt," he assented; "you usually do."

"The priest has refused my request—"

"What did I tell you!" interrupted Damocles triumphantly.

"But," resumed his sister, "I myself intend to sit on the tripod and answer Anaxander's questions."

"Panope!" cried Damocles.

"I shall advise him to fight," she went on, "and he will. We shall see about the 'superior force' of the Spartans."

"But there are ten thousand objections," exclaimed Damocles. "Anaxander may recognize you."

"I shall be heavily veiled," she returned. "He cannot."

"But the Pythian is not supposed to give the responses. It is generally known that she merely mumbles while the priests interpret."

"This time," observed Panope grimly, "the Pythian will be somewhat more explicit."

"Can you speak in verse, as tradition demands?" inquired the brother.

"That, Damocles," she answered, "is your part. You with your poetic talent will be able to compose for me a few hexameters. Do you consent?"

"Certainly," he returned, "but are you forgetting the gas that issues from the mountain? Will it not suffocate you and prevent you from delivering your message?"

"I am a strong woman," said Panope, "and I shall take care not to inhale more of the gas than necessary."

"But suppose you do inhale too much?" he asked anxiously; "suppose it drives you mad or kills you? It has been known to do both."

"Damocles," said Panope, putting her hand upon his shoulder, "I have a son who will inherit Anaxander's kingdom. My duty is to do all I can that he may have a noble heritage. To that end I am willing even to die; do you understand?"

"But you are foolish," he expostulated; "your son may die; Anaxander may remarry. Would you be content to die to increase the kingdom for the unborn child of another?"

"My son," declared Panope with that insight which men have thought to explain in women by calling it intuition, "my son is not going to die." She paused. "Lest anything should happen to me, be sure to be somewhere near the laurel hut where the prophecies are given. On no account must Anaxander know it is I who am on the trivet. It anything does happen, keep them from raising my veil. And if I die invent some story to account for my death to the King. I am going now to persuade the Pythian to yield her tripod to me."

"Panope, hesitate," pleaded Damocles; "you have so much to lose."

"Ah," she returned, "but so much to gain."

It was dusk; the funeral fires of a queen were flickering into gray ashes. Beside the pyre stood the king, his eyes streaming. "Before Zeus," he was saying, "I vow never to dishonor the memory of my noble consort by engaging in fruitless wars in search of empty glory."

"My brother," protested a certain Damocles, "do you so soon forget the counsel of the Delphic oracle?"

"That was before this blow had fallen," answered the king. "Surely your sister's piety, her unworldliness did not escape your notice; my dear queen would have kept me from fighting Sparta if she could. It is but meet that I obey her last unuttered wish."

Damocles remained silent. Even if Anaxander knew the truth, his fertile mind would suggest to him new excuses for keeping peace. Damocles smiled wearily, then he said aloud, "How little, O king! did you understand her."

But the king's lamentations were so loud that he did not hear.

Editor's Easy Chair

COMMENCEMENT, LONGEVITY, THE GREAT FOURTH

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

FOR various reasons the habit of going to Commencement is one to applaud. It gets one out of the cage that he works in and mixes him in with a company different from his ordinary associates, but in which he finds plenty of acquaintances. It keeps up relations which cannot be replaced. All the same, commencements are very curious gatherings. What other is there the aspects of which make so imperative a call for continuance of life after one's earthly pilgrimage is done with? The *morituri salutamus* element is very strong in commencement proceedings, and especially in the procession. In that at least five of the seven ages of man are represented. Shakespeare would have been interested in the Commencement procession and might have got out of it some new ideas. There is a pride of survival in the older graduates who head it; a gentle sense, amused in some of them, of having got the better of their fellows who are not there; of having somehow attained to such advantages as may be in long life. One scrutinizes them as they pass with that very thing in mind; to observe what advantages long life may have; to surmise why these graduates that appear have survived so many others not present.

One conclusion is apt to be that the chief blessing of exceptional longevity is that it gives a better take-off to persons who attain to it when the moment comes of their transition from mortality to whatever is next on the program. It says in Scripture that if by reason of strength we go on another ten years after seventy "yet is our strength labor and sorrow," and we don't have much of a time. Life has improved in that respect since motor cars and golf came into it and invested money yielded a dependable income, and octogenarians nowadays, who have kept their health and their savings, seem still to lead a reasonably profitable life. One sees them sometimes in the Commencement procession and approves them; but still the impression sticks that to come to very old age is no more than a moderate advantage for life here and now. With luck one is wiser than when he was younger, and there are satisfactions about that, but they need to be supported by the sense of having run a race and being near the finish, a sense of having nearly accomplished one's stent, and an agreeable prospect, as named by Cicero in *De Senectute*, of presently substituting experience of immortality for expectation, and knowing some things that have been no more than matters of confident belief.

For there is no period of life in which it is more necessary still to look ahead than that one which is marked, say, by one's fiftieth commencement. Looking back tells one which man got on, which man got off; who seemed to succeed in

life, who seemed to fall down in it and why. Such things are profitable for young observers who keep tab on their elders, but to the elders, though they may be interesting, the time to find a profit in them has passed. What the elders will want to know, if they have sense and imagination enough, is not so much how to live as how to go on to advantage after living.

AS TO mundane survival it is curious what extends life and what restricts it. Some hard workers live long: John Wesley for an example, President Eliot for another, and there are many of them. But other people live almost eternally doing very little work or none; live on apparently (as happens to some insane people) because there is nothing to wear them out. Others still find a great profit in change of occupation. Mr. Rockefeller, the elder—who, to be sure, is still under ninety—had used up his digestion at fifty, and after sixty or thereabouts retired from active pursuit of money and got himself a new digestion, whereof we read in the paper from time to time how serviceable it is, and how much Mr. Rockefeller enjoys it, and indeed enjoys life generally, and how fair his prospect is of golfing along through the higher altitudes of longevity till he rounds out a century. Mr. Rockefeller would make a very interesting feature at a Commencement procession, but it is not on record that he ever went to college. Moreover, he was made of very strong materials in the first place. But of all men whom one thinks of who have profited by long life he stands near the top, since while his earlier years were given to acquisition and accumulation by means so eager and relentless as sometimes to be nothing less than terrible in their intensity, his later period has been associated with a distribution out of his enormous means so careful, profuse, and intelligent as to win him a place among the benefactors of mankind. A very remarkable person is Mr. Rockefeller, and almost as baffling to estimates of virtue as the patriarch Jacob, who always got what he could by diligence or guile, and yet is exhibited to us as the father of the chosen race.

One concludes that strength of mind, which restrains and compels the body, often makes for longevity, and also in some cases the very opposite of that—such feebleness of mind as leaves the body unracked by effort, to an innocuous animal or vegetable existence. Spirituality, a tranquil though active relation with the invisible world, seems also very healthy, and helps to make life agreeable as well as to protract it.

But of course the old graduates are not the only features of Commencement, though they may have a pardonable sense that they are. The really important graduates are those who are twenty-five years out. They represent that interesting class of people who are in charge of their world, or coming to be so. They have been twenty-five years learning how to run it, have been considerably sifted in the course of that period, have begun to be known for what they are, and some of them trusted for what they can do. The twenty-five-year-out class is the one that is examined for leaders and persons proper to bear responsibilities. It is the class which is coming into its own, the class which usually feels that it understands contemporary life and contains members preëminently able to handle it. No doubt it has them. Sometimes it contains them in visible profusion, but the most noticeable lesson of Commencement is the lesson of rapid transit. Next year there will be another class twenty-five years out and qualified to take charge, and this year's twenty-five-year-olds will have melted into the general group of elders.

SENATOR PEPPER, who approves of our Prohibition laws and thinks they will do us good, admitted, nevertheless, that it would take a generation to discover what their effect upon us really is. He is for continuing the laws and

trying to enforce them until we find out whether they are good for us or not, which seems, to be sure, a very hardy opinion and not a little adventurous, but yet hardly practicable. That the United States will go really dry for a generation to see whether it is good for it does not seem likely.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane said, as one recalls, that it would take two generations —sixty years—to discover what Prohibition would do to us.

Mr. Rutherford Towner, who is something of an expert in these matters, believes that if we get dry enough we shall have epidemics and plagues. Perhaps so. It is understood, and may be true, that rum of some kind is the most important medicine for the flu, which of late years has been our most popular plague.

We cannot tell what a generation will show, much less two generations. Chances are they will not show anything significant about the physical effects of Prohibition on the nation because there won't be enough Prohibition to have definite physical effects. Some information we might gather from a study of the past. There have been families that have made a great specialty of total abstinence. What about the children of those families? Have they turned out better or worse than average children? Has any great talent sprung out of a family that made a compelling specialty of abstinence? The great teetotaler was Lincoln, but he seemed to be an abstainer by taste and habit more than out of any moving depth of conviction, and he did not come of teetotal stock, but quite otherwise. In families I happen to remember in which the parents made a specialty of being dry, some of the children made a specialty of being wet. That remarkable children have often been the progeny of more or less drinking fathers is well known, and instances of them abound; for in Europe this long time everyone has drunk wine and nearly everyone that was born had parents who were in some degree alcoholic.

Dr. Haven Emerson, the efficiency expert of Columbia, has under examination "the effect of Prohibition on efficiency and productivity of the working-man" and expects to reach some conclusion in three or four years. But the effect on the productivity of the working-man is only a detail of a large subject and not the most important one. Much more important is the effect of Prohibition on character, or virility, on public order, on race development, on the attitude of citizens towards government and law. To diminish harmful drinking is very much to be desired. Prohibition has accomplished that to a measurable extent. The question is whether too high a price is in danger of being paid for what has been accomplished. It is not the price in money that is important. So far as that goes, increased productivity of labor far out-balances, probably, the loss of government revenue from the taxation of drinks and the expense of the efforts to enforce Prohibition. The price that seems excessive is the amount of compulsion, intrusion, espionage, and law-breaking that has been found necessary to the limited enforcement of the Prohibition laws that has been accomplished. That the business of selling alcoholic drinks has been taken away from the people who conducted it is in itself probably a good thing, but that it should have gone to bootleggers and lawbreakers who now conduct it profitably is very far from being a gain. The most visible way out of the present quandary is to put the government into the liquor business and give it a monopoly in the sale of drinks. That might be better than what we have now; but to accomplish it by law would be difficult, and the result would fall short of perfection. The Volstead law can be changed by Congress, but the repeal of the amendment would require a change of sentiment in the South and West that is quite beyond the bounds of present expectation. Congress, however, though it cannot repeal the amendment, can starve it

or refuse to pass laws sufficiently drastic to accomplish enforcement, and that is likely to be done; for when it comes to enforcement laws or appropriations the big states, mostly Wet, have in the House the full advantage of their size. After all, the trial of the Dry laws which Mr. Pepper would like to see depends on the willingness of Congress to enforce them, and Congress may fail in zeal as public opinion hardens against the degree of compulsion requisite to make the country really dry.

AT LEAST one European, Mr. Garvin of the London *Observer*, has hope for the United States, and not only hope but a highly gratifying degree of expectation and good will. Mr. Garvin's weekly articles are well known and are usually the best Sunday reading given by an English Weekly. His Fourth of July piece this year was perhaps the most remarkable article that our national holiday produced, and that is a good deal to say, for July Fourth this year brought out an unusual amount of excellent historical writing and some very good speaking. It was not only the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, but it was the one hundredth anniversary of the deaths of Jefferson and Adams. They all came in for notice, especially Jefferson, who has been steadily coming to the front for several years past as the subject of Mr. Hirst's biography in England, of Mr. Bowers' book here, and of endless observations based on these two works and on the final establishment of Monticello as one of the political shrines of the United States. Mr. Garvin, looking across the seas and observing what was doing, concluded it was a proper time to give voice and he did give it. Rapidly passing over the story of the United States in the last fifty years and estimating its present place and prospects in the world, he called it "a giant among nations" as yet only half grown, likely to have one hundred and fifty million population within twenty years and presently two hundred million. He said the prosperity and progress of the United States could not possibly be matched in Europe until a United States of Europe was brought about. He also said that British prosperity could not rise except on the basis of a labor system comparable to that in the United States, with higher output and higher wages. Mr. Garvin saw our country forging steadily ahead as a world power and influence and, instead of grumbling, he threw up his hat, for he saw in that advancement a great insurance of the safety of the British Empire.

Quite right too! It is to the advantage of the British Empire that the United States is big and strong and growing. For example, Mr. Brisbane, speaking of Australians and New Zealanders as our neighbors and friends on the shore of the Pacific, finds it in his mind to say that "If this country could ever be of service to those friends, far around the earth, it would vote 99 per cent to render service."

This in a paper (Mr. Hearst's *American*) that makes a specialty of keeping us clear of entanglements with other nations and is especially chary of friendly gestures towards England, is quite significant. But few observers doubt nowadays that the English-speaking people of the present world think nearly enough alike to pursue common aims in virtual co-operation. And the great aim that most concerns them is to serve all mankind by safeguarding civilization. The idea is pretty well exploded that any racial group can get ahead by living to itself alone and putting other groups under tribute. The war knocked that illusion in the head, and in so far as it hangs on in the form of war-debts, it does not seem destined to long survival. The modern notion is to prosper by the diffusion of prosperity and not by efforts to monopolize it.

Personal and Otherwise

FOR over a dozen years ***Gamaliel Bradford,*** living quietly at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, has given the greater part of his limited working time—limited because (like Darwin) he has been handicapped by recurrent illness—to a project unique in our literature: the creation of an extensive series of biographical studies in American history. Book after book has added new groups of subjects to his gallery: *Confederate Portraits*, *Union Portraits*, *Portraits of American Women*, *American Portraits 1875–1900*, *Damaged Souls*, *Wives;* until the complete set of these works has become almost a dictionary of American biographical portraiture. From time to time, however, Mr. Bradford turns aside from this project to write brief sketches of foreign figures, such as those collected in *Bare Souls*, or to devote an entire volume to the intensive study of one man. Recently he has been engaged upon two such full-length portraits of two contrasting characters—Moody and Darwin. It was in the course of his work on the latter (which is to appear shortly in book form) that he wrote the impressive paper on "Darwin the Destroyer" with which we open this issue of the Magazine.

Rebecca West, who was hardly past the age of twenty when she made a name for herself as one of the most brilliant British essayists on sociological subjects, has subsequently written two important novels, *The Return of the Soldier* (1918), and *The Judge* (1922). She gives us this month an article which, she informs us, says something she "has long wanted to say." Many a writer and artist will be glad that she has said it.

Like Miss West, ***Cyril Hume*** won his spurs in the early twenties. He was not long out of Yale when he attracted wide attention with *The Wife of the Centaur*, which he followed with another novel, *Cruel Fellowship*. He is now living in Italy. "Fantasy in the First Person" is the first contribution we have had from him since "The Head," which we published last December.

James Harvey Robinson, author of *The Mind in the Making*, follows his article in last month's issue of HARPER'S ("How Did We Get That Way?") with a survey of the drift of human affairs such as can be written only by an historian like himself, who combines vast and varied knowledge with a contagious zest for the drama of man's struggle for progress. His new book, *The Ordeal of Civilization*, appears this fall: a two-volume history of the whole period from the fall of the Roman Empire to the present day.

Vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, ***Emily Newell Blair*** of Joplin, Missouri, is also a versatile writer and a frequent contributor to HARPER'S. One of her recent articles, "Why I Sent My Children Away To School," attracted an unusual amount of attention; more than twenty thousand reprints of it were needed to meet the public demand. This month she selects a topic of intense personal interest to her contemporaries.

Eleanor Mercein Kelly (Mrs. Robert Morrow Kelly, Jr., of Louisville, Kentucky) is the author of several books (*Toya the Unlike*, *Kildares of Storm*, *Why Joan?*, *The Mansion House*) and numerous magazine stories.

The machine-made, machine-ruled, standardized American business man of today is a frequent target for ***Duncan Aikman*** of the editorial staff of the El Paso *Morning Times*. Mr. Aikman has satirized this gentleman's unwillingness to discuss public affairs in "What Babbitt Won't Talk About"; his enthusiasm for strong-arm methods in "American Fascism"; his timidity in the face

of mass opinion in "The Home Town Mind"; the revolt of the flapper against him in "Amazons of Freedom." Now Mr. Aikman brings us the astonishing intelligence that this gentleman is beginning to reform, and describes the process in "The New Decadents." A volume of Mr. Aikman's essays, mostly from HARPER'S, appeared last spring under the title of *The Home Town Mind*.

Margaret Emerson Bailey, of New York and New Canaan, Connecticut, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, has combined school-teaching with the writing of many excellent stories. This month she makes her first appearance in our pages.

P. T. Barnum, it begins to appear, was not only a picturesque showman and a pioneer in advertising, but a man whose mind took a modern turn in many another field. ***Harvey W. Root's*** article on "Barnum as Legislator," dealing with an episode in his career which has hardly been touched upon by other writers, reveals him as ahead of his time in his attitude toward more than one political issue. Mr. Root (of Norwalk, Connecticut), former newspaper writer, collaborator with Conklin the wild-animal trainer in a book on lion-taming, and author of *The Ways of the Circus*, uncovered this new material in the course of his researches for his *Boy's Life of Barnum*, published this fall.

We are not permitted to disclose the identity of the well-known author who writes as the ***Reverend Jeremiah Hevenward.***

Are we really happier than our great-grandparents? Have the innumerable inventions of the past century made life fuller, freer, more satisfying, than it was before so many machines were set to work to be (as we are often told) our slaves? If not, why not? ***Stuart Chase,*** who answers this question in "The Dogma of 'Business First'," is a new HARPER contributor. He graduated from Harvard in 1910, was for a time a partner in his father's public accounting firm in Boston, later investigated the meat packers for the Federal Trade Commission, and now is connected with the Labor Bureau in New York. He is the author of a recent book entitled *Waste*.

Elmer Davis, who portrayed Bishop Manning in the June HARPER'S and wrote "The White Horse of Sam Parks" in the July issue, contributes a story which recalls the fact that it was a small college in Indiana from which he went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, and that he once taught school for a year and planned to be a college professor. Instead he took up newspaper work and became one of the star reporters of the *New York Times*. He has written three amusing novels, *Times Have Changed*, *I'll Show You the Town*, and *Friends of Mr. Sweeney*.

The organization which was formerly known as the National Conference on the Christian Way of Life, but now modestly calls itself The Inquiry, is trying to "serve a widespread concern as to the meaning of Christianity for human relationships today" by finding out how people make up their minds on international, inter-racial and community questions; the theory being that only when we understand how people's minds work on these subjects can we decide how a better spirit may be developed among men and women of different nationalities, faiths, and backgrounds. ***Robert L. Duffus,*** a free-lance journalist of New York, author of a recent HARPER article on Governor Smith, has drawn on the material collected by The Inquiry in writing his article on the origins of our prejudices. Readers who care to try on themselves and their friends the tests given in the article may contribute to the success of the project by sending their results to The Inquiry, 129 East 52nd Street, New York City.

Readers of *The Sea and The Jungle*, *London River*, and *Tide Marks* do not need to be told that ***H. M. Tomlinson*** stands head and shoulders above most of the travel writers of our day. He was formerly on the staff of the London *Daily News* and for six years was assistant editor of the London *Nation*. The paper published in this issue will appear as part of a forthcoming book entitled *Gifts of Fortune*.

The poets of the month are ***Violet Alleyn Storey*** of Brooklyn, an occasional contributor to the magazine; ***A. A. Milne,*** English playwright and author of *When We Were Very Young*, whose "Knight in Armor" is one of his new series of Christopher Robin

poems; and ***Robert Graves,*** English poet now serving as professor of English literature in the Egyptian University at Cairo.

The contributors to the Lion's Mouth are ***Caroline Eliza Vose,*** who finds Portland, Maine, a satisfactory place to live in without continually "moving on"; ***Virginia Lee Shepherd*** of Cincinnati, a new contributor; and ***Carl Niemeyer,*** who wrote "Comedy of a Queen" as a senior in the University of Kansas, competing in our recent Intercollegiate Contest.

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Guy Pène DuBois, whose painting is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, is an American artist now living in Paris. Born in Brooklyn in 1884, he studied under Chase, DuMond, and Henri, and in his subsequent work has come to occupy a unique place in the field of contemporary American painting. One of his pictures is hung in the Metropolitan Museum.

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Among the articles in the June and July issues which brought in the liveliest letters from subscribers were Mr. Aikman's "Amazons of Freedom," Mrs. Mavity's "The Wife, The Home, and The Job," and Mr. Marks's "The Pestiferous Alumni."

Several of those who commented on Mr. Aikman's portrayal of the modern flapper as an Amazon of Freedom made essentially the same point.

Personal freedom? (writes one of these critics) —a child has more of that than these adolescents, a grown person infinitely more. For this close conformity of dress, speech, manner, this obligation to do what the crowd does, must always cover and suppress wide divergences of taste and temperament. Think what was concealed by the white muslin and blue sash of another day! Becky Sharp, Elizabeth Bennet, Lucy Snowe, Hedda Gabler! But the real champions of personal liberty are the young people who refuse to conform to the customs of their peers—the Di Vernons and hoydens of Victorian times, and, in our day, most emphatically, the "600 per cent pure" Martha, for whom her hostess so tactfully apologized. This young lady, who in a company of flappers would not "drink, smoke, swear, or swap hot ones," is the only Amazon of freedom whom I recognize in Mr. Aikman's article.

It is braver to disagree with one's equals than to shock one's elders. Adolescents from the beginning of time have rebelled against parental authority. In fact they resisted it in the days when such authority was more than a name. It is a very cheap victory that these flappers have won over parents and teachers deeply distrustful of punishment and coercion and not as yet able to find substitutes for these ancient means of restraint. Our nation too, with its unenforced laws, must seem to them like a great perplexed, irresolute Parent, uncertain what course to take, unlikely to "do anything about it." Heaven grant that they do not fall into the way of thinking that Nature and Life are such Parents! Meantime they "do as they like,"—not, we may be sure, as they individually like, but as the fashion of their clan dictates. And Fashion, that mysterious power, often beneficent as she is, never lightly to be defied, is no friend of personal liberty. We shall hardly achieve freedom by conformity to any fashion, even a fashion of licence and lawbreaking.

The point is briefly made also by the Dean of Women at the University of Chicago.

Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
Dear Sir:

Mr. Aikman's findings on the "Amazons of Freedom" seem to me clever, even thought-provoking, but far from profound. If he were to touch bottom, he would learn that hardly a one of this "horde of Amazons" knows what true liberty and individualism are. She has no real "freedom of spirit." In fact, I believe there could not be found a group of persons more thoroughly conventional or more dominated by a determination to do what others do and if possible "go them one better" on lines they dictate.

Yours truly,
MARION TALBOT.

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Comment on Mr. Marks's article, "The Pestiferous Alumni", has been varied. Among the enthusiastic letters is one from a college president who informs us that it is "a fair and impartial diagnosis of a serious plague that is infecting college life today"; a number of college graduates, on the other hand, reply vehemently that it is far from being an accurate portrayal of the alumni of their own institutions. The following letter from McLane Tilton, secretary-treas-

urer of the Alumni Association of the University of Virginia, deserves, we believe, to be put in the record.

I do not know what institution or group of institutions Mr. Marks has in mind. The University of Virginia is not one of them. Indeed we are just about as different from his description as it is possible to be. I would like Mr. Marks to make us a visit and see our conditions for himself.

Referring to some specific points: our alumni certainly do not bother our administrative officers with either suggestions or criticisms. It is rare that one of them is heard from; our alumni do not operate any clubs and it is with extreme difficulty that we get a group of them in the larger cities to meet once a year; we do not make women the subject of conversation; our Deans would suspend or expel an athlete as quickly as any one else and perhaps a little quicker; there is no tendency or desire to make this university a business school; President Alderman does not discuss athletics in his talks to alumni groups or touches upon them very briefly; alumni do not send athletes here and if they did they would not be eligible for the teams.

Yale's recent action in merely putting on probation six members of the Freshman crew is an amazing thing to us. Here they would have been dismissed and left town on the first train. I presume they are being allowed to remain at Yale to have further opportunities for cheating. In contrast with this it may be interesting for Mr. Marks to know that every athlete here must fill out and sign an eligibility blank. The questions asked on this blank are very searching and must be answered under the Honor System. Last fall an outstanding football player on the first year team failed to mention in his answer that he had played football in some small and obscure college in Tennessee. For withholding this information the Honor Committee dismissed him from College and had any one protested he would have been dismissed also. The two unpardonable crimes here are lying and cheating.

I come in frequent contact with our alumni and athletics form but a small part of the conversation, except with athletes who have only been out of college a few years. Athletics here is only one of a number of interests. We play the game for the game's sake. Only one game in the season will see an attendance of as many as 10,000. The place does not go into mourning if we lose a crucial game. We are not striving for mythical championships or all-American players. Our men are expected to play the best game they are capable of and that is the end of it. As an example of the condition, last April our boxing team decided not to enter the intercollegiates though all the experts agreed that they could win. The reason for declining was that to remain in training and to take the trip would interfere with examinations.

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A critic of Mrs. Mavity's paper, "The Wife, The Home, and The Job," who finds no humiliation in the fact that she and her husband "have a large and beautiful home, with gardens, and—I invoke the Shade of Slaves—*curtains at the windows*," contemplates without enthusiasm the picture of Mrs. Mavity returning home in the evening "with her dinner under her arm to be cooked—of course with the help and in the companionship of her husband—still, to be cooked, dishes washed, and here comes the rub, to sit for the evening in the living-room *sans* curtains! Her day must be full of abounding joys and interests to make up for so bleak an evening!" This reader, Virginia W. Hanes of Asheville, North Carolina, concludes as follows:

The thing that many people fail to recognize is that housewifery and home-making are not interchangeable terms. There is a great difference. It takes a canny wrist and abounding strength to keep house, but given these and a fair intelligence, the housekeeper is equipped for her work. But home-making is something else yet! It takes every fine human quality. It takes tenderness and strength, will-power and humility, power to dominate and will to bend, courage of convictions, tact, understanding, grace of spirit, patience, steadfastness, and love unending. Given these in sufficient quantities, you have the home-maker worthy his calling. Earning power, economic independence of either or both, do not enter into the qualifications, and I don't think the home-maker has a gender. I have seen rich houses that were just houses; I have seen poor houses that were homes. The difference lies with the home-maker. And so I say, go to the office, the studio, or into the open, if your bent is that way, and live your life, but don't think for one instant that you are doing the essentially biggest thing when you are adding to the family budget. And while you are thinking, it might be well to consider that lots of women who stay at home neither trump their partner's ace nor hem endless numbers of tea-napkins. (I may have done the first, on occasion, but I certainly have never hemmed a tea-napkin in my life!)

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